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SPLENDID SONS OF SIN

BY
DR. ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT

AUTHOR OF
"LOVE AFFAIRS OF THE VATICAN," ETC.

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS IN HALF-TONE



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THE BASTARD'S LOT

In Gayer Hours, when high my Fancy run,
The Muse, Exulting, thus her Lay begun.
Blest be the Bastard's Birth ! thro' wond'rous ways
He shines excentric like a Comet's Blaze !
No sickly fruit of faint Compliance He !
He ! stampt in Nature's Mint of Extacy !
He lives to build, not boast a generous Race :
No Tenth Transmitter of a foolish Face.
His daring Hope, no Sire's Example Bounds ;
His First-born Lights no Prejudice Confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no Flame.
He glories in a Bastard's glowing Name.
Born to himself, by no Possession led,
In Freedom foster'd, and by Fortune fed ;
Nor Guides, nor Rules, his Sov'reign Choice control,
His Body Independent, as his soul.
Loos'd to the world's wide Range,—enjoy'n'd no Aim,
Prescrib'd no Duty, and assign'd no Name :
Nature's unbounded Son, he stands alone,
His Heart unbyass'd, and his Mind his own.
O *Mother*, yet *no* Mother !—'tis to you
My Thanks for such distinguish'd Claims are due.
You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow Laws,
Warm Championess for Freedom's Sacred Cause,
From all the dry Devoirs of Blood and Line,
From Ties Maternal, Moral and Divine,
Discharg'd my grasping Soul ; push'd me from Shore,
And launch'd me into Life without an Oar.
What had I lost, if Conjugally kind,
By Nature hating, yet by Vows confin'd,
Untaught the Matrimonial Bounds to slight,
And coldly Conscious of a Husband's Right,

THE BASTARD'S LOT

You had *faint-drawn* me with a Form alone,
A Lawful Lump of Life by Force your own !
Then, while your backward Will retrench'd Desire,
And unconcurring Spirits lent no Fire,
I had been born your dull, domestic *Heir* ;
Load of your Life, and Motive of your Care ;
Perhaps been poorly Rich, and meanly Great ;
The Slave of Pomp, a Cypher in the State ;
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumb'ring in a *Seat*, by Chance my own.
Far nobler Blessings wait the Bastard's Lot ;
Conceiv'd in Rapture, and with Fire begot !
Strong as necessity, he starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into Day.

The Bastard, RICHARD SAVAGE.

PREFACE

IN the course of my studies, historical researches, and literary exhumations, extending over many years, and my frequent escapades into the by-ways of history, I have been struck with the fact, which may have also attracted the attention of other historians, that the pages of history are full of the splendid deeds and achievements of sons of sin, of children born out of lawful wedlock.

Ever since the dawn of history a certain stigma has been attached to such natural children, although the laws have differed and still differ in various countries and among different nations. Hebrews and Athenians; Romans, Goths, and Franks; Castilians, Frenchmen, and Englishmen, had and have their own laws regulating the status of the illegitimate child. Now I have been struck with the fact that the children of sin who were exceedingly gifted and splendid are legion. The majority of such sons of sin are figures to claim our attention; their lives are full of daring and romance, their achievements are brilliant, and their personalities are fascinating.

Brought into the world with a disregard for established law, custom or etiquette, these sons of sin seem to have disregarded in their turn the ordinary laws of life, to have walked new paths and paved new ways. In almost every instance nature seems to have showered her gifts

upon such children of sin and to have endowed them with courage, intelligence, and even genius.

History offers us many examples, especially in dynastic families, where the legitimate children are miles behind the illegitimate offspring in energy and intelligence. Now are there any physiological and psychological reasons for the facts I have enumerated? Could they not be adduced as an additional proof showing that the crossing of races is advantageous both physically and psychologically for the human species? I leave, however, the problem to the men of science to deal with. Mine is the task of the historian. I have simply collected the facts and may others draw the conclusions.

In the following pages I have related the romantic histories and careers of a few splendid sons of sin, and illegitimate children. I have thus ventured upon an excursion into a domain which, to my humble knowledge, has not yet been investigated by historians as it really deserves to be. It is the domain of what I am inclined to call "physiological history."

As for the sources upon which the present work is based, I have enumerated them in the appended bibliography.

ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT.

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SPLENDID SONS OF SIN

CHAPTER I

ILLEGITIMACY AND INTELLIGENCE

Illegitimate children—Indian castes—Old Israelites—Abraham and Ishmael—Concubinage in Greece—Illegitimate children in Rome—The laws of Justinian—The laws of the Germans—Natural sons during the Middle Ages—The laws of Italy—The Low Countries and England—Famous sons of sin—Themistocles—Ishmael and Japhte—The Ptolemies—Jugurtha—Heliogabulus—Theodoric—Famous bastards—John I of Portugal—The First Duke of Braganza—The dynasty founded by Henry of Trastamara—The favourites of the Sovereigns of France—Their illegitimate children—Clovis and Clothaire—Pepin the Short and Alpaide—Charles Martel—Robert I and John the Good—Diane de Poitiers—Drogon, Abbot of Luxeuil—Arnoul, a natural son of Carloman—The Duke de Maine—The Duke of Berwick—Giovanni Boccaccio—The Decameron—The Renaissance—The Age of Love—Leonardo da Vinci, un enfant d'amour—Monna Lisa—Erasmus, a son of sin—Nicolas Cardanus—Chiara Micheria—Jean le Rond d'Alembert—Mlle Lespinasse—Richard Savage, an illegitimate son—Dr. Johnson—Jacques Delille—Edmund Bonner—Stephen Gardiner.

WITHOUT entering into a detailed description of the state of illegitimate children in various countries and at different stages of history, it will be sufficient to say that in all the countries where polygamy reigned the state of the bastard was a more privileged one than in lands where monogamy has been established.

Among certain Indian castes the son of the concubine

inherited together with the legitimate son, and in China the paternal inheritance was divided equally among the children, no matter what state their respective mothers occupied in the household. Such was also the law among Egyptians, Arabs and Persians. The old Israelites may have treated differently their principal wives and their concubines, but they made no distinction between the sons of the one and the other. If Abraham is said to have practically disinherited his son Ishmael, it was simply on account of the interference of his beloved wife Sarah, who refused to allow the son of her maid to inherit equally with her own son. Jacob made no distinction between the sons of his wives Lea and Rachel and those of his concubines Bilha and Zilpa.

From early times monogamy had been introduced in Greece and especially in Athens, but concubinage existed by the side of legitimate marriage. Monogamy was allowed only between a citizen and a citizeness of Athens. The illegitimate children, however, the sons of the concubines, had no claim upon their paternal families and no right to the succession. There was a law in Athens which forbade the father to leave to his natural son more than five minae. The number of bastards in Athens was considerable, but they were treated with a sort of contempt and were allowed to make their exercises only in the Cynosargus, a temple dedicated to Hercules, who was supposed to have been a bastard.

Concubinage existed also in Rome, and during the first years of the Empire the state of the illegitimate children was, so to say, legalized. They were known as *liberi naturales* and were distinguished from and legally more privileged than the children called *Spurii*. The latter were the issue of a Roman citizen and a woman of

a low extraction with whom the former had only had a passing liaison. The Laws of the Twelve Tables had granted no rights and privileges to the children born out of wedlock. Not only were they excluded from the paternal inheritance, but they had no claim even to the possessions of their mother. The prætors, however, altered this flagrant injustice and allowed the mothers to leave their inheritance to their sons.

The Emperor Justinian limited this privilege only to the children of concubines. A woman who had committed adultery had no right to leave any part of her possessions to her son or daughter of sin. Hitherto, however, the natural son had no claim upon his father, but the laws of the Empire allowed the fathers to leave to their natural sons, when there was no legitimate child, a part of their possessions. Gradually new laws were introduced, ameliorating the status of the bastard. The father was entitled to leave to his natural children a twelfth part of his possessions even when he had legitimate issue, and even all his possessions when there were no legitimate descendants or ascendants. The Emperor Justinian went even further: he granted to the natural children the right to inherit *ab intestat* equally with the mother a sixth part of the paternal inheritance when there was neither legitimate wife nor offspring. The bastards, or sons of sin, i.e. the issue of concubines, could even be legitimized, with the exception of the *Spurii*.

Quite different from this almost equitable Roman law was that of the Germans. The sons of sin were responsible for and made to pay for the sins committed by their parents. The bastards had no right whatever to the succession and belonged neither to the paternal nor to the maternal families. They were simply outcasts.

During the Middle Ages Europe adopted either the Roman or the Germanic law. Whereas according to Roman law the natural child shared the status of its mother, among the Germans the son of an illegitimate union inherited the social status of the parent who was of a lower extraction. Upon the ruins of the Roman Empire numerous new countries arose and new nations were formed who were a mixture of Roman and Germanic elements. A brief survey of the respective legislation at once shows us that in the South of Europe, especially in Italy, Spain and Portugal, the laws were comparatively favourable to the sons of sin, or illegitimate children. According to the laws of Italy, the natural children received a certain portion of the paternal inheritance when there was legitimate offspring, and the entire inheritance when there was none. In Spain and Portugal where, as we shall see later on, bastards inaugurated new dynasties, the laws were even more favourable to the children of sin. Before the middle of the 13th century, the laws of Castile made no difference between the legitimate and the illegitimate children. The Roman laws, however, gradually began to exercise their influence not only in the South but also in the North of Europe. The rigorous Germanic laws underwent a change, and from the 16th century onwards the status of the illegitimate children was ameliorated.

In the Low Countries and in Belgium a principle seems to have been adopted according to which "a mother could not have a bastard." In England, however, in spite of the fact that a Norman bastard had founded a new dynasty—or perhaps on account of that fact—the laws continued for a long time to be severe and hard on natural children born out of wedlock. An exception is

furnished by Wales, where the Celtic customs were preserved for a long time. There was but little difference between illegitimate and legitimate children. But the *recherche de la paternité* was admitted, as the illegitimate child had a right to claim alimony.

Numerous are the sons of sin or illegitimate children, as they are called, who have become famous in the annals of history and are celebrated for their achievements in politics, war, art, science and literature. From the dim and distant mythical age shrouded in mystery down to historical times their names are legion. Ishmael and Japhte, Themistocles and Ptolemee Soter were natural sons. Ishmael's mother was the concubine of the Patriarch, while a courtesan of Gilead gave birth to the hero and judge Japhte. According to Athenian law the great orator Themistocles was an illegitimate son because his mother was an alien. Ptolemee Soter, one of the famous generals of Alexander the Great and the first to suggest the partition of the Empire founded by the Macedonian hero, was a natural son and half-brother of Alexander. The king subsequently made one of his guards, named Lagus, marry his mistress and adopt his natural son. On account of his birth, as much as of his military qualities, Ptolemee enjoyed the favour of his famous half-brother Alexander. The latter gave him in marriage a daughter of Artabazes, one of the great nobles of Persia, and after the death of the conqueror, this illegitimate son of a king founded the dynasty of the Ptolemies in Egypt, a dynasty which shed great lustre upon the ancient country of the Nile.

The name of Jugurtha, King of Numidia, who waged war against mighty Rome and who ended his days in a Roman jail, is famous in history. The readers who can

boast of some classical education will probably remember the famous saying of this warrior-king when thrown into jail:

“Oh, Hercules, how cold are thy hot-rooms.” Jugurtha, an illegitimate son of King Manastabal by a concubine, was brought up at the court of his uncle Micipsa and subsequently inherited the throne.

One of the most famous or rather notorious bastards in Imperial Rome, who wore the purple, ascended the throne and placed the crown on his head, was Heliogabulus. He was the natural son of Caracalla by an Oriental courtesan named Julia Soaemias. The latter had been called to Rome by her aunt Julia Domna, who had become the wife of Septimus Severus. Julia Soaemias had nothing to learn as far as dissolute life was concerned in the Rome of Messalina, Faustina and Julia. Helio-gabulus, the son of a tyrant and a prostitute, was raised to the throne of Antonine in 218.

One of the most famous warriors during the invasion of the barbarians who swept over Europe and founded kingdoms and empires was Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths. He was born in 457, the son of Theodimir by a concubine, and passed several years at the Court of Constantinople as a hostage. King of the Ostrogoths, he became master of Italy, married Audelfrède, the sister of Clovis, King of the Franks. In the year 500 Theodoric held his triumphal entry in Rome, where he was received with great pomp by the Pope, the Senate, and the Roman people. Fixing his residence at Ravenna, he proved a wise and just ruler, a patron of art and letters. Buildings erected or reconstructed during the reign of Theodoric embellished Italy and added glory to the name of the famous conqueror.

Many are the bastards of kings and counts who either ascended the throne and wore a crown or distinguished themselves as soldiers and condottiere. Among the barbarians who invaded Western Europe in the course of the 5th and 6th centuries several sons of sin founded powerful states. The sons of the concubines of the Frankish rulers were invested with principalities. The annals of the histories of France, Spain, Italy and Germany relate the lives of great sovereigns who were illegitimate sons. Here an Arnoul and there a William the Conqueror, here a Tancred and a Manfred and there a Henry of Trastamara, Ferdinand I and John I. More numerous, however, were the illegitimate sons who made history in the ducal and princely houses, in Burgundy and Italy, in the families of Orleans, of Burgundy and Armagnac in France, or of the Medicis, the Malatestas and Sforzas in Italy.

During the Middle Ages bastards founded more than one dynasty. William the Conqueror, to whom we shall refer in the next chapter, founded the Norman dynasty in England. In Portugal the Burgundian dynasty had existed since the beginning of the 12th century, but in 1383, Dom Jao, or John I of Portugal, born in 1357, founded a new dynasty, after the victory of Albujarotto on August 14. He was the illegitimate son of Pedro I, the Justiciary, and of Theresa Laurens, his mistress. Grandmaster of Aviz since 1364, he had taken the solemn vows of the Cistercian order. In 1387, when he had ascended the throne of Portugal, he married Philippa of Lancaster, the daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and became the founder of a dynasty which lasted for six generations and came to an end in 1583. John I was surnamed the Great and father of the country,

and died, after a reign of forty-eight years, on August 11, 1433.

In 1640 the Portuguese threw off the Spanish dominion which had lasted since 1580, and a descendant of the house of Braganza became ruler of Portugal. The founder of this house was also an illegitimate son. The first Duke of Braganza was Alfonso, a natural son of John I and of his mistress Agnes Pirez. Thus two bastards inaugurated two dynasties of Portugal which ruled the country for over four centuries.

In Castile a bastard, Don Enrique of Trastamara, whose history will be related in a subsequent chapter, founded in 1369 a dynasty which lasted in the male line until 1497 and in the female line, with Juana la Loca, until 1555. The dynasty of Henry of Trastamara subsequently extended its sway over Aragon and Naples. Don Ferdinand, a grandson of the "Bordo" and a brother of King Henry III of Castile, became King of Aragon, while another descendant of Henry of Trastamara became first King of Naples. The latter was himself an illegitimate child of Alfonso V of Aragon. The veil shrouding in mystery the birth of this king, to whose accession on the throne of Naples Pope Calisto III was opposed, has scarcely been lifted. Some pretend that Don Ferante, or Don Ferdinand, was the son of King Alfonso V and of his sister-in-law. According to others he was the son of King Alfonso V by a Castilian lady of very low origin called Carlina Villardone. Others maintain that the mother of Don Ferdinand was a certain noble lady Valentina of Valencia. The enemies of the King of Naples even pretended that Ferdinand had in reality no royal blood at all in his veins. He was not even an illegitimate son of King Alfonso, but of a

Mohammedan cobbler of Valencia, one of the king's rivals for the favour of his Castilian mistress. Don Ferdinand was a cruel and faithless man but a great king, and Naples owed him much of its grandeur.

The annals of the history of France are full of the illicit unions of the kings. From Clovis down to Napoleon III the rulers and sovereigns of France had numerous favourites and illegitimate children. Merovingians and Carolingians, Capetians and Velois, Bourbons and Bonapartes had, by the side of their sons and daughters born in lawful wedlock, numerous children of sin.

According to some historians, Childeric, who became King of the Franks in 456 and died in 481, had as his mistress Basine, the wife of King Basin of Thuringia, and the famous Clovis, who succeeded his father in 481, was thus only an illegitimate son. Clovis himself, who embraced Christianity, had a mistress named Albione (as we are told in a poem entitled *Clovis* by Jean Desmarets), who was the mother of Thierry (Theuderic according to Grégoire de Tours). This bastard inherited the kingdom of his father together with his other brothers. Clothaire I, who became King of the Franks in 558, had, according to all historians, numerous favourites and concubines, among others Arégonde, a sister of his wife Ingonde. A son of this Arégonde, Chilperic, succeeded his father as King of Soissons. One of Clothaire's other mistresses was Waldrade, which means very wise, who was the daughter of Wachon, King of the Lombards. Another of Clothaire's mistresses whose name has not been handed down was the mother of the famous Gondwald or Gondebault, surnamed Ballomer. Grégoire de Tours has given a detailed history of this son of a concubine of Clothaire.

We shall pass the history of the last Merovingians and the part played by their concubines and linger for a few moments over that of Pepin, the father of Charles Martel, famous in the history of the early Middle Ages.

Pepin was not a king, yet he was king in all but the name. Duke of Austrasia, mayor of the palace, he ruled France during the reigns of Thieri III, Clovis III, Childebert III and Dagobert III. He was the father of Charles Martel and grandsire of Pepin the Short, who practically laid the foundations of the Carolingian Empire. Pepin repudiated his first concubine named Plectrude and attached himself to another mistress named Alpaide. Some historians pretend that Pepin really married this lady, but Bayle maintains that as Pepin had not divorced Plectrude he could not have married Alpaide, and she never was his legitimate wife according to civil or canonical laws. Bayle's opinion is confirmed by the fact that in 704 Alpaide retired to the convent of Orp-le-Grand in Brabant which she had founded, and that in 714, after the death of Pepin, Theudoalde, grandson of the latter, became mayor of the palace of King Dagobert III under the guardianship of his grandmother Plectrude, who came back to power. Plectrude was therefore by the side of Pepin at the moment of his death, whilst his mistress Alpaide was living in retirement in the convent. Such is the opinion of the majority of historians.

It seems, according to one historian, that Lambert, Bishop of Liège and a zealous defender of Christian virtues, publicly rebuked Pepin for his immoral conduct, calling his life with Alpaide a public adultery. Soon afterwards Bishop Lambert was assassinated by a noble

named Dodin. Several authors maintain that the murderer of the prelate was none other than the brother of Pepin's mistress. The son of this illegitimate union was the famous Charles Martel, who may be called the most splendid son of sin of the early Middle Ages—and whose life will be related in a subsequent chapter. Charles Martel's famous grandson Charlemagne had a considerable number of mistresses, but none of his illegitimate children played any part in the history of France. Lothaire II's (825–869) mistress Valdtade, a sister of Gontier, Archbishop of Cologne, is famous in history, and her son Hughes, to whom the father had left Alsace, took up arms to reconquer the paternal inheritance.

Passing on to the house of Capet—we find that Hugues Capet, who became King of France in 987, had a natural son named Guzlin or Gasselin who became Bishop of Paris. Robert I, the Pious (970–1031), had a mistress named Agnes or Amalfrede de Nogent, a daughter of the Count de Nogent or Noyon. She bore him Amaury of Montfort, who was the father of the famous Simon de Montfort and the grandfather of Bertrade de Montfort, who became the wife of Philip I.

Jean the Good (1319–1350), who was led as a prisoner to London after the battle of Poitiers, had an English lady as his favourite. Her name was Countess of Salisbury, comtesse de Calsberg, says Brantôme. According to certain historians it was for her sake that Jean returned to London in 1364. Brantôme says that the loyalty and anxiety to keep his word were only a pretext for the good King Jean to return to London and rejoin his mistress.

Charles VI (1368–1422), who became insane, had three favourites: Odette de Champdivers, the daughter

of a horsedealer, who bore him a daughter named Marguerite de Valois and whom Charles VII subsequently recognized as his sister and married to Jean de Harpedène, lord of Belleville in Poitou. Brantôme maintains that Valentine de Milan, the wife of the Duke of Orleans and consequently a sister-in-law of the king, was also the latter's mistress. There seems, however, to be little reason for this assumption, and the French Pepys only repeated the gossip of the time.

Valentine was the wife of the Duke of Orleans, who himself had many favourites. One of them was Mariette d'Enghien, who bore him a son. This natural son of the Duke of Orleans, called Dunois, was another of the sons of sin who have distinguished themselves on the battlefield. His life will be told in subsequent chapters. Among the favourites of the kings of France, Agnès Sorel, the mistress of Charles VII, is famous, but none of her illegitimate children plays any part in history. Numerous were the concubines of Francis I (1494-1547), the best known of whom is la Belle Ferronnière.

Diane de Poitiers, the famous mistress of Henry II (1518-1559), who ruled the king and France, is supposed to have been the mother of Diane de France. In reality, however, the latter was the daughter of another of Henry's mistresses, one called Philippe Duc or des Ducs. Her daughter Diana was legitimized and subsequently married Horatio Farnese, Duc de Castro, in 1553, and after the latter's death the Duc de Mont-Morenci in 1557. Diane played an important rôle in the history of France. It was she who was instrumental in bringing about a reconciliation between Henry III and Henry of Navarre.

Charles IX had, besides several favourites whose names are unknown, as mistress the famous Marie



DIANE DE POITIERS, MISTRESS OF HENRY II

Touchet, the daughter of an apothecary of Orleans, who subsequently married Balzac d'Entragues. One of the illegitimate sons born to Charles by Marie Touchet was the bastard of Valois, Charles, grand prieur of France, Comte d'Auvergne, Comte de Poitiers and Duc d'Angoulême. Born in 1573, April 28, in the castle of Fayet in Dauphiny, he died in 1650. He owed his fortunes and advancement not to the friendship of King Henry IV but to his aunt, the illegitimate daughter of Henry II, Diane de France.

The further we advance in the history of France the more numerous become the favourites and mistresses of the kings: of Henry III, Henry IV, Louis XIII, Louis XIV and Louis XV, down to the two Bonapartes.

As this is not a study of the love affairs of kings and queens, but of the offspring of the illicit unions, we shall now mention a few sons of sin to whom no separate chapters will be devoted in this book.

Charlemagne had many mistresses and one of his illegitimate sons was Drogon, who became Abbot of Luxeuil in 820: he died in 857.

Among the early Emperors of Germany was Arnoul, a great-grandson of Louis le Debonnaire. He was a natural son of Carloman, King of Bavaria, and was elected King of Germany in 888 after Charles the Fat. His rival was Lambert, whose mother, Ageltrude, is supposed to have poisoned Arnoul in 899. Arnoul's son, Louis the Child, was the last Carolingian in Germany.

Don Antoine, the Prior of Crato, pretender to the throne of Portugal, was born in 1531 and died in Paris on August 26, 1595. He was a natural son of Louis II, son of King Emmanuel of Portugal, and of Yolande de

Gomez. Although a bastard, he claimed the crown of Portugal, pretending that his father had really married his mother. The Portuguese proclaimed him king, but Philip II of Spain, the Catholic king par excellence, would not allow a bastard to ascend the throne and sent an army under Duke Alba and had himself crowned at Lisbon. Don Antoine invoked the aid of France, England and Holland, and obtained an army of 6000 men and a fleet of 60 vessels. Defeated by the Spaniards, he subsequently lived in Holland, France and England and died in Paris at the age of sixty-four.

Antoine, the bastard of Orleans, was born in 1421 and died in 1504. He was a natural son of Philip the Good of Burgundy by Jeanne de Prasles, his mistress. He distinguished himself in the field and was surnamed the Great. Later on he entered the service of France and in 1478 Louis XI made him a gift of the duchy of Château-Thierry. Charles VII granted him letters of legitimation in 1486.

Louis Augustus of Bourbon, Duke de Maine, was a natural son of Louis XIV by Madame de Montespan. Born in March 1670, he took part in the battle of Fleurus and Steinkerque, although St. Simon maintains that he entirely lacked courage. Mme de Stael admits that this prince was cultured, noble and serious. St. Simon, on the other hand, says that the bastard was intelligent but "resembled a demon rather than an angel." "C'était un poltron accompli de cœur et d'esprit."

One of the most famous generals of the 17th and 18th centuries was James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick, Marshal of France (1670-1734). He was a natural son of James II by his mistress Arabelle Churchill, a sister of the Duke of

Marlborough. The Duke of Berwick curiously resembled his grandfather Charles I and his uncle. He was in command of an important French army during the war of the Polish succession and fell at the siege of Philipsbourg, which town he had invested, on June 12, 1734.

Famous sons of sin are also found in other walks of life, issued from humble parents and embracing other than military professions. Their fame is even more lasting than that of the glorious captains, and their achievements in the domain of letters, art and philosophy shed an even greater lustre upon their names. Who knows not the names of Boccaccio and Leonardo da Vinci, of Erasmus and Cardanus, of D'Alembert and of Richard Savage. All these celebrities were natural sons. They were men of a prodigious intelligence, of an astonishing universality of talent, and have influenced the intelligences of other men. Their glory is not limited to one country but is the patrimony of Europe. Another illegitimate son who, although he cannot be compared for many reasons with those we have just mentioned, is famous nevertheless. We mean Pietro Aretino, the son of Louis Bacci, born in 1491.

The place of birth of Giovanni Boccaccio, the famous author of the *Decameron*, the master of classic Italian prose and the greatest of modern story-tellers, is not exactly known. It is certain, however, that Boccaccio was a son of sin. He was the illegitimate son of a merchant of Certaldo of the name of Boccaccio di Chellino by a French noblewoman whose first name was Giovanna. The boy was born either in Florence or at Paris in 1313 or in 1314. The influence of Boccaccio on European literature has been lasting, and poets like Chaucer and Shakespeare, Tennyson, Longfellow and Swinburne,

have turned to the *Decameron* for their subjects and are indebted to the son of Giovanna.

The *Decameron*, the principal work of the famous bastard, offers an encyclopædic panorama of contemporary life and manners, representing people from every walk of life. "The *Decameron*," writes W. P. Ker, "has provided matter for a great number of authors, such as Dryden (in the *Fables*,) Keats (*Isabella*) and others." There is some doubt whether Boccaccio was born at Paris or at Florence. It would seem, however, from a study of his works that he saw the light of day in Italy. "Boccaccio," to quote again W. P. Ker, "has his strength from the land of Italy, like Virgil, Horace and Ovid. He has the old pieties of the country people." Like Catullus and Lucretius, Virgil and Ovid, Boccaccio took all that he could get from the universal sources of learning, but he kept his loyalty to the native genius of Italy.

The 15th century may be called the Midsummer of the Renaissance. It was the golden age of art and of the cult of beauty. Poets sang the praises of beautiful women and artists immortalized their charms on the canvas. The age when Titian painted the gleaming flesh of beautiful women and their powerful nudity was also the age of the glorification of woman. The Cinquecento was also the age of strong passions. For centuries the Aryan world had spoken and acted as if man had only a spirit and no body, but the Renaissance, the Cinquecento, was a return to the worship of beauty to which pagan antiquity had given expression in Venus.

To some extent it may be said that like the 18th century, the Cinquecento was the century of women. If the 18th century was the age of gallant adventures and sensational love-affairs, the Cinquecento was the century

of strong passions. No wonder that such an age saw the birth of many a child of sin. One of the most famous children of love who saw the light of day in the Cinquecento was that universal genius, Leonardo da Vinci, who was born in 1452 in the Villa Vinci and died in the Château Cloux in 1519.

Leonardo da Vinci was born unto his father by a mistress, and he was present at the marriage of his parent with another woman. He was the child of love and had all the privileges which nature as a rule bestows upon such offspring. His name Leonardo suited him well, because nature had accorded to him the lion's share. Graceful as a child, beautiful as a boy, he was majestic as a man, splendid in every way. The majesty of thought and the beauty of genius were stamped on his brow.

Stendhal says somewhere that Leonardo da Vinci was "un enfant d'amour," and this is true in every sense of the word. He was the offspring of a love-union, and nature, too, seems to have fashioned him with loving care. He was not only a great painter but also a profound thinker, an erudite scholar, a mathematician, a scientist and a musician. He was a painter of thought and sentiment, mysterious and meditative. His conception of beauty was that of Plato, a conception which he had learned from his master Andrea da Verrocchio, but he was not a pagan in his heart. The man in Leonardo da Vinci remained a Christian of mediæval Europe.

Every reader who has the least claim to culture or even to a general education is certainly acquainted with the portrait of Monna Lisa, that haunting, mysterious painting of Leonardo da Vinci. Numerous lovers of art have stood in mute admiration before this painting and

feasted their eyes on the traits of Monna Lisa, but in vain have they asked the sphinx to solve the riddle of her magic smile. She must certainly have been more than an ordinary artist's model to the artist of the Cinquecento, who did not grow tired of studying her traits for four years. The woman who sat as a model for Leonardo da Vinci's Monna Lisa has been described as "a strange being with a glance promising endless voluptuousness and an expression divinely ironical." Did Lisa Gherardini, the wife of Francesco del Giocondo, more than promise to the painter, who was exceedingly handsome? When Leonardo da Vinci was at Florence he was always a favourite with the beautiful ladies on the banks of the Arno. The face of Monna Lisa always seems to have haunted the creative imagination of Leonardo da Vinci. This is evident from the fact that she seems to be smiling at us even from the divinely ascetic face of St. John the Baptist which Leonardo finished at the castle of Cloux shortly before he died.

One of the greatest scholars of the 15th century who contributed to the revival of learning at the period of the Renaissance was Erasmus, born at Rotterdam in 1467 and died on July 12, 1536. This celebrated scholar was an illegitimate child. He was the son of one Gerard, a member of a respectable family and a native of Rergouw, who had formed a liaison with Margaret, daughter of a physician of Zevenbergen in Brabant. The two lovers had the fullest intention of marrying but they were never legally united. One of the children of this illicit union was young Gerard, who called himself afterwards Desiderius Erasmus. Gerard means in Dutch the Beloved, and following the fashion of the time, he adopted the Greek equivalent Erasmus, to which he prefixed the



ERASMUS

Latin word Desiderius. The elder Gerard, that is the father of Erasmus, died at Rome, where he had taken holy orders, false news having reached him from home that his mistress was dead.

The infant Gerard was taken home by his grandmother and at four years was sent to school. In 1492 he took priest's orders and subsequently became one of the greatest scholars of his age. The son of Margaret and Gerard has been rightly called the Voltaire of the Renaissance. Sir Thomas More honoured him with his friendship. Although a rationalist, Erasmus adhered to the Catholic Church. He was engaged in a controversy with Luther in consequence of his work *De libero Arbitrio* in opposition to the latter's views on predestination. On the other hand, his work *Colloquies*, or *Dialogues*, gained him the praise of the friends of the nascent religious revolution and the displeasure of the bigots of the Catholic faith.

Erasmus was the greatest luminary of his age and perhaps the greatest scholar of any age. He possessed wit, learning and humour and was honoured and esteemed by all who loved learning and was hated only by the ignorant monks of his age. He did not take part in the Reformation, but he undermined the foundations of the Catholic Church by pouring out a stream of light pleasantries on the superstitions of the day and making them ridiculous. His position was neutral and therefore he has often been accused of being a reformer who feared to declare himself. In reality Erasmus was an apostle of common sense and of rational religion. As far as religion was concerned, he cared for practical Christianity and not for dogma, whether Catholic or Protestant. The features of this celebrated son of love

have been immortalized by the greatest painters of his age, Quintin Matsys, Albert Durer and Holbein.

The great Cardanus was another illegitimate child. It happened in the year 1501. A woman, a young widow, passed under the gate of Milan which looks out upon the road to Pavia. Her name was Chiara (Clara) Micheria, and she was the daughter of Giacomo Micheria. She was fleeing from the plague which had just broken out, but she was also fleeing from the famous Milanese doctor of law and medicine, Facio Cardano, who was the father of her yet unborn child. Chiara Micheria, being an unmarried woman, had tried in vain to procure abortion during her pregnancy. At Pavia, on September 24, 1501, the young woman was delivered after much suffering of a boy who became known as Girolamo Cardano, the famous physician, philosopher and mathematician.

This son of Chiara Micheria and of Facio Cardano was one of the most extraordinary men of the age in which he lived. He was, however, one of the profoundest and most fertile geniuses that Italy has produced, and he made rare and precious discoveries in mathematics and in medicine. He was the most successful scientific author of his time, a popular philosopher and a fashionable physician sought after by kings and princes, cardinals and archbishops. In 1552 he was sent for to Scotland to attend the Archbishop of St. Andrews, whom he cured of asthma. On his way back to Italy he was well received by King Edward VI. Cardanus was a man of penetrating genius which enabled him to acquire knowledge almost intuitively. "I have written more than I have read and I have thought more than I have learned," he wrote of himself.

For a long time the decorous college of Milanese physicians shut their gates upon Cardanus and excluded him from their body because he had not been legitimately born. It was only in 1539 that the physicians of Milan consented to sully their respectability by welcoming in their company one who was illegitimate. Cardanus died at Rome on September 21, 1576. According to one of his biographers he is said to have perished in consequence of a voluntary abstinence from food, so that he could make true his own prediction of the day of his death.

Jean le Rond d'Alembert, the famous French scholar and *littérateur*, born on November 16, 1717, died October 29, 1783, was illegitimate. His father was an officer of artillery of the name of Destouches-Canon, and his mother was Madame de Tencin, famous in the period of the Regency. The child was found on the steps of the church of St. Jean le Rond, near Nôtre Dame, which was destroyed during the Revolution. It has been wrongly stated that it was on the steps of St. Roch that the infant was found. The police commissary of the district, either out of pity or on account of instructions received, did not send the child to a foundling-institution but entrusted him to the care of the wife of a glazier named Rousseau, and the father of this afterwards famous scholar did all that he could for his education.

Speaking of d'Alembert we cannot refrain from mentioning his great friend, the lady with whom the great *littérateur* was so passionately in love, who was also an illegitimate child.

One of the most celebrated women in France during the 18th century, the age of rationalism, of the Encyclopædists, of Diderot and d'Alembert, was Mlle

Lespinasse, famous for her wit and intellectual attainments. She was the daughter of a great lady, the Countess d'Albon, according to Grimm, and of the Cardinal de Tencin. The mother could not recognize the child as long as her husband lived, but soon after the death of the latter she took the girl into her house under the pretext of a charitable action and gave her an education. Mlle Lespinasse subsequently became the great friend of the famous *littérateur* d'Alembert. The illegitimacy of their birth seemed to have established a bond between Mlle Lespinasse and d'Alembert, whose mistress she is often supposed to have been and who lived in her house. Mlle Lespinasse, who was born at Lyons in 1731 and died in Paris in 1776, left Letters which were published in 1809 and have been compared to those of Heloïse.

The life of the famous English poet Richard Savage (1697-1743) has been written by Dr. Johnson. For our purpose it will be sufficient to say that Savage was illegitimate. He himself claimed to be the son of Anne, Countess of Macclesfield, by Richard Savage, Earl Rivers. The Countess, however, declared that Savage was an impostor. Her natural son by that earl had died when young, and Savage, she pretended, was the son of a woman who had been employed to nurse that infant. Richard Savage received some education at a grammar school near Saint Albans and was apprenticed to a shoemaker, the countess having refused to acknowledge him as her son.

Savage has been accused of being an impostor, but Dr. Johnson seems to have entertained no doubt of his story, however extraordinary and improbable. It never occurred to Dr. Johnson to question Savage's being

the son of the Countess of Macclesfield, "of whose unrelenting barbarity he so loudly complained." Boswell, who seems to doubt Savage's story, writes in his *Life of Johnson*:

"Johnson was certainly well warranted in publishing his narrative, however offensive it might be to the lady and her relations, because her alleged unnatural and cruel conduct to her son, and shameful avowal of guilt, were stated in a *Life of Savage*, now lying before me which came out so early as 1727, and no attempt had been made to confute it, or to punish the author or printer as a libeller." One of Savage's poems, written in 1728, is entitled *The Bastard*. In this poem Savage's attacks upon his mother (who had married Col. Henry Brett after her divorce from the Earl of Macclesfield), became even louder and more bitter.

Among poets and men of letters who were illegitimate Jacques Delille, the famous French poet born June 22, 1738, died on May 1, 1813, deserves to be mentioned. A lawyer of Clermont-Ferrand named Montanier recognized the illegitimate offspring and had him educated. Delille made his entry into literature with his translation of Virgil's *Georgics*, which was highly praised by Voltaire. "It is a painting of Raphael marvellously copied by Mignard," wrote Chateaubriand. Delille was the author of *Paradis Perdu*, a translation or rather an imitation of Milton's immortal work.

Edmund Bonner or Boner (born in 1500 and died in 1569), the famous theologian and Bishop of London, is also said to have been illegitimate. He was supposed to have been the natural son of George Savage, Rector of Davenham, by Elizabeth Frodsham, who subsequently married Edmund Bonner, a lawyer at Hanley in

Worcestershire. He was in the service of Cardinal Wolsey and was sent on a mission to Rome by Henry VIII and was elected Bishop of London in 1539.

Another famous theologian supposed to have been an illegitimate child was Stephen Gardiner, a prelate in the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI and Queen Mary. His father was Lionel Woodville, Bishop of Salisbury and brother of Elizabeth Woodville, who as widow of Sir John Grey became the wife of Edward IV. He was the reputed son of one John Gardiner, a clothworker at Bury St. Edmunds, where he was born between 1483 and 1490. He entered the service of Cardinal Wolsey and was subsequently sent on a mission to Rome in connection with Henry's divorce from Catherine of Aragon. He was created Bishop of Winchester and during the reign of Queen Mary was elevated to the office of Chancellor of England and first Minister of State. He died on November 12, 1555.

In the following chapters we shall relate the more detailed histories of a few sons of sin.

CHAPTER II

TWO MEDIÆVAL HEROES, CHARLES MARTEL AND WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

Charles Martel—The founder of the Carolingian Empire—The battle of Poitiers—William the Conqueror—The town of Falaise—Robert the Devil—The Story of William's birth—Arlotte the Skinner's daughter—The Chronique de Normandie—Arlotte or Harlotte—The Roman du Rou—The bastard and old Talvas—Robert the Devil introduces his natural son to the barons—Robert's pilgrimage to the Holy Land—Hayward on sons of sin—Robert the Devil in Burgundy—Robert in Rome—The equestrian statue of Constantine—"Carried to Paradise by devils"—Robert the Devil in Jerusalem—Death of Robert—The quarrels of the barons—The state of Normandy—Roger de Tolni—William Talvas—The sports of the nobles—Guillaume Sorreng—Ermenald—Henry I and William—The valour of the bastard—The grandson of the tanner of Falaise—The battle of Val-des-Dunes—The battle of Hastings—The bastard founds a dynasty.

CHARLES MARTEL, who saved Europe from the threatened invasion of the Saracens in winning the famous battle of Poitiers in 732, was a natural son of Pepin of Heristal. The latter had repudiated his wife Plectrude and attached himself to his concubine or mistress, who soon bore him a son, the famous Charles Martel. In his old age Pepin reconciled himself with his legitimate spouse and took her back. At the death of her husband the royal widow was anxious to inherit the dignity of her husband and threw Charles, who seemed to be a dangerous rival, into jail. The latter, however, escaped, won the

battle of Soissons in 719 and ruled as Major-domo in the name of Chilperic IV, one of the last Rois-Fainéants.

Although Charles Martel never placed the royal crown upon his head, he may be considered as the real founder of the Carolingian Empire. He stood in friendly relations with Pope Gregory III, who asked the Major-domo's help against Liutprand, King of the Lombards, and sent to the victor of Poitiers the keys of the sepulchre of St. Peter and costly presents. The Pope expressed his readiness to establish in favour of Charles Martel the Empire of the West, an honour which Charlemagne was destined to enjoy.

Turning our eyes from France to England, we find another natural son establishing a dynasty in the British Isles. He was none other than William the Conqueror.

In Calvados, a north-western department of France on the right bank of the Ante, lies the ancient town of Falaise. It owes its name to the lofty crag overlooking the town and on which is situated the castle, the towers and donjon, once the seat of the mighty dukes of Normandy. Falaise, from *falesia* and *fales*, was founded in the 10th century and is mentioned for the first time in the *Chronique de Normandie* in 946. Falaise is famous as the birthplace of William the Conqueror or the Bastard, as he has been called. When Robert, surnamed the Devil, had succeeded his brother Richard as Duke of Normandy he seems to have chosen the town of Falaise as his usual place of residence. He had visited it already before, for when he had refused to recognize the authority of his brother and revolted against him, it was in the castle of Falaise that he fortified himself with his followers. Richard besieged the castle with a considerable force, until Robert submitted and a reconciliation took place.



CHARLES MARTEL

It was this castle that Robert I, surnamed the Devil, Duke of Normandy, had chosen as his residence, and it was here that he met Arlotte, or Harlotte, the mother of William, afterwards known as the Conqueror.

The story of William's birth runs as follows: Robert, Duke of Normandy, the fifth in descent to Rollo, the famous Viking, who founded the Duchy of Normandy, was one day riding through Falaise, a town in Normandy, when he espied certain young persons dancing near the way. He stayed a while to view the manner of their disport, and noticed a certain young damsel named Arlotte, a skinner's daughter, dancing amongst the rest. The duke was struck by her natural beauty and grace of countenance, her comely carriage. The simplicity of her behaviour and rural attire also pleased the duke well, so that he entered into conversation with her. On the same day the rustic lass was brought into the duke's presence, and a love-affair was the result. Hayward points out that some have accused Arlotte of having been immodest in her behaviour; far from being a demure lass, compelled to obey the will of her master the duke, who was surnamed Robert the Devil, she had, on the contrary, used her blandishments to enchant him. It is for this reason that the English, who hated her son William the Conqueror, or, as they called him, William the Bastard, added an aspirated H to her name.

The *Chronique de Normandie* naively relates the incident as follows:

"Now it happened one day that during his stay at Falaise Duke Robert the Devil, or as he has also been called, the Splendid, beheld a girl called Arlotte, the daughter of a citizen of the town of Falaise, who found favour in his eyes. The maiden was comely and graceful

and the duke desired her in his heart. He presented his request to the father of the maiden, who at first refused it. But as the duke insisted, he promised to speak to the maiden and ask her whether she consented to become the friend (*amie*) of Duke Robert.

“ ‘ My father,’ replied Arlotte, ‘ I am your dutiful daughter; you have only to command and I am ready to obey.’ ”

Towards the middle of 1028 Harlotte, to whom the Duke of Normandy, who had hitherto shown a great indifference to the fair sex, remained attached until the day of his death, gave birth to a son. The *Chronique de Normandie* relates that when the boy was born he was placed on the ground on some straw, and he immediately began to wriggle and filled both his hands with rushes, which he strained with a very firm grip. The mid-wife thereupon remarked that the boy would one day not only hold his own but grasp somewhat from other men.

The *Roman du Rou* describes the incident as follows :

“ D’icele Arlot fu un filz né
 Ki Willealme fu apelé
 Quant Willealme prismes naski
 Ke del ventre sa mere issi,
 En viez estramier fu muciez,
 Et en l’estrain fu seul lessiez.
 Li enfez tant eschanciéra,
 Ke en l’estrain s’envelupa
 De l’estrain ad plain li bras pris,
 A seil’a traist è sur seu mis
 La vieille vint é prist l’enfant
 Od l’estrain plain ses bras portant
 Kel Ber, dist-elle, tu seras,
 Tant cunqueras è tant auras :
 Tost tas éu de tun purchaz
 Pleines tes mains è pleins tes bras ! ”

"The bastard," continues the Norman chronicle, "was brought up honourably at Falaise and Robert took every care of the boy as well as of the mother. Already in his tender age William displayed great courage and strength. One day old Talvas, lord of Seèz and Bellème, met the bastard in the street of Falaise and having noticed his strength, unusual for a child of such an age, he exclaimed: 'Cursed be thou by God, for through thee and thy race my power will be broken.'" The old warrior seemed to have divined the conqueror and the tyrant in the young bastard.

One day Robert the Devil made up his mind to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in order to expiate the many sins he had committed and the devilish deeds he had accomplished. Prior to his departure on this pious pilgrimage, which was a sort of bargain with the Church, for as a reward for his journey he expected a remission of his numerous sins, he who was surnamed the Devil summoned his barons and introduced to them a boy of eight.

"This boy," he said, "is my natural son whom I wish you to obey."

This boy was the future William the Conqueror, the natural son of Robert, borne unto him by Arlotte, the daughter of a tanner at Falaise.

"It was the general custom in France at that time," writes Hayward, "that bastards did succeed even in dignities of the highest condition, no otherwise than children lawfully begotten." Thierry, the illegitimate son of Clovis, received as his part of the parental heritage the kingdom of Austrasia, now called Lorraine. Sigisbert, illegitimate son of King Dagobert I, had his part in the kingdom of France with Clovis, the lawful son of

Dagobert. Louis and Carloman, bastards of King Louis le Bègue, succeeded after the death of their father. So it was in England. Alfred, illegitimate son of Oswine, succeeded his brother Egfrid, and Adelstane, illegitimate son of Edward the Elder, succeeded his father before Edmund and Eldred, his younger brothers, who were legitimate children. Edmund, surnamed the Martyr, illegitimate son of King Edgar, succeeded to him in the State before Ethelbrest, his lawful issue. Harold, surnamed Harefoot, illegitimate son of Canut, succeeded to him in the kingdom before Hardicanut, who was a lawful son. The like custom has been observed in Spain, Portugal and in divers other countries.

“And it is probable,” adds Hayward, “that this use was grounded upon the experience that bastards (as begotten in the highest heate and strength of affection) have many times been men of excellent prooffe, both in courage and in understanding. This was verified in Hercules, Alexander the Great, Romulus, Timotheus, Brutus, Themistocles, Arthur; in Homer, Demosthenes, Bion, Bartholus, Gratian, Peter Lumbard, Peter Comestor and divers of most flourishing names among whom the Conqueror may worthily be ranged.”

The pilgrimage of Robert the Devil, the father of William the Conqueror, is the subject of many legends.

A few weeks after his departure, Robert arrived one morning before the gates of a castle in Burgundy. He knocked and asked admittance and hospitality for himself and his companions. The gates were opened, but Robert, out of humility, allowed his companions to enter before him. When his turn came, the impatient gatekeeper, who never suspected that the tattered and ragged pilgrim was none other than the redoubtable Duke of Normandy,

lifted up his staff and gave Robert a blow, commanding him to advance faster. Full of indignation, the duke's companions turned against the gatekeeper, but the ruler of Normandy bade them keep quiet.

"Leave this man," said he, "a pilgrim should suffer every insult and injury in the expiation of his sins, and know ye that I prefer the present insult to my good town of Rouen."

When Robert reached Rome he was surprised to notice that the inhabitants had never thought of offering a beautiful garment to the equestrian statue of the Emperor Constantine. At his expense Robert arrayed the statue of the Emperor in such a garment. Whilst in Rome, the pilgrim received a cross from the hands of the Pope. When he reached Constantinople he was anxious to give the Emperor an idea of the magnificence of a Western prince and ordered to shoe a mule with golden instead of iron hoofs and caparison it magnificently. Riding upon his mule and accompanied by his suite, all splendidly arrayed, he betook himself to the Emperor. The latter expressed the desire to defray the duke's expenses during his stay in Constantinople, but the Norman not only refused to accept this liberality but even paid double the worth for everything that he bought or consumed.

He felt, however, too tired now to continue his pilgrimage on foot and allowed himself to be carried in a litter. On his way he encountered a Norman knight of Cotentin who was returning from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. When the latter asked the duke what message he was to bring to Normandy, Robert, pointing to the negroes who were carrying the litter, replied:

"Tell them over there that thou hast met the Duke of Normandy being carried to Paradise by devils."

When he reached the gates of Jerusalem, Robert found a crowd of pilgrims who could not enter the Holy City, unable to pay the tribute (a gold besant) exacted by the Infidels. When Robert heard this he swore his favourite oath:

“Par le coeur de mon ventre,” and exclaimed: “Ye will all enter Jerusalem unless I have not enough golden besants.” He had enough, however, and all the pilgrims were happy to enter the gates of Jerusalem. Robert remained eight days in the holy city, shed many tears at the Holy Sepulchre and distributed in alms plenty of gold. Having completed his pious pilgrimage, the Duke of Normandy now started on his journey home. He chose the route by way of Syria and Asia Minor, but he was not to see his native Normandy again. At Nice he fell ill and died there. He was buried with great pomp in the basilica of St. Marie in 1035.

The bastard son of Harlotte, the daughter of the tanner of Falaise, was now an orphan and eight or nine years of age. Before he had left on his pilgrimage Robert had not only asked the barons to recognize his natural son, the offspring of Harlotte, as his heir, but had also begged the King of France to take under his protection the person and the state of his son. The boy had been entrusted to the care of Gilbert Crespín, whilst Alain, Duke of Brittany, had been nominated by Robert Seneschal of Normandy.

Scarcely, however, had the news of Robert's demise reached Normandy, when a number of the barons, availing themselves of William's minority and under the pretext that he was an illegitimate son, broke their oath of fidelity and forgot their allegiance. Quarrels arose among the barons and the factious Norman nobility.

Some contended for possession of the young duke's person, others for his authority and dignity. His enemies often conspired both against his power and his life. William was accused of being a bastard, born of a base and ignoble woman, and, in addition, to being still a minor, unworthy to be the prince of the barons and nobles of Normandy. Gilbert Crespin, in whose charge William was at that time, was one morning treacherously attacked in front of his castle at the instigation of Raoul de Gacé, son of the Archbishop of Rouen, and murdered. William thereupon took refuge in the house of Osbern, another of his relations. Osbern soon paid with his life for his hospitality offered to the bastard. During the night Montgomery penetrated into the chamber where Osbern and the young orphan reposed and stabbed the former in his sleep. Only with difficulty did the son of Harlotte manage to escape.

A few days afterwards the servants of Osbern, to revenge the death of their master, murdered both Montgomery and his two sons. In their turn the friends of the victims murdered Turquetil and Thuralde, the tutors of William. Among the enemies of the natural son of Duke Robert were the boy's own relations, who coveted his inheritance, and in order to protect the boy, the friends of the young duke were often compelled to hide him at night in some poor peasant's hut. The future conqueror owed his life more than once to such humble abodes.

One of the young duke's formidable enemies was Roger de Tolni, a near relation of his father. Soon after the death of Duke Robert, Roger de Tolni was returning from Spain, where he had fought against the Moors. When he learned of the demise of the Duke of Normandy,

Roger exclaimed that he would never recognize the authority of the little bastard and that the Norman nobles would have to elect another chief. The history of Great Britain and of Europe might have taken quite a different course if this formidable warrior had lived to carry out his designs and to organize his revolt against the son of Duke Robert. As fate, however, would have it, Roger de Tolni was killed by one of his neighbours whose lands he was in the meantime devastating.

Terrible was the state of Normandy during the minority of William. Disorders, murders, assassinations and foul deeds of every description fill the annals of the history of the duchy. William Talvas, the descendant of a family famous for its crimes, continued to uphold the family tradition. After the death of Duke Robert he felt himself quite free to indulge in his favourite pastimes. One day, so the chroniclers relate, this Norman baron, although he was already married to a lady of the name of Hildeburge, took a fancy to another lady, the daughter of Viscount de Beaumont, and wanted to take her to wife. The canonical law was against such an action, but Talvas was not embarrassed by such obstacles, which he overcame in his own way. He simply strangled his first wife, and being now a widower, the Church could no longer refuse to sanction his marriage with Mlle de Beaumont. The nuptials were celebrated with great pomp and all the neighbours were invited to the wedding feast. When the bridegroom's heart was of good cheer, he enjoyed himself by first robbing his guests of all that they happened to possess and then by cutting off their ears and noses; the less privileged ones had their eyes torn out. The country, although used to the sports of the nobles in those days, was nevertheless

horrified when the news of this abominable act spread abroad.

Arnould, a son of Talvas and Hildeburge, took advantage of the horrors which his father's deed inspired in the country, and with the assistance of the inhabitants drove the latter from his estate. Tracked everywhere like a wild beast by his son, the father saved himself by fleeing from the country. Soon afterwards, however, Arnould was found strangled in his bed. Thereupon Yves, Bishop of Seèz, who was one of the family, took possession of Bellème, the estate of the Talvas.

Old Talvas, who was still alive, found an ally in the person of a member of the house of Montgomery, to whom, by way of recompense, he made a present of his daughter. The young lady's name was Mabille, and more than once she had found pleasure in the innocent pastime of poisoning her father's guests. It is evident that the Borgias of the later Renaissance had nothing to teach these Normans of the 11th century. Montgomery accepted the lady and took her to wife when Talvas offered him as her dowry the county of Bellème and other estates. Of course, it was Montgomery's business to take possession of the estates. He did not succeed, but neither did the bishop-usurper enjoy his good fortune for any length of time.

A certain Guillaume Sorreng had three sons, Richard, Robert and Aresgot, who, having played the part of highwaymen and infested the country for some time, one fine morning entered the church of Seèz and drove out the bishop. They barricaded themselves in the church, but fire having been set to the building, they were ultimately compelled to come out. They were massacred, but during the general mêlée the bishop, too,

was slain. Similar tragedies were of daily occurrence in Normandy during the minority of William the Bastard, son of Harlotte. The churches could offer no asylum to those who tried to escape from the brigands.

Suddenly a man known by the name of Ermenald and who pretended to have been a monk at Verdun, appeared on the scene. He was a Breton by birth and styled himself the friend and champion of the oppressed. He took up their cause and at their head fought against the brigand barons and nobles, but was ultimately slain. It was at this time that Alain, Duke of Brittany, who had been appointed Seneschal of Normandy by Robert, William's father, died, poisoned by some enemy, as it was generally rumoured. The young son of Harlotte had now reached the age of fifteen, and the Church of Normandy suddenly realized that he alone would be able to restore order in the country. Tired of the atrocious deeds which had been devastating the country for eight years, the Norman clergy decided to put a stop to robbery and brigandage by putting its weight on the side of the young son of Harlotte and the grandson of the tanner of Falaise.

In the meantime Henry I, King of France, under whose protection Duke Robert, before his departure for the Holy Land, had placed his natural son, decided to turn his attention to Normandy. Several Norman barons and nobles urged the King of France to take a part against the grandson of the tanner and the son of Harlotte.

The weak Henry stepped in. The attitude of the King of France was a signal for young William's enemies. Their position was strengthened by the appearance of a rival, who claimed the Dukedom of Normandy. This

was Guy of Burgundy, a son of Alice, a daughter of Duke Richard II and consequently a nephew of the late Duke Robert. The latter had had his nephew educated together with his natural son and bestowed on him the important fiefs of Vernon and Brionne.

The bastard's position now became perilous, although, according to several chroniclers, the future Conqueror of England, then twenty years of age, was already considered as one of the most redoubtable knights in Gaul. He was at that moment at Valognes and surrounded by the forces of the enemy, whom he could not fight single-handed. He rushed therefore to Falaise, his native town, where he kept in hiding, most probably with the help of his maternal family, for a few days. He then took an extreme decision. He risked all for all; he gambled, placed his entire future at one stake, and, a favourite of fortune, he won. William threw himself on the mercy of the King of France. He beseeched the latter to take up his cause, reminding Henry I that he himself in his youth had found himself in a similar predicament. He had been crowned King already during the life-time of his father Robert the Pious, but after the demise of the latter in 1031, his mother Constance, daughter of William, Count of Arles, had tried to deprive him of the crown and to place her favourite son Robert on the throne of France. She had armed against Henry Eudes, Count of Champagne, and Baldwin, Count of Flanders. It was only thanks to the arms of William's father, Robert the Devil, who had rushed to the king's help, that the latter had triumphed.

The grandson of the tanner of Falaise spoke so well that the King of France was deeply moved and promised to come to his help, and he kept his word.

Young William now, without losing a moment, assembled his troops in the whole of Upper Normandy which had remained faithful to him and to their allegiance. Henry of France joined his protégé with a force of three thousand men and, having marshalled their forces, they marched against the rebels. Between the Dives and the Orne, a few miles from Caen, took place the first pitched battle which William fought, the famous battle of Val-des-Dunes, the issue of which had far-reaching consequences.

The further history and life of the famous bastard are too well known to require a repetition. The son of Harlotte repelled all the aggressions of the Norman traitors and in time reduced not only his own rebellious barons but also the King of France, his overlord, to the necessity of peace. He married Matilda, daughter of Baldwin Count of Flanders, who was a descendant in the female line from Alfred, and on October 14, 1066, by the famous battle of Senlac or Hastings, he conquered England and established the Norman dynasty. He was a great conqueror and has been often compared to Julius Cæsar, and by his invasion altered the entire current of English history.

CHAPTER III

MANFRED, KING OF SICILY, THE POET-KING

Dante meets Manfred in Purgatory—Frederick II and his mistresses—A regular harem—Bianca Lancia—Illegitimate sons and daughters—Manfred beloved by his father—The Emperor's testament—The Prince of Taranto—Rome and the house of Hohenstaufen—Berthold von Hohenberg—Manfred subdues Sicily—The arrival of Emperor Conrad—The jealousy of Conrad—A brother's revenge—The death of the Emperor—Conradin—Pope Innocent confirms Manfred as Regent—The son of Bianca is crowned King of Sicily—Manfred's popularity—The philosopher-King—The splendid Court of Palermo—Scholars and musicians—The garden of sensuous pleasures—The Lord of the Saracens—The silver-voiced king—The marriage of Manfred—The town of Manfredonia—The King furthers the education of the people—Love of pleasure—Love reigns supreme at Palermo—A haunt of voluptuousness—Manfred's ambitions—The alarm of the Pope—Charles of Anjou invades Sicily—The Parliament of Benevento—The last fight—The Sultan of Nocera—The helmet with the silver eagle—The sacrifice of Okkursius—The death of the king—The burial of a hero—The despair of the queen—The character of Manfred—The troubadour Adam d'Arras sings the praises of Manfred.

“ I AM Manfredi, grandson to the Queen
Costanza ; Whence I pray thee, when return'd
To my fair daughter go, the parent glad
Of Aragonia and Sicilia's pride :
And of the truth inform her, if of me
Aught else be told, when by two mortal blows
My frame was shatter'd, I betook myself
Weeping to him, who of free will forgives.
My sins were horrible, but so wide arms
Hath goodness infinite, that it receives
All who turn to it. Had this test divine
Been of Cosenza's Shepherd better scann'd,
Who then by Clement on my hunt was set,

Yet at the bridge's head my bones had lain,
 Near Benevento, by the heavy moll
 Protected : but the rain now drenches them,
 And the wind drives, out of the Kingdom's bounds,
 Far as the stream of Verde, where, with lights
 Extinguish'd, he removed them from their bed."

"Look therefore if thou canst advance my bliss,
 Revealing to my good Costanza, how
 Thou hast beheld me, and beside, the terms
 Laid on me of that interdict : for here
 By means of those below much profit comes."

DANTE, *Purgatoria*, III, 110-41.

(H. F. Cary's translation.)

ONE of the most famous bastards in mediæval history was Manfred, King of Sicily, the natural son of Emperor Frederick II by his mistress Bianca Lancia. Frederick II, the great Hohenstaufen Emperor, had many love-affairs. He is said to have had a regular harem, like some old Norman king or an Oriental Sultan, the inmates of which were recruited from Saracen countries. The girls were sent to Apulia and attached to the Imperial establishments at Lucera and Messina.

The enemies of the Emperor, known as the Stupor Mundi, no doubt exaggerated the accusations, but there is little doubt that Frederick II really had many mistresses and numerous illegitimate offspring, sons and daughters born out of wedlock. He had four illegitimate sons and five daughters. One of the latter, Blanchefleur, died a nun at Montargis in 1278. Of his sons borne unto him by one or the other of his mistresses, the fourth was Manfred, whom the Emperor loved best.

It is said that Bianca's connection with her seducer

began in 1231, and when she lay on her deathbed she besought the Emperor to marry her. Frederick complied with the request of his mistress and thus legitimized the children the fair Piedmontese had borne. The Church, however, never recognized the union, since the Emperor was at that time an excommunicated man.

From his father Manfred had inherited the qualities which so distinguished the famous Emperor, namely courage and prudence, the art not only of commanding men but also the more difficult one of gaining their love. But Manfred was a child of love, and nature had showered on him many gifts. He was brilliant in every respect, gallant and chivalrous, with a pronounced taste for arts and letters and a remarkable talent for poetry. Out of love for his mother, perhaps, his respect and adoration of women was almost a cult. Manfred was the darling son of the Emperor Frederick II, who treated him like his other legitimate sons, Conrad and Henry. In his testament the great Emperor of the house of the Hohenstaufen had bequeathed to the son of Bianca Lancia the principality of Tarentum and entrusted to him the administration of the Two Sicilies, pending the return to Naples of Conrad, who was then in Germany. In his testament, however, the Emperor added a clause wherein he expressed his wish that should his two legitimate sons, Conrad and Henry, both die without leaving any issue, Manfred should succeed them.

The function which the dying Emperor had left to his favourite son was not an easy one. Scarcely had the ambitious ruler on the throne of St. Peter learned the news of the demise of his bitter enemy when he began with feverish haste to make preparations for the conquest of the country. Trouble broke out in the kingdom of

the Two Sicilies. The house of Hohenstaufen had an implacable enemy in the person of the Roman Pontiff, the ambitious Innocent IV. Excited by monks sent out for the purpose by the Court of Rome, several provinces revolted against the authority of Frederick's successor. The situation was almost desperate, but the young son of Lancia, he was only eighteen years of age, was equal to it.

Frederick II had evidently foreseen the coming troubles and, uncertain whether his young son would be able to cope with the situation, had recommended him to take the counsel of the Markgrave Berthold von Hohenberg. On the other hand, however, Manfred's maternal relations, and in particular his uncle, Galvano Lancia, were anxious for him to usurp the crown of Sicily. At any rate, whatever his secret views, Manfred gave proofs of an activity, a courage and a degree of prudence beyond his age. He made use of force where force was required and of persuasion where he expected it to prove more effective, and thus frustrated the designs and manœuvres of the Court of Rome. The powerful rebel barons were soon reduced to obedience and the important towns who had made an effort to shake off the rule of Hohenstaufen were compelled to submit again. Long before Conrad returned to Sicily peace and order had been established by his half-brother.

With the exception of Capua and Naples, and the counts of Caserta and Acerra, the whole of Sicily lay at the young hero's feet. It is not at all astonishing that the success should have turned the head of the brilliant Imperial bastard, who was well aware of his father's wish that should his two legitimate brothers die without leaving any issue, he was to succeed them. Why should he have

worked for his brother? He was a favourite son of the late Emperor and had a right to wear the crown of Sicily. It was an easy matter for the ambitious Galvano Lancia to win over his nephew to his plans. Even Berthold von Hohenberg, who was related to the family of Lancia through his wife Isolde, was won over and joined Galvano and Manfred. The result was that in July negotiations were opened with the Papal Legate Peter, Cardinal of St. Georges ad Vellum Aureum, and with the Pope himself for the purpose of obtaining the crown of Sicily for Manfred. In order to give more weight to his request, Manfred entered Terra di Lavoro and laid siege to Naples. Disappointment, however, awaited the plotters for the crown of Sicily.

The answer which Pope Innocent gave to the proposal was a cold douche. The Pontiff was ready to take away Sicily from the son of that bitter enemy of the Church, Frederick II, but to confirm another scion of the same house on the throne of Naples did not at all suit his plans. All that the Pontiff consented to grant to the Regent was the principality of Tarento, while Berthold was to receive the county of Andria. Manfred was thus offered less than he was already entitled to according to his father's testament.

Too weak as yet to fight Rome openly, the son of Bianca Lancia gave up the siege of Naples. In the meantime news came that Emperor Conrad was coming over to Italy, and Manfred immediately left Terra di Lavoro and went to Apulia there to await the arrival of his brother. On the 8th of January the two brothers met at Siponto, cordially embracing each other, and Conrad thanking the Regent for his splendid services. But the cordial relations were not of any long duration. Either

Conrad was informed of the plot that purported to deprive him of the crown of Sicily or that he simply began to fear the influence which his half-brother wielded, but anyhow, he looked upon the son of Bianca Lancia as his enemy. Conrad, however, was a son of Frederick II and not devoid of prudence and state-craft. He knew that he still required the services of Manfred and would do himself more harm than good were he to let him feel openly the consequences of his anger. He merely appointed as Regent Pietro Ruffo, now raised to the dignity of Count of Catanzara, who was an enemy of the Lancias. Conrad himself, accompanied by Manfred, went out against the rebels in the Terra di Lavoro, whom he soon brought to heel.

In the course of January 1253, Capua was subdued and the Count of Casata defeated. The entire kingdom of Sicily, with the exception of Naples, was in Conrad's power. Firmly established on his throne, Conrad now indulged in a little revenge for the plot hatched against him during his absence. Manfred was an Italian by birth and education and the Italians loved him and were enthusiastic about him as one of their own, while Conrad, in spite of the education he had received in Italy, was a German in every respect. On the other hand, Conrad was of princely descent, while Manfred, in spite of the fact that his Imperial father had declared him legitimate, was a bastard.

Conrad had inherited many of his father's virtues, but the cruelty he showed at the taking of Naples alienated the love of the people, while Manfred, clever and valorous, was very popular. The Emperor, therefore, grew jealous of his half-brother and tried to diminish the latter's power and influence.

Under the pretext that he was anxious to lower the power of the barons, he appealed to Manfred to set a good example and to cede to the crown the estates left to him by his father. The Imperial bastard obeyed and only kept the principality of Taranto; but Conrad laid such a heavy tax on the country that Manfred got no income from it. Conrad had thus deprived his brother of all his fiefs, leaving him only the principality of Taranto. To go beyond such a measure he evidently was afraid, but he vented his wrath on the family of Lancia.

Under some pretext he expelled the whole family, not excepting women and children, and confiscated their estates and possessions. They went to Johannes Vatatzes, Emperor of Nicea, who had married a sister of Manfred, but even here the hostility of Conrad overtook them. The king sent a messenger to Vatatzes, requesting him to expel from his domain the exiled family, and it seems that the ruler of Nicea granted the request. Conrad now felt safe on his throne, for peace seemed to reign in the kingdom of Sicily, and he decided to turn his attention to Upper Italy with a view to re-establishing German sway there. But suddenly the Emperor fell ill and died at Lavallo on May 21, 1254.

Conrad's legitimate brother Henry, a son of Frederick II by his third wife Isabel of England, born in 1238, had died a few weeks earlier. Manfred was accused of the double fratricide, but impartial historians assert that the son of Bianca Lancia was not guilty of the crime. The son of the mighty Emperor now felt that he had a right to take the reins of government into his strong hands during the minority of his three-year-old nephew Conradin. He compelled the Marquess of

Hohenburg to give up his function of Regent, which he himself assumed.

Pope Innocent IV consented to confirm the illegitimate son of the late enemy of Rome and of the Catholic Church in the Regency, but the peaceful relations were of short duration.

Borello, Baron d'Aglone, a favourite of the Holy Father, had been killed in the open road, and the Pope, thinking of revenge, invited the Regent to appear before a special tribunal. Manfred knew what lay in store for him if he presented himself before the Papal tribunal and preferred to seek safety at Laceria. An open feud now broke out between the Regent and Rome. The Saracens, who were masters of Laceria, furnished the natural son of their beloved Emperor with soldiers and Manfred was able to defeat the Papal troops and to devastate the domains of the Holy Father.

In the meantime Pope Innocent IV died and his successor on the throne of St. Peter, Alexander IV, pursued the same policy. He excommunicated the Prince of Tarentum and preached a crusade against him.

The son of Bianca Lancia was victorious and, like many other illegitimate sons of monarchs before and after him, he felt that he, too, had a right to a crown and a throne.

Instead of defending the kingdom of Sicily for his nephew, Manfred determined to rule it for himself. He caused a rumour to be spread that the infant king, whom his mother, the Empress Constance, had taken to Germany, had died, and immediately several prelates and barons sent a deputation to the illegitimate son of Frederick II, inviting him to assume the crown of Sicily.

At first Manfréd made a pretence of refusing the honour, but he soon yielded and betook himself to Palermo, where he was crowned King of Sicily on August 11, 1258.

In vain did the widowed Empress protest against the usurpation of her brother-in-law. The latter replied that he really had no intention whatever to deprive young Conradin of his inheritance. Although Sicily belonged to him by right of conquest, he had assumed the crown only temporarily, as he could defend the kingdom much more effectively than his feeble nephew. As soon as the latter had grown to man's estate, he, Manfred, would hand over the kingdom to him.

The new king sent back the envoys who had come from his sister-in-law loaded with presents and assured them of his great love and affection for the son of his late brother.

The new king nevertheless made every effort to become popular and beloved by his people—and he had no difficulty in doing so. The son of Bianca Lancia, that *virgo pulcherrima*, had been lavishly endowed by nature with physical and mental gifts. He was graceful, gentle, generous and amiable. Highly intelligent and eager to learn, he had acquired a vast store of knowledge. It is said that the King of Sicily translated an Aristotelian work from the Hebrew into Latin. He was equally at home in philosophy, mathematics, astronomy and astrology. His philosophical knowledge was equal to that of his august father, and he also shared with the latter the love of pomp which he manifested in monumental constructions.

Like Frederick II, who had gathered round him many scholars, thus constituting a sort of academy, Manfred invited to his Court at Palermo the finest Latinists of

the age. The ambassador of the Sultan of Egypt was amazed at and could not praise enough the mathematical, philosophical and linguistic attainments of the King of Sicily.

Players and musicians found a welcome at the Court of Palermo and a generous patron in the king. His enemies accused Manfred of leading an Epicurean life in a Court which was a garden of sensual pleasures,¹ while the Popes referred to the King of Sicily as the Lord of the Saracens.

The favourite son of Frederick II was a poet himself and a fine musician, like his father. It is related that Manfred was often pleased to go out at night in the streets of the city, singing songs. One of his charms was his sweet, silver-toned voice.

"Nature," writes Jamsilla, "had endowed this child of love with every grace and so disposed all the parts of his body in a harmony of beauty that there was nothing in him which could be made better."

When quite a youth, Manfred had married Beatrice of Savoy, who died after the birth of a daughter called Constance. In 1259 the King of Sicily married his second wife, Helen, daughter of Michael Comnenus, despot of Epirus, Prince of Thessaly and Etolia. The princess arrived in Apulia with eight galleys, accompanied by many barons and damsels, and disembarked in the port of Trani, where Manfred awaited her. When Helen left the galley the king embraced her heartily and kissed her. The new queen was thereupon conducted about the town amid acclamations of the people and then taken to the castle on the Lago Pesole, where great fêtes were given in her honour.

¹ Villani, p. 188; H. Arndt, *Studien*, p. 65.

When Manfred became King of Sicily he also built the town of Manfredonia, which took the place of Siponto. He decided to move the town from the bad air and to place it where it now stands and to call it by his own name. From the castle of Orta he sent instructions to the inhabitants of Siponto to abandon their old town, which was unhealthy, and to build a new one at a distance of two miles. The new town was granted freedom from taxes for the next ten years. It is still called Manfredonia, although Charles of Anjou did his best to abolish the hated name and to call the town Novo Siponto.

Like his Imperial father before him, Manfred also endeavoured to further the education of the people. Frederick II had founded schools for the study of letters and fine arts and had gathered from all parts of the world learned doctors at his Court. He not only remunerated the professors very handsomely, but even granted subsidies to the students so as to give an opportunity of studying to many of his subjects. Manfred, as King of Sicily, followed in the footsteps of his father. He himself studied philosophy and mathematics and is said to have been conversant with the ten books of Euclid.¹ Like his great father, the splendid son was also fond of amusement, and Manfred's Court was renowned as the paradise of all pleasures.

The enemies of the king maintained, however, that this paradise contained more than one forbidden fruit. Love, it was asserted, reigned supreme at the Court of Palermo, and the sounds of revelry could be heard day and night. Beautiful girls and handsome boys swarmed at the Court, which was compared to that of King Solomon, and the King of Sicily was accused of turning

¹ Cf. F. Schirrmacher, *Die letzten Hohenstaufen*, 1871.

Italy into a cave of debauchery and a haunt of voluptuousness.

The kingdom, however, enjoyed peace and prosperity under the benevolent rule of the Imperial bastard. Manfred's authority and renown spread abroad, and foreign princes vied for the honour of entering into friendly relations with the King of Sicily. The exiled Emperor of Constantinople implored Manfred's help, while King Louis of France took a greater interest in the affairs of the son of Bianca Lancia than in those of his own brother, the Count of Anjou. In 1261 the son of the King of Aragon demanded in marriage the hand of Manfred's daughter, Constance.

In the meantime a new phase had opened in the long struggle between the Popes and the scion of the house of Hohenstaufen. Since he had become King of Sicily, Manfred defended his own interests and not those of his nephew against the ambitious designs of the Popes.

Manfred was now King of Sicily, but his dreams were bigger still, for it was Italy that he had in view. Had not his Imperial father declared in his testament that should the legitimate line of the house of Hohenstaufen become extinct, Italy should become the inheritance of his beloved son Manfred? It was with a view to Italy that the son of Bianca Lancia had no doubt spread the rumour of the demise of Conradin. The Popes were naturally opposed to the ambitious plans of the King of Sicily, and the fight between the two rivals became a bitter one.

At first Pope Alexander IV, who had excommunicated the King of Sicily, offered to recognize him if he consented to restore the lands confiscated from the clergy and to expel the Saracens from his dominions. Manfred was

ready to fulfil the first condition, but he absolutely refused to grant the second. "He had more faith in the fidelity of the Saracens than in the promises of Rome."

In the end peace between Rome and Palermo became impossible. Urban IV, Pope Alexander's successor, realizing that he was not strong enough to fight alone against such a foe as Manfred, invited Charles of Anjou, a brother of Saint Louis, to come and conquer the kingdom of Naples and Sicily. The Pope himself preached a crusade against the illegitimate son of Frederick II, the former enemy of Rome. Charles of Anjou came and was crowned King of Apulia by the cardinals sent by Pope Clement IV, who had in the meantime succeeded Urban IV.

Manfred now assembled a Parliament at Benevento and thus addressed its members: "The fire which has for a long time been burning in the distance has at last approached with the rapidity of lightning. Unless we unite together to resist, we shall be overwhelmed. He who ought to promote peace through the whole world has called in the foreigner to attack us. The expedition is not directed against me alone, but against innocence and justice. There is no shadow of an excuse for the action of the Pope, for Charles of Anjou is in no way related to the Hohenstaufen. The sole object of the Holy Father is to make you forget what you owe to my father and his house and to force you to accept a foreign yoke. Believe me that the throne alone will not suffice the greedy Count of Anjou, and your lands, too, will be taken away from you." "Those who usurp a throne," added Manfred, "against all right can only sustain themselves by the help of a party, and in order to reward that party all others must be ruined."

The son of Frederick II now collected all the troops he could at Capua, which had been fortified by his father, and when the French army reached the heights overlooking the city they found Manfred's army drawn up in the plain. The King, however, seems to have had little faith in his troops, for he sent messengers to Charles with propositions of peace, but Charles of Anjou returned the following reply: "Tell the Sultan of Nocera that I will make neither peace nor truce with him, but in a short time either I will send him to hell or he will send me to paradise."¹

Charles of Anjou called Manfred the "Sultan of Nocera" because he had many Saracens in his service. The King of Sicily was thus compelled to fight, and the two hostile armies met before Beneventum on the river Calore.

During the battle which was to cost Manfred throne and life, his helmet, surmounted with a silver eagle, fell from his head, and he looked upon this as a bad omen. Okkursius, his faithful servant, put on the helmet with the Suabian eagle upon his own head and threw himself into the fight, so as to save (by his own death) the life of his beloved King. Okkursius was killed, but his heroic deed proved futile. When Manfred saw that all was lost, he determined not to survive loss of throne and honour. He threw himself into the thickest of the fight and was killed.

The body of King Manfred was found and taken to Charles's tent, where it was recognized by numerous prisoners. Many French knights begged the Count of Anjou to grant an honourable burial to so gallant a foe, but Charles refused.

¹ Muratori, *Annal*, VII, 269.

"Manfred," said the brother of Saint Louis, "was an interdicted man, excommunicated by the Holy Father, and he could not be allowed to lie in hallowed ground."

At nightfall, therefore, the body of the hero was laid to rest by the bridge of Benevento. It was buried in a field called "the field of roses." The French soldiers and the countrypeople gathered stones and threw them over the grave, thus raising a monument for the gallant king. Pope Clement IV, however, caused the body of the excommunicated scion of the house of Hohenstaufen to be exhumed and thrown on to the banks of the river Liris on the confines of the kingdom.¹

When the news came that Manfred had been beaten beneath Benevento, his queen, Helen, nearly died of sorrow. She fled to Trani with the intention of embarking with her children for Epirus. But here she was caught by the emissaries of the Pope and kept a prisoner. When the cavalry of King Charles arrived, the widowed queen and her children were carried off no one knew whither. The end of the unhappy children of Manfred is shrouded in mystery, but Queen Helen is said to have died in 1271.

There are few princes in the annals of history who have raised so much hatred and so much love as did this illegitimate son of Frederick II. He has been extolled as wise above all men, beautiful, brave and kindly by the Ghibelline writers, while the Guelphs, the enemies of his house, have denounced him as a parricide and a fratricide, as a devil incarnate. Dante places him in Purgatory.

Manfred has been accused of many crimes, but whatever the truth of these accusations against him, it must be admitted that Manfred was splendid in every way,

¹ Arndt, l.c., p. 169; Dante, *Purg.* III, line 124.

even in his death. He preferred to die as a king, as a hero on the battlefield, rather than live in exile as a dethroned and defeated monarch.

A troubadour, Adam d'Arras, sang the praises of the King of Sicily in the following lines:

“ Biaux chevalier et preus,
Et sage, fu Manfrois,
De toutes bonnes teches,
Entechies et courtois,
En lui ne fallait riens,
Forsque seulement fois.
Mais cette faute est laide,
En contes et en Rois.”¹

¹ Papon, *Histoire de Province*, III, p. 27 ; see also Schirrmacher, l.c., p. 496.

CHAPTER IV

HENRY OF TRASTAMARA, EL BORDO

Alphonso XI and Leonora de Guzman—The bewitching widow—The Castilian Pompadour—The deserted queen—The noble favourite—Love and ambition—The fickle king—A son of sin—The death of the king—The popular prince—King Pedro—Leonora de Guzman imprisoned—Lady Juana and Henry of Trastamara—The secret marriage—The anger of the king—The bastard escapes to the Asturias—Pedro visits Valladolid—The meeting of the brothers—King Pedro marries Blanche de Bourbon—The deserted wife—The beautiful Maria de Padilla—Scandalous conduct of the king—The chivalry of the Castilians—The king poisons his wife—Peter the Cruel—The murder of Don Frederic—Henry of Trastamara throws off the mask—The bastard massacres the Jews—Peace is concluded in 1361—The Black Prince and the bastard—The message of the Black Prince—The battle of Nagera—The flight of the bastard—Duguesclin—The treachery of the Constable—Fratricide—The son of sin a wise and just ruler.

ONE of the famous sons of sin in the history of Spain was Count Henry of Trastamara, who fought against the Black Prince at Navarette. He was a natural son of King Alphonso XI, King of Castile, and his mistress Leonora de Guzman.

Leonora de Guzman was of noble birth, for she descended from the family of Guzman, one of the most ancient and noble in Castile. She was the daughter of Don Pedro Nunez de Guzman and of Beatrix Ponce de Leon. Married to Don John de Velasco, she became a widow and lived a retired life at Seville. Here the king one day met the bewitching widow whose beauty was supposed to be unrivalled in the whole of Spain.

Alphonso XI, King of Castile, fell violently in love with the charming widow and totally deserted his queen.

Leonora de Guzman was not the first lady who had yielded to the pressing declaration of a king, and she soon became the royal favourite. To the end of his days the king devoted himself entirely to his mistress, treating her as if she had been his consort and asking her advice in everything.

Leonora de Guzman may be called the Mme de Pompadour or the Maintenon of Castile. Some of the most powerful nobles of Castile even conceived the idea of inducing the king to divorce his wife and to marry his favourite. Thus one day Don John Manuel, the most powerful lord of Castile, approached the widow of Don John de Velasco and promised to raise her upon the throne of Castile if she would, in return for his services, use her influence in favour of his party. To Don John Manuel's surprise the royal favourite refused to be tempted by the attractive offer. She loved the king for himself and had no such high ambitions. Her attachment for her royal lover was returned, for Alphonso XI, who was renowned for his fickleness and inconstancy, never wavered in his attachment to Dona Leonora and remained faithful to her until his death.

In 1342 the king concluded a peace with Portugal, and one of the conditions of that peace was that the King of Castile should dismiss Leonora and restore his consort, Queen Maria, a daughter of Alphonso VI of Portugal, to her state and dignity. Alphonso of Castile promised to do so, but never fulfilled his promise.

Several sons and one daughter were born of this illicit union of the king with Leonora de Guzman. One of these illegitimate children was the famous

Henry of Trastamara, known afterwards as Henry II of Castile.

Leonora de Guzman, who loved the king for himself and showed no ambitious designs as long as her happiness lasted, may, however, have harboured certain ambitions for her eldest son. At any rate, she gave her utmost attention to the education of Henry, who had already become very popular towards the end of his father's reign. On March 29, 1350, Alphonso XI died of the plague while he was besieging the fortress of Gibraltar. Great was the distress in Castile when the news of the demise of the king arrived. Not only the Christians but also the Moors sang the praises of the valiant ruler.

The influence of Leonora was still very great, and her partisans were many. Henry of Trastamara was known to the people as a generous youth, amiable and affable and of a kind disposition. He offered a conspicuous contrast to the indolent minor who was the late king's legitimate son. The latter's mother, a daughter of the King of Portugal, had been the legitimate wife of the king, while Henry was only a bastard, but nevertheless many were in favour of raising to the throne this handsome boy. Pedro, however, was proclaimed king with the usual formalities. Henry of Trastamara kept aloof from the Court, for he both feared and hated his brother. He had been educated by Don Rodrigues Alvarez, who was a friend and partisan of Leonora de Guzman, and had been taught by his tutor to mistrust his brother.

One of the king's first acts, no doubt to please his mother, was to put Leonora de Guzman in confinement in Seville. Great, however, was the surprise of Henry of Trastamara when he received an invitation from his

royal brother to appear at Court, where he was received with all marks of apparent affection. It was no doubt deemed wise by the king's advisers to temporize with the illegitimate children of the late king, who numbered many friends and partisans among the Castilians. As for Leonora, she was being kept a prisoner in the Alcazar at Seville, but to the great surprise of the Count and his friends Trastamara was graciously permitted to visit his mother daily.

In her confinement Dona Leonora de Guzman was being attended by Lady Juana, a sister of Ferdinand of Villena, and Henry had many an opportunity of seeing the young lady and of learning to appreciate her charms. Senor de Villena, however, the young lady's brother, endeavoured to break off the match of his sister with the illegitimate son of Leonora de Guzman, hoping to bring about a union either with the Marquess of Tortosa or perhaps with the king himself.

Leonora heard of these intrigues, and the former favourite persuaded her son to marry Juana secretly, without asking the king's permission and consent. Pedro was greatly annoyed when he heard what had happened, and the incident alienated the brothers. The queen-mother and the minister Albuquerque were furious, and the latter immediately gave orders for the former favourite of Alphonso XI to be removed from Seville to the city of Carmona, where she was more closely confined. This treatment meted out to his mother so alarmed Henry of Trastamara that he no longer thought himself in safety in Seville. During the night he fled to the Asturias, accompanied only by two faithful knights, and all the three covered their faces with masks so as not to be known on the road.

It was at that time that King Peter or Pedro had to visit Valladolid, to meet his bride-elect, Blanche de Bourbon. When he reached the city, news reached him that his brother, the Count of Trastamara, and Don Tello, another of the illegitimate sons of Leonora de Guzman, had come from the Asturias and were at Cigalles—about five leagues distant from Valladolid. They were attended by 600 horses and 1500 infantry. In the meantime a messenger came with a dispatch to the king wherein Trastamara assured his royal half-brother of his loyalty, pretending that only his fear of the minister Albuquerque prevented him from appearing in the king's presence. "Tell your master," replied the king, "to come to Valladolid with all safety, on condition only that he dismiss his numerous retinue."

Peter thereupon sent another message to Count Trastamara and informed him that he would go out to meet him, and if he and his brother Don Tello would come up unarmed, attended only by thirty gentlemen, they should be graciously received by their sovereign. The son of Leonora de Guzman hated and distrusted his royal brother, but he felt that he was not yet strong enough to revolt against him openly. He decided to bide his time and to submit for the present.

When the two parties met, Count Trastamara was going to alight from his horse, but the king prevented him, and the two half-brothers kissed the king's hand on horseback. Thereupon all three dismounted, and the two illegitimate sons attended their royal half-brother to a hermitage near by, where Trastamara once more assured the king of his loyalty. "I and my brother Tello," said Henry of Trastamara, "are your Grace's liege vassals and we have come to pay you obedience.

If we have not done so sooner it was because we feared Albuquerque, but now we are ready to serve your Grace and put ourselves entirely in your power."

To this humble speech the king graciously replied that he was glad to see his half-brothers and would recompense them. The party thereupon proceeded to Valladolid, where Peter's marriage with the Princess Blanche of Bourbon was celebrated. It was a political marriage which King Pedro had only very reluctantly contracted. A marriage had formerly been arranged between the young King of Castile and Princess Jane, daughter of Edward III, King of England, and the bride-elect had actually set out for Spain. Unfortunately, however, the princess had died of the plague before Bordeaux. The Castilian ministers, therefore, had turned their eyes to France, and the hand of Princess Blanche, daughter of the Duke of Bourbon, was asked and granted.

In the meantime, however, the young monarch had met the beautiful Dona Maria de Padilla and was greatly smitten with her charms. A love-affair was the result, and the idea of a marriage with Blanche de Bourbon became hateful to the young and enamoured monarch. It required all Albuquerque's power of persuasion to prove to the king that it was necessary that the marriage should take place.

"It is the earnest desire of your subjects," pleaded the minister, "to see a lawful heir to the crown, while the princes of the house of Aragon have already an eye on the succession. In case of your Grace's demise, which I hope will not occur so soon, the Moors will certainly invade the kingdom. Besides, the safety of the State, your Grace's personal honour, and the cause

of religion engage you to keep your promise and to hasten to meet Lady Blanche and celebrate your nuptials.’’

In spite of the intrigues and manœuvres of the relations of Maria Padilla, who did their best to rivet the royal lover in his ties of affection, the eloquence of the minister prevailed. Peter had given a promise to his mistress to marry her and to make her queen of Castile, but the representations of his minister carried such conviction that he decided to proceed to Valladolid.

The marriage of Peter the Cruel and Blanche de Bourbon was celebrated with all imaginable pomp, but the person who manifested the least joy during this happy event was the royal bridegroom. It was evident that Pedro’s heart was with his favourite, Maria de Padilla. Rumours soon spread that the king intended to desert his bride and to return to his mistress. In vain did the queen-mother plead and implore her son not to do it.

“Such a conduct,” said the widow of Alphonso XI, bathed in tears, “will not only cast dishonour on yourself and your country before your nobles, but will also highly displease the King of France, who will become your enemy.”

All the forcible arguments in favour of the fair Queen of Castile proved of no avail. Three days after his marriage the king returned to Maria de Padilla. It was alleged that Maria de Padilla had cast a spell and bewitched the young monarch. She was supposed to have been a queen of the gypsies and to have made use of a love-philtre called *bari crallisa*. One day, a popular tradition runs, Queen Blanche had made a present to her husband of a golden girdle, whereupon the royal

mistress, Maria de Padilla, changed the girdle into a serpent. One may imagine the surprise and horror of the king and Court when the girdle suddenly began to move, wriggle and hiss. The favourite then persuaded her lover that the queen was a magician and a sorceress.¹

Blanche the Bourbon, the unfortunate queen, attended by the queen-mother, retired to Otordesillas to lead a life of tears and affliction in the prime of youth and beauty. The nobility and the whole country were scandalized and loudly murmured against the conduct of the king. The young queen found some consolation in the company of the queen-mother, whose fate had been somewhat similar, for she, too, had been deserted by her husband Alphonso XI, when he had been ensnared by the charms of the enchantress Dona Leonora de Guzman.

Peter, however, no doubt at the instigation of the relations of Maria de Padilla, treated his wife with severity and cruelty. She was at first ordered to go to Arevalo and not to keep company with the queen-mother.

When the Count of Trastamara declared open war against his brother and the latter began to experience more and more the disloyalty of his subjects, who always respected and pitied their unhappy queen, Don Pedro gave orders to conduct Queen Blanche to Toledo. Here the deserted wife was to be confined in the Alcazar, but when she reached the city she resisted her royal husband's command and at the advice of the citizens took refuge in the Church of St. Mary. So great was the indignation of the citizens that an insurrection was feared.

The beautiful Queen of Castile was only fourteen years of age at that time, and her unhappy state moved the

¹ Baluze, *Histoire des Papes d'Avignon*, I, p. 224.

chivalrous Castilians to compassion. The queen's beauty, her misfortunes coupled with her mildness and resignation, had gained her all hearts. The noble ladies of Castile were deeply moved by her tears and openly declared that it would be a disgrace and a shame to the ancient and loyal city of Toledo to allow this beautiful child to be so ill-treated. Toledo was astir, and the nobility and citizens rose up in arms, conducted the young queen to the palace, and took upon themselves the government of the city. A great part of the Kingdom of Castile was now seething with revolt, and the popular measure for the protection of the unfortunate and beautiful queen met with general approval. The unhappy queen was subsequently conducted to the city of Xerez de la Frontera, in Andalusia, where she suddenly died a mysterious death in 1361, after having been kept a prisoner for several years. This unhappy princess and queen of tears had known only the prisons of Spain, the country she had come to rule as wife of the sovereign of Castile. She was twenty years of age when she died and she had passed ten years in prison.

Contemporary historians accuse Don Pedro the Cruel of having caused the death of his unhappy wife. At the instigation of his mistress, Maria de Padilla, Don Pedro is said to have given orders to poison his wife.

Prosper Mérimée, in his excellent *Life of Pedro the Cruel*, tries, however, to whitewash the King of Castile. The pest, he says, raged at that time in Spain and devastated Andalusia. Ten years passed in captivity would, besides, have sufficed to undermine the health of a delicate creature like Blanche de Bourbon, who was deprived of air and liberty, separated from her family, and subjected to insults and humiliations. It is rather astonishing,

adds Mérimée, that the gentle queen had been able to resist so long.¹

Blanche de Bourbon, the youthful and pathetic queen, had always been loved by the people of Castile. Her jailers looked upon her as a saint. One day, a contemporary Spanish historian relates, when the king was hunting in the neighbourhood of Xerez, a shepherd suddenly came up and thus addressed Don Pedro: "Sire, God has sent me to tell you that a day will come when you will be called to justice for the treatment you have meted out to your wife. If, however, you will return to her, as it is your duty to, then the queen will bear you a son who will inherit your kingdom."

Don Pedro thought that the man had been sent by the queen and had him arrested. An inquiry was ordered and the shepherd was confronted with the prisoner. It was proved, however, that Blanche de Bourbon was absolutely ignorant of the incident and had never set eyes on, much less spoken to, the shepherd. The latter had been repeating words he had heard others say and had merely given expression to popular sentiment.²

We have related at some length the fate of the unfortunate Queen of Castile, whose life has been sketched with such mastery by Prosper Mérimée, because Henry of Trastamara subsequently availed himself of the death of the queen for his own purposes. Not only did the royal bastard spread the report in the country and in alienating the subjects from their sovereign bring them over to his own side, but he took advantage of the displeasure of the King of France who, out of anger against

¹ See Prosper Mérimée, *Histoire de Don Pèdre, roi de Castille*, p. 350-1.

² See Mérimée, *l.c.*, p. 352-4.

Peter, espoused the cause of the latter's bastard half-brother.

Soon after the marriage of Peter with Blanche de Bourbon, Albuquerque, the once powerful Prime Minister, fell in disgrace and was totally discarded by the king. The minister now made friends with Henry of Trastamara, had an interview with him and began to concert plans of rebellion. Henry had never trusted the king and in spite of several reconciliations continued to hate his royal brother. He was only waiting for a favourable opportunity openly to revolt against Pedro, and to dethrone him.

Henry had the death of his mother to avenge, who had in the meantime been put to death in the Alcazar of Talavera. He now threw off the mask, and after the disgrace of Albuquerque openly revolted against his royal brother.

In the meantime King Peter, surnamed the Cruel, had given way to his barbarity and blood-thirstiness and put to death several powerful nobles and also the Infante of Aragon and many others of his near relations and kinsmen. Even the admonitions of the Pope and the censures of the Vatican were of no avail.

One of the victims of Peter's savage passion was Don Frederic, master of the knights of St. James, another illegitimate son of King Alphonso by Leonora de Guzman and thus a half-brother of the king. Don Frederic was barbarously murdered by Peter in the apartments of his favourite Maria de Padilla. News of Peter's cruelties and particularly of his murders of Don Frederic and of the Infante of Aragon reached Henry of Trastamara, who was at that time at Rochelle, and the Kingdom of Aragon. Henry decided to avenge the death of his

brother and advanced into Castile at the head of a considerable force. On the side of Murcia, the Marquis of Tortosa came also with another force ready to avenge the death of his brother, the Infante of Aragon. The country was laid waste on all sides and the horrors of war were felt by the inhabitants.

Henry of Trastamara, having defeated what was then thought to be the flower of the Castilian army, showed himself to be not only a great captain and an experienced general but also a clever statesman and diplomat. He won not only battles but also hearts. The idol of the common people who looked up to this illegitimate son of their late king, Don Alphonso XI, as an avenger and a protector, Henry knew also how to make himself popular with the nobility. The constant cruelties of King Pedro had alienated the loyalty of his subjects, and many noble lords, fearing to meet with the fate of the king's half-brother Don Frederic and of the Infante of Aragon, flocked to the standard of Henry of Trastamara.

Encouraged by his new friends and followers and noticing that the hearts of the people were with him, Henry thought the moment propitious to penetrate into the heart of Castile. "El Conde Lozane," the generous Count, was the name by which the bastard was known in Castile, but in his victorious march, according to impartial historians, he "committed great ravages, sparing neither women nor children." That Henry massacred all the Jews wherever he met them is less surprising of a captain of the 14th century. What is rather curious is the fact that whilst the Jews were being most inhumanly treated in England by Edward III, who became an ally of Pedro the Cruel of Castile, they led a tranquil life in Spain under the cruel King Pedro.

To return to Don Henry. Victorious at the beginning, the armies of the King of Aragon whom Henry had joined were defeated in several battles and the belligerents ultimately submitted their difference to the Pope. Peace was concluded in 1361 which became definite in 1364. Henry, nevertheless, persisted, but discovering that a plot had been laid against his life and that he had lost many of his Castilian followers, who were displeased at his openly avowed design on the crown of Castile, he was compelled to seek refuge in France, but returned in 1366, accompanied by a number of mercenary soldiers. In his distress, Don Pedro addressed himself to the King of England, imploring the latter's help, and the famous Black Prince hurried to the king's assistance.

The fame of the Black Prince was well known in France, and messengers were sent to Henry of Trastamara cautioning him against giving battle. He was advised to wait until the enemy had consumed their provisions; such a considerable army would then be obliged to disperse of itself. The good counsel, however, ill-suited the martial ardour of the son of Alphonso XI.

"No," he explained, "I cannot follow this advice. If the enemy thought that I was afraid of attacking them then our friends in Castile would be abashed and in their fear of the cruelty of Peter would return to their allegiance. Many gallant gentlemen and noble Castilians have risked their lives in my cause and it shall not be said that I am backward. On the contrary, I will give them an example and I trust to Providence and to the valour of my countrymen for victory."

Thus spoke the son of Leonora de Guzman and he determined to advance towards the enemy.

"The Prince of Wales," added Henry of Trastamara,

“ is a valiant knight, and he may know that I am determined to fight him for this realm which is mine and for my right to it, I will let him know some part of my intent.”

Thereupon the Count of Trastamara or the King of Castile, as he now called himself, sent a letter to the Black Prince, wherein he wrote as follows :

“ Henry, by the Grace of God, King of Castile and Leon, of Galicia, Murcia, Jaen, Algarbe, Algesiras and Gibraltar, Lord of Biscay and Molina. To the right powerful and most honourable lord, Edward, Prince of Wales and Aquitaine, Duke of Cornwall, Earl of Chester, greeting : Whereas it is given us to understand that you and your men have passed the Pyrenees and are marching towards us, having entered into strict alliance with our enemy, and intend to wage war against us ; we greatly marvel thereat, since to our knowledge we never offended you, or ever had the least intent to do so ; wherefore then are you come against us with such mighty force to deprive us of the rightful inheritance which Providence has allotted unto us ? You have, we acknowledge, the good fortune to be successful in arms above any prince now living, and you glory in your power ! But since we know for certain that you intend to give us battle, we also hereby give you to understand as certain that whenever you advance into our realm of Castile so surely you shall find us in front, ready to defend and hold our rightful inheritance the Kingdom of Castile and Leon. Dated at St. Domingo de la Calzada.”

The Black Prince received this letter at Pampelona and when he read it, he said :

“ I well perceive that the bastard Henry is a valiant knight and showeth good courage thus to write to us.”

He nevertheless determined to prepare for battle.

Just before the fight he dismissed the Spanish herald who had at first been detained by him and sent an answer to the Count of Trastamara which ran as follows:

"Edward, by the Grace of God, Prince of Wales and Aquitaine, Duke of Cornwall and Earl of Chester. To the right honourable and renowned Henry, Count of Trastamara, at present styling himself King of Castile, greeting. Whereas you have sent unto us your letters by your herald, wherein are contained divers passages, intimating that you would gladly know why we support the cause of our friend and ally, your enemy, our beloved cousin Don Peter, King of Castile, and by what title we make war upon you, and enter with our army into Castile, to which we give you this answer:

"Know for a truth that it is to sustain right and justice, and to uphold reason and equity, as it appertaineth to all kings and princes to do; and also to cultivate and cherish the strict alliances which the King of England, our dearest father, and King Don Peter have long time since held together. However, because you are a renowned and valiant knight, we are willing, as far as lays in our power, to reconcile you and King Don Peter together; and we shall try to persuade our cousin Don Peter that he shall yield unto you a considerable portion of his realm of Castile. But as for the Crown, that you must renounce forever, in which case, Sire, you must take counsel and be advised. As to our entrance into the kingdom of Castile, we will enter and proceed forward, according as it may best suit our own will and pleasure. Dated at Logrono, the 30th of March 1367."

It was to be expected that such an enterprising warrior as Henry of Trastamara would never submit to the Black Prince's proposal to renounce his claim upon the crown

of Castile. On the 3rd of April a battle was fought near the town of Nagera, on the river Na Gerillo. In spite of the valour displayed by the Count of Trastamara fortune favoured the Prince of Wales. The bastard's army gave way and was defeated. The victory was on the side of the English, who hailed Pedro the Cruel as sovereign of Castile and Leon. The number of prisoners was great and the Black Prince hoped that Henry of Trastamara was among them. He eagerly inquired after him and when he learned that he had not been made a prisoner, he sent two knights to see whether they could find him anywhere on the field. All, however, was in vain, for Henry of Trastamara had escaped. Whereupon the Black Prince exclaimed:

"If the bastard has neither been killed nor taken a prisoner, then the business is not half-completed."

Henry of Trastamara gained the favour of the King of France, Charles V, who was glad of the opportunity to revenge himself on Pedro the Cruel for the untimely death of his sister, Blanche de Bourbon. The peace of Bretigny, which had recently been concluded between France and England, had rendered desperate disbanded soldiers, and the King of France was only too glad to get rid of the mercenaries or the *malandrins*, as they were called.

These soldiers committed great devastations, and even the excommunication hurled against them by the Pope could not put a stop to their outrages. They were ready to follow any leader and to fight for any cause and any prince who offered them pay. Henry hired two of these *grandes compagnies*, who were led by the famous Bertrand Duguesclin, one of the most renowned warriors of the period.

Among those who followed Duguesclin were also the Count de la Marche, of the house of Bourbon, who was eager to revenge the death of his cousin, Blanche de Bourbon, and several other noblemen and barons of note. Several English gentlemen who conceived at first this expedition to be a sort of crusade against the Moors of Granada also joined Trastamara. They assembled at Avignon, where the Popes were then residing, and obtained not only the blessing of the Holy Father, Urban V, but also the sum of one hundred thousand livres. From Avignon Henry proceeded to Montpellier. Passing through Carcassone they were well received by the governor of Languedoc, the Duke of Anjou. At Barcelona Henry was joined by the reinforcements of the King of Aragon.

Once more Calahorra, Burgos and Cordova received the bastard as king, but Toledo closed its doors to him. Toledo was captured and the son of Leonora Guzman held his triumphal entry into Madrid as King of Castile. Great was the distress of Pedro the Cruel. Beaten before the walls of the fortified place Montiel, he sought refuge therein and was besieged.

Pedro, seeing that all was lost, entered into secret negotiations with Duguesclin, promising the Constable of France a sum of 200,000 in gold if he would help him to escape. Duguesclin considered this offer of the imprisoned king as an insult to his honour and communicated the matter to Henry, who saw in it an opportunity of getting his brother at once into his power. He promised Duguesclin double the sum if he managed to lure the king into his tent.

The French general at first refused to play such a part which would tarnish his honour, but he was finally

persuaded to yield to Henry's proposal. The other French officers, less scrupulous than the noble Constable, pointed out to the latter that it would be wrong to neglect an opportunity of putting an end to the war which had already lasted too long and which would allow them to return to France, which needed their services. Besides, it would be ridiculous to speak of conscientious scruples and honour in dealing with an enemy who was himself so utterly devoid of honour and had given so many proofs of his cruelty as Pedro, surnamed the Cruel, had done.

The Constable yielded to the persuasions of his compatriots and sent a message to Pedro that he accepted his proposal. In the hope of soon regaining his life and liberty and, perhaps, also his throne, King Pedro, never imagining that the famous Constable of France, the noble and gallant Bertrand Duguesclin, would play the part of a traitor, hurried to the latter's tent where an appointment had been fixed. Great, however, was the amazement and fury of Pedro the Cruel when he found himself face to face with Henry of Trastamara, his half-brother.

"Where is that Jew," exclaimed the usurper, "who calls himself King of Castile?"¹

To this the infuriated Don Pedro replied:

"Thou art a traitor, I am Peter, King of Castile, lawful son of King Alphonso."

He at once grappled with Henry, and would certainly have killed him, had not one of the bastard's followers come to his assistance. The two brothers fell one upon the other, and Pedro was almost on the point of stabbing Henry of Trastamara when one of the latter's partisans

¹ *The Chronicle of Froissart*, Berner's transl. Vol. II, p. 238.

came to his help. Furiously attacked by his half-brother, Pedro was killed.

This happened on March 23, 1369, and immediately after the assassination of Pedro the Cruel, the heroic fratricide ascended the throne as King of Castile. A new dynasty was inaugurated by a man who was both an illegitimate son and a fratricide. It may sound strange, but it seems to be a fact attested by all the chroniclers of the time that Henry of Trastamara, who now ruled as Henry II of Castile, soon became the idol of the people, who were grateful to him for having delivered them from the oppressive rule of Pedro the Cruel.

Henry not only extended his kingdom by adding to it several provinces, but he also proved a wise and just ruler. He brought order into the finances of the country and did away with numerous abuses. He died on May 29, 1379, expressing on his death-bed his regret for the wrong he had done unto his brother Pedro. Henry of Trastamara, or Henry II of Castile, was succeeded on the throne by his son John I.

CHAPTER V

THE BASTARD OF ORLEANS

PRINCE CHARMING AND THE BAVARIAN ENCHANTRESS

Charles V—Isabeau of Bavaria—Charles VI—The fair and fatal queen—Duke Frederic of Bavaria—A matrimonial plot—Duke Stephen of Bavaria—A visit to Amiens—The enamoured king—The German enchantress—Isabeau's triumphal entry in Paris—The fountains running with wine—Balls and entertainments—The queen's frivolity—Isabeau betrays France—The quarrels of the Armagnacs and the Burgundians—The youth of the dauphin—Devoted friends—Joan of Arc and Dunois—The love affairs of the Duke of Orleans—"Charming vice"—The Duke of Orleans a subtle sorcerer—The queen and her fascinating brother-in-law—The mad king—John the Fearless of Burgundy—Isabeau accused of adultery—The illegitimacy of Charles VII—The king and the maid of Orleans—The identity of the mother of Dunois—The Duchess of Burgundy—The fatal portrait—The birth of the bastard—The marriage of the Duke of Orleans—Valentine de Milan—The date of the bastard's birth—An authentic document—Christine de Pisan.

THE reign of Charles V the Wise, King of France, had been too short-lived for the happiness of the country. Charles had left two sons, the elder of whom succeeded him on the throne as Charles VI.

As the new king was only twelve years old, his four uncles, the dukes of Anjou, of Berry, of Burgundy and of Bourbon, constantly quarrelled among themselves for the supreme power, having only their private interests in view. In 1385 Charles VI married Elisabeth or Isabeau of Bavaria, whose crimes are said to have

surpassed those of the famous Brunehilde and Fredegonde of the Merovingian period.

The French people could never forgive their queen for what they considered to have been her greatest crime, namely to have placed on the throne of Charlemagne and of Saint Louis an English prince.

Charles VI was still a boy when he married the young and beautiful girl, only just out of her teens. She was fair and headstrong, and as inexperienced as her youthful husband, but whilst the king, although in latter years insane, was good in the moments when his mind was not clouded, the queen had none of his qualities. Charles VI was the idol of his people, whereas Isabeau de Bavière was hated by her subjects.

Isabeau de Bavière has been rightly called "the fair and fatal enemy of her husband and of France." She was the daughter of Stephen II, Duke of Bavaria, and of Thadea Visconti of Milan, daughter of Barnabo Visconti, and her marriage to the youthful king of France was the result of a political and matrimonial plot. Charles V, surnamed the Wise, afraid of the power of England, thought that an alliance with Germany would lend new strength to his country and fortify his house. He accordingly left instructions at his death that some faithful Eliezer be sent to Germany, the Canaan where many princes seek their wives, there to find a bride for his son and heir. The directions of the king were followed and the choice fell on Isabeau.

The family of Bavaria had a high reputation and Isabeau was already famous for her beauty. Now the uncle of the princess, Frederic of Bavaria, a great friend of France, visited the young king and his guardian uncles, and the suggestion of a relative of his becoming

Queen of France was flattering. The uncle, who had no daughters himself, was delighted with the prospect of seeing his niece seated on the throne of France.

"I have no daughter myself, alas," said Prince Frederic, "but my brother Stephen possesses a treasure in the person of his young daughter Isabeau, who is between thirteen and fourteen years of age and is a miracle of beauty. She seems to be formed and intended by nature for the exalted position of Queen of France."

Thus spoke Prince Frederic, and on his return to Bavaria he related unto his brother the tentative offer made to him at the Court of France.

"I have had a conference with the uncles of the king respecting the latter's future wife, and the possibility of an alliance between France and the house of Bavaria is not excluded. Such an alliance," continued the uncle, "would mean an aggrandisement of our house, and we must not allow the opportunity to pass, but devise plans how to bring about a happy result."

"Isabeau is very beautiful," replied Duke Stephen, who was himself enraptured with the prospect, "and if a meeting between her and the King of France could be arranged then we can be sure of success. On the other hand, to send the princess to France might be a mistake and in case of a failure mean disappointment and mortification. We must devise a plan how to arrange a meeting between the girl and the King of France under some plausible pretext."

Thus spoke Duke Stephen, and a pretext was soon found. The two Bavarian brothers gained an ally in the person of the Duchess of Brabant, Margaret of Flanders, who was delighted to play the part of match-maker. The lady sent an invitation to Duke Frederic



ISABEAU DE BAVIÈRE, WIFE OF CHARLES VI

and his young niece, asking them to visit her at Amiens, where the king and his council were at the moment.

Pretending a pilgrimage to Saint Jean d'Amiens, Duke Frederic and his niece Isabeau arrived at Amiens. In the meantime the duchess had already given a glowing description of the girl's beauty to the king, and Charles, who was then between sixteen and seventeen years of age, excitable and enthusiastic, was impatient to behold the Bavarian princess. The ill-fated King of France and the German enchantress soon met. The fair child had been carefully instructed how to play her part and heighten her charms so as to make them irresistible. She was arrayed in sumptuous apparel and urged to use every art calculated to attract a young lover of an excitable disposition. The advice and instructions did not fall on deaf ears. Isabeau came, was seen, and conquered. Scarcely did Charles VI behold the fair and fatal Isabeau when his heart was aflame. Never had he imagined such a lovely creature. "He regarded her with a sort of transport," and some of his courtiers at once remarked:

"By my faith, this lady will stay with us, for the king cannot take his eyes off her."

The fair stranger had indeed made a deep impression upon the susceptible king. He urged his uncles to lose no time in arranging the marriage between himself and Isabeau. Three months later the ceremony took place, and, to the detriment of the country, the Bavarian enchantress became Queen of France.

The queen held her triumphal entry in Paris on June 20, 1399, attended, according to Froissart, by the Duchess of Berri, the Duchess of Burgundy, the Duchess of Lorraine, the Countess of Nevers, the Lady of Coucy

and the Duchess of Touraine, in open litters most richly ornamented. The Duchess of Touraine, in order to display herself the more, was mounted on a palfrey, magnificently caparizoned.

The fountains of Paris are supposed to have been made to run with wine, and the streets were all covered from house to house with blue taffeta to represent the sky. Through the openings in the taffeta angels were made to descend and ascend crowning the fair queen with garlands and coronets and singing verses in her honour.

A series of balls and entertainments was given in honour of the queen, who seemed to be perfectly happy in the midst of this profusion of luxury and extravagance.

From the very first moment that she had entered Paris, Isabeau abandoned herself to the vices to which her nature seemed prone. She was sensuous and cruel, violent, ambitious and avaricious, and not only indulged in many love-affairs, but threw herself also into political intrigues. She suffered nothing to stand in the way of her resolves and desires. Her transcendent beauty was all that the famous Isabeau de Bavière had to boast of; vice and crime seemed to be congenial to her nature, falsehood and treachery were innate in her.

It was a misfortune for the country that whilst the king was insane and the queen never hesitated to betray her country of adoption, the subjects were not behind-hand in following the example set to them by the higher orders. The quarrel between the Armagnacs and the Burgundians was at its highest, and the people took part with the opposite factions and tore each other to pieces in their fury. Quarrels took place also between the clergy and the laity, between the monks and the University.

Whilst armies of robbers devastated the country, glorying in their crimes and heinous deeds, assassinations and outrages of every description prevailed. In the midst of this general confusion the king went mad, and Isabeau de Bavière brought France to the verge of ruin.

The early youth of the dauphin, afterwards Charles VII, was passed in the centre of anarchy and misrule. This king, whose reign was so eventful, had already learned in his infancy to know the unhappy position of affairs, and as he grew up he was witness of constant contentions and he himself became the hero of many struggles. There are few kings in the world's history who have passed such an unhappy childhood and been compelled to sustain such a long fight before they reconquered their throne.

Charles VII, deprived of the affection of his parents, had to turn to strangers for advice, love, counsel and help. His father was suffering under mental aberration, while his mother was given up to intrigue and pleasure and almost hated her son. After the death of Charles VI, the heir to the throne was disinherited and proscribed by his own mother, who handed over the crown of France to the King of England, her son-in-law.

Poor and desolate, Charles VII was hunted from place to place, seeking shelter from foreign and native foes and scarcely daring to trust or to rely upon those who pretended to be his friends. Yet this unfortunate prince had many staunch and devoted friends who remained faithful to him and did great things in his name. Charles did not always reward his faithful friends as they really deserved, and according to their merits, because, listening to good counsel, he was often guided by some for evil. Thus Joan of Arc had lent him her

sword and Jacques Cœur his money, yet Charles VII allowed the first to be burned at Rouen and the latter to be sacrificed to Court intrigues.

One of the king's most faithful friends who, together with Joan of Arc, reconquered France for his sovereign, was the famous bastard of Orleans, the subject of this and the following chapters. His father was the Duke of Orleans, but the identity of his mother is disputed by historians.

Louis d'Orleans had numerous love-affairs, and according to Brantôme and other chroniclers of the time, even with his sister-in-law, Isabeau de Bavière, wife of the insane King Charles VI.

Louis was the prince charming, the idol of all the ladies at the Court. He was handsome and courageous, lettered and intellectual. No wonder his wife Valentine de Milan loved him with all the strength of her ardent southern temperament, and no wonder his success with women was great. While, however, the ladies and gentlemen of the Court admired the charming and seductive prince, the people blamed him for his private life and conduct. "It is a pity," said the people, "that our poor king has not by his side a brother more serious and less prodigal who could assist him in his affliction."

"Louis d'Orleans," writes Vallet de Viriville, "was charming vice." He was indeed the personification of the allurements of sin, and few daughters of Eve, so ready to fall and only too happy to inspire love and passion, could resist for any length of time the royal tempter.

The Duke of Orleans was afterwards accused of sorcery which, in view of the fact that he was exceedingly well read and learned in a barbaric age, was not so

surprising an accusation. He was accused of having practised magical arts to cause the death of the king, and of having brought about the mental attacks of his ill-fated brother, by means of charms and witchcraft.

A subtle sorcerer indeed was the fascinating Duke of Orleans where women were concerned.

The enemies who accused the duke of sorcery went so far as to maintain that Louis of Orleans wore a magic ring on his finger and as long as he had it on, no woman could resist his fascination. He was a sorcerer indeed, as far as women were concerned, for he was one of the handsomest and most fascinating, and at the same time one of the most dissipated men in France, at a Court renowned for revelry and dissipation, of which the famous Augustine friar, Jacques Legrand, did not hesitate openly to accuse the queen and her Court.

Louis' liaisons were innumerable, and his mistresses were legion. Small wonder therefore that a woman, passionate and unscrupulous like the fair and fatal Bavarian, fell a victim to his charms.

Isabeau de Bavière was not insensible to the charms of her attractive and fascinating brother-in-law. In justice to this much-accused queen, it must be said that, according to a contemporary chronicler, Isabeau had loved her husband at the beginning and remained attached to him even during his illness, always cherishing the hope that the king would soon recover. The illness and mad outbursts of the king, however, increased, and during his fits he often went so far as to strike the queen with whom he had been madly in love. Isabeau's love gradually changed into disgust, fear and hatred. It was henceforth repulsive to her to show the king any affection even during the rare moments when the poor maniac recovered his

lucidity. The king no longer existed for the passionate Bavarian siren and she sought consolation elsewhere. She became on intimate terms with her charming brother-in-law with whom she was sharing the Regency. There was little intellectual affinity between the pair such as existed between Louis d'Orleans and his accomplished wife Valentine, but the queen and her brother-in-law had in common a taste for luxury and a love of pleasure. Political interests, too, increased their intimacy. There are few positive proofs that Louis d'Orleans was really the lover of Queen Isabeau, but the fact has been asserted by many historians. Gradually the two became inseparable companions, and while the insane king and his children remained in Paris, the queen passed days and weeks with her brother-in-law at the château de Saint Germain.

In 1405, when the struggle between the Duke of Orleans and John the Fearless of Burgundy had become more intense, Queen Isabeau, in company of her brother-in-law, fled to Melun, where they remained together two months. The queen neglected not only her husband, but also her children, whom she did not see for months. Her disgust for her husband was so great that she even went so far as to find a Shunamith to take her place by the side of the august maniac in the moments of his lucidity. The name of the charming victim who is said to have sacrificed her youth and beauty on the altar of patriotism and loyalty was Odette de Champdivers.

Isabeau was subsequently accused of the crime of adultery by the English, who openly declared that the dauphin, afterwards King Charles VII, born in 1403, was not a legitimate son of the insane king. "He who calls himself the Dauphin of France," they maintained,

"is not a son of Charles VI and therefore has no right to the throne of France." Charles VII himself seems to have had doubts as to the identity of his father, and Joan of Arc is said to have reassured him on this point.

One day in the month of February 1429, Charles VII was praying in his oratory, at the castle of Loches, and was in sore distress. The English were victorious throughout and Orleans, the last hope and the heart of France, was besieged. The wrath of God Almighty had fallen on the king and His hand was ready to destroy him, and Charles implored divine clemency.

"O God," prayed the king, "If I am not the legitimate heir to the throne of France, then allow me at least to retire safely to Dauphiny or Castile."

A few weeks later the Maid of Orleans came to see the king at Chinon. It has been said that a mysterious conversation had taken place on this occasion between the king and the maid and the subject was subsequently revealed by the king's confessor. It concerned the king's prayer at the castle of Loches. Joan communicated to the doubting prince that sublime faith which animated herself.

In any case contemporary chroniclers seem to assert that Louis d'Orleans was in reality the lover of Queen Isabeau, who had thrown herself into his arms, both for the sake of love and for political reasons. Passion and ambition were the chief motives of the Bavarian enchantress.

After the death of Philippe-le-Hardi, Duke of Burgundy, Isabeau was afraid of his son, the famous John the Fearless (Jean-sans-Peur), who was exceedingly ugly and brutal and inspired her with repulsion and disgust. Thus ambition and selfish interests may have played

some part in the love-affairs of this queen, but there seems to be little doubt that she was in reality the mistress of her fascinating brother-in-law. We have somewhat expatiated on the subject of the duke's intimate relation with Queen Isabeau, because it has given rise to a question concerning the subject of the parentage of Dunois, the bastard of Orleans. That the latter was an illegitimate son of the Duke of Orleans is beyond question, but doubts exist as to the identity of his mother.

Varillas¹ was the first to raise some doubts as to the identity of the mother of Dunois, the bastard of Orleans. According to information derived from the archives in the castle of Chateaudun, his mother was either Isabeau or the Duchess of Burgundy. Mariette d'Enghien had only consented to lend her name and to acknowledge the son of sin as her own so as to protect a lady very highly placed.

It was either Isabeau of Bavaria, the depraved queen whose intimate relations with the Duke of Orleans were public, or the Duchess of Burgundy, the wife of John the Fearless, who subsequently hired assassins to murder his rival. Indeed Juvenal des Ursins speaks a good deal of the jealousy which John the Fearless, who was very ugly, felt on account of the handsome Duke of Orleans, his cousin. John the Fearless had ground to hate Louis d'Orleans because the latter had seduced his wife, Margaret of Brabant.

It was rumoured that the royal Don Juan had a private study on the walls of which he had hung up the portraits of all the women who had been his mistresses or whom he declared to have played that part. The room was generally closed, but one day John the Fearless, then Count

¹ In his history of Louis XI.

de Nevers, went into it by chance and to his amazement found the portrait of his own wife among the ladies who had bestowed their favours on the brother of the king. The liaison is said to have been a boast on the part of the infatuated Don Juan and no blame is to have been attached to the Countess de Nevers.

The whole story, however, has been reported and related at Court and subsequently mentioned as one of the reasons which moved the infuriated John the Fearless to revenge the insult by causing the death of Louis d'Orleans. There are plausible reasons for the assumption that Isabeau may really have been the mother of the bastard of Orleans. Isabeau's levity was an open secret, and her intrigues and love-affairs were many. It is said that at one of the Court balls the Duke of Orleans, brother of the king, encouraged by his sister-in-law's conduct, made her a passionate declaration which the fair Bavarian sorceress received only too well. The relations between the Duke of Orleans and the queen lasted for some time, and the son born of this illicit union was the famous bastard of Orleans.

The queen ultimately quarrelled with her brother-in-law and lover and her attitude is supposed to have been due to the hatred which she bore to Valentine de Milan, the wife of the Duke of Orleans. The duke's affection for his wife did not suit the passionate Isabeau, and out of spite she attached herself to the faction of the Duke of Burgundy, the enemy and rival of the Duke of Orleans.

Another version of the birth of the bastard of Orleans runs as follows: Louis d'Orleans, brother of the insane King Charles VI, had fallen in love with Mariette d'Enghien, a grandchild of Eustache d'Enghien, who was a favourite of Philip of Valois, and was desirous of

taking her to wife. For political reasons, however, the king was opposed to this union.

Louis of Orleans addressed himself to the Holy See and obtained the papal permission to marry the lady he loved. The Catholic Church, however, was at that time divided into two factions by the great schism, and the council of the Regency, presided over by the Duke of Burgundy, refused to recognize the validity of the Pope's decision.

The Pope's legitimacy, the council pointed out, was in itself a matter of dispute, and Pope Urban's authority had not been universally recognized. The young prince, however, considered himself authorized to marry Mariette d'Enghien in spite of the objections of the council of the Regency. A child was soon born of this union.

In the meantime Charles VI, during one of his lucid intervals, was informed of his brother's marriage and was greatly annoyed. As head of the family and as sovereign he annulled the marriage contracted by his brother and commanded him to marry in accordance with his rank. Louis d'Orleans was reluctantly compelled to take to wife Valentine de Milan, a daughter of the Grand Duke of Milan, and the child born by his first wife Mariette became known as the bastard of Orleans. Valentine de Milan did not object to the boy being educated with her own children and even showed him a great deal of affection and love.

Such are some of the opinions expressed by historians concerning the birth and parentage of the most famous captain of the age, Dunois, the bastard of Orleans, the companion-at-arms of the Maid of Orleans. Even the date of the bastard's birth is disputed. It is placed in 1399, on April 18, 1402, in 1404, and even in 1407.

Considering, however, the fact that the bastard of Orleans was eight years old when his father, the Duke of Orleans, was assassinated in 1407, he must have been born in 1399. From an authentic document discovered and published by Vergnaud-Romagnesi in 1858, it is evident that on April 15, 1421, Dunois was already a young warrior, serving under Tanneguy-du-Châtel, who made him a knight in 1420 at the age of twenty-one, according to the rules of chivalry then prevalent. The date of the bastard's birth may therefore be safely placed in 1399.

That Dunois was an illegitimate son of Louis d'Orleans no one denies. Even E. Jarry,¹ who emphatically denies the accusation that the duke was ever the lover of Queen Isabeau, admits that he had produced a durable impression in more than one feminine heart. The story that he was the lover of Isabeau had only arisen in the imagination of Brantôme, who did not even hesitate to accuse Valentine de Milan, the wife of Duke Louis, of intimate relations with her brother-in-law, the mad King Charles VI. Christine de Pisan wrote in 1405 to the queen asking her to intervene and bring about peace between the two dukes. Had the Duke of Orleans been the lover of Isabeau, argues Jarry, he would not have required the help of Christine de Pisan to influence the queen. As for the lady de Cany, the mother of Dunois, the duke's relations with her were of a short duration and of a fleeting nature. For our own part, we are inclined to accept the version according to which Dunois was the fruit of one of his father's numerous liaisons and that his mother was really Mariette d'Enghien, whom the duke had seduced.

¹ E. Jarry, *La Vie politique de Louis de France*, 1889.

CHAPTER VI

THE BASTARD OF ORLEANS—continued

THE OUTRAGED WIFE AND THE ABANDONED MISTRESS

The amorous conquests of the Duke of Orleans—A modern Ahasuerus—Valentine de Milan—Pierre Craon—The treachery of a friend—The beautiful maiden—Love and money—The charming duchess—The offended wife—The favourite and the duchess—The frightened girl—The anger of the duke—The punishment of Craon—Monstrelet on the duke's love-affairs—Henry IV of England and the Duke of Orleans—The duke's boast—Madame du Cany—The virtuous châtelaine—Kidnapped—A son of sin—The bastard of Orleans—The forgiving wife—Valentine de Milan meets Mme du Cany—The victim of a seducer—The magnanimity of the duchess—The insane king—Rival factions in France—Valentine de Milan and Isabeau of Bavaria—Valentine accused of sorcery—Jean Galeas—The murder of the Duke of Orleans—The grief of the duchess—The bastard promises to revenge the death of his father—Valentine demands justice—Count Dunois—The death of Valentine de Milan—The childhood and early youth of the son of sin.

THE Duke of Orleans seems only to have lived for his pleasures, his love-affairs and his amorous conquests. He had married the beautiful and clever Valentine de Milan, but neither the charm and grace nor the intellectual attainments of his wife could keep the profligate prince attached to his own domestic hearth.

No woman of notable beauty who came to Orleans was safe from the duke's assiduities, for his emissaries, like those of King Ahasuerus of yore, were constantly on the look-out for beautiful maidens. They visited the

neighbouring estates and castles and whenever a beautiful woman or maiden came to their notice they immediately informed their master of their discovery.

Valentine de Milan was aware of her husband's numerous love-affairs, and her heart was bleeding. For the first time she was informed of her misfortune by a certain Pierre de Craon, who was a constant companion of the young Duke of Orleans, a great favourite of the prince and the confidant of all the latter's love-affairs and liaisons. Although Pierre Craon's antecedents were rather lamentable, the young duke loved him so much that he made him dress like himself, which was a particular mark of favour. It was to Craon that the prince, fond of amusement, told of his good fortunes and his amorous conquests. Pierre Craon knew all the details of Louis' intimate life and the infidelities he committed as far as his attractive wife was concerned.

Now it happened that the duke had just fallen in love with, or let us say been attracted by, a beautiful damsel who lent a willing ear to his declarations. She admitted that she loved her royal admirer and willingly consented to see him, but more she would not, as yet, consent to grant him, in spite of his passionate entreaties. Was it coquetry, pride or virtue? Who can fathom the feminine heart? The duke then decided, like Jupiter in Greek mythology, to employ a shower of gold in order to penetrate into the Tower of Danae. He offered his lady-love one thousand crowns if she consented to become his mistress. The girl took offence. She refused the money, for she loved the duke for himself and not for his gold and silver. If she consented to yield to his wishes it would be out of pure love but not for any mercenary motive. In the meantime the Duke of Orleans took his

boon companion Craon with him and introduced him to the girl whose beauty he so much admired. Pierre de Craon went and told all about it to Valentine de Milan, thus betraying his royal friend. The duchess was shocked, surprised and grieved.

"What!" she cried, "a year has scarcely elapsed since our marriage and my husband is already unfaithful to me! Am I not attractive, affectionate and devoted?"

Valentine de Milan was attractive, charming and superior in every respect to all the women at the Valois Court, including Queen Isabeau. She was cultivated and possessed brilliant intellectual powers, was brave, gentle and devoted. Both in charm and intelligence and above all in her deep attachments she surpassed all the other ladies. For a moment deep anger surged up in Valentine's bosom, but a moment later she tried to condone the fault of her handsome and fascinating young husband. Louis was so young, she thought, he was only nineteen and was surrounded by so many seductions and allurements. Her anger against her husband soon changed into irritation against the object of his admiration. She decided to see the girl and to appeal to her better nature. Accordingly the duchess sent for the girl, who tremblingly appeared in her presence.

"Is it true," asked the outraged wife, "that you wish to take Monseigneur away from me?"

The girl was dumbfounded and burst out into tears. So the duchess knew all and her fear increased.

"Heaven forbid," cried the girl, "I would never dream of such a thing."

"But I know all about it," said Valentine. "I know that Monseigneur, my husband, loves you and that you, too, love him. I even know that in such and such a

place he has offered you 1000 crowns if you consented to become his mistress. You have refused and your refusal does you honour. I therefore forgive you for this time, but I forbid you to have anything more to do with my husband."

The frightened girl solemnly promised to obey the duchess's command and to dismiss the duke. Valentine had won for once. She had defended her right and had managed to get rid of a rival who had attempted to destroy her happiness. She was not always so lucky in the case of her other numerous rivals for the affection of her flighty husband. The duke, unaware of the interview between his wife and the girl he admired, soon called on the latter. Bursting into tears the girl fled from his presence and refused to show him any sign of affection as she had done on previous occasions. When Louis, greatly astonished, insisted on knowing the reason of the girl's sudden change of attitude, the latter with sobs thus replied:

"Oh, Monseigneur," she cried, "you have either betrayed me to the duchess and told her of the offer you made me one day, or you have been making confidences to someone else who has betrayed us to your wife. The duchess knows all and I am dreadfully afraid of her. I have promised and sworn to the duchess never to have any communication with you henceforth."

Thus spoke the weeping girl, who was really sorry to give up the handsome duke. Louis d'Orleans bit his lip and graciously replied:

"My dear and beautiful lady, believe me that I would rather lose a hundred thousand francs than tell the duchess of our love-affair. Someone, I do not know who, has evidently betrayed us. Since, however, you have sworn,

keep your oath and I promise you never to inflict my presence on you."

The duke left the weeping girl, inwardly fuming and determined to find out who had acquainted the duchess with his love-affair. Louis had evidently spoken of this affair to more than one friend, for otherwise he would at once have guessed that it was Craon who had played the traitor.

That very night Louis d'Orleans went to have supper with his wife and behaved as charmingly and as gallantly as he alone knew how. He spared neither soft words nor caresses, so that Valentine was charmed. The ardent daughter of Visconti readily responded to her husband's passionate love-making and in these moments of intimacy Louis learned the name of the man who had betrayed him to his wife. It was Pierre de Craon. He pretended to attach but little importance to the discovery he had made, but in his heart he swore revenge.

Next morning at nine o'clock he was already on horseback and went to the Louvre, where he met his brother the king on the point of going to Mass.

"What is the matter?" asked Charles VI, who was very fond of his brother, when he noticed the latter's disturbed mien.

"Monseigneur," replied the duke, "I have good reason to be disturbed and agitated."

"What is it?" insisted the king, "I want to know."

The duke told his brother what had occurred. "By my faith, Monseigneur," he added, "if it were not out of respect for my honour I would have the man killed."

"You will not do it," replied the king hastily, "but I will let Craon know that I have no further need of his

services and I will ask him not to appear again in my presence, and you, too, will ask him to leave your hotel."

On the same day two gentlemen, Bureau de la Rivière and Jean Le Mercier, brought word to Pierre de Craon that the king had no further occasion for his services, and two gentlemen of the household of the Duke of Orleans brought him the same message from the duke.

The duke himself, according to Monstrelet, prided himself on the number of his good fortunes in a correspondence with Henry IV, Duke of Lancaster. The latter, during the reign of Richard II as Duke of Lancaster, had been a friend and ally of the Duke of Orleans. When, after the death of Richard II, Isabelle, whom he had married, returned to France, the Duke of Orleans constituted himself her champion and wrote to the new King Henry IV, challenging him to single combat. He accused the King of England of cruelty to the royal widow because he had kept her a prisoner for some time. Henry IV denied the charges and wrote:

"Pleust à Dieu que vous n'eussiez jà fait signeur, cruaulté ne villenie devers nulle dame, demoiselle ne autre personne que n'avons fait devers elle, nous créons que vous en vauldriez mieulx."

To this the Duke of Orleans replied:

"Je tiengs de la plus grande jusques à la plus petite qui soit au monde, que elle ne se plaint de moy. Si j'ay aimé et on m'a aimé, ce a faiet amours; je l'en mercie, je m'en repute bien eueux."

Among the many favourites and mistresses of the Duke of Orleans Marie d'Enghien deserves a prominent place. She had been brought up far away from the corrupted French Court and seemed to have been

destined to ignore for ever the dangers of seduction. Aubert de Cany de Varenne, a gentleman of Picardy, asked her hand in marriage and obtained the parental consent. As for Marie herself, she consented without a murmur but also without any enthusiasm. During their investigations the ducal emissaries and purveyors of the prince's pleasures came across the new Mme de Cany in her rural retreat. The duke, informed of the extraordinary beauty of the lady, eagerly sought for an opportunity of seeing her, and such an opportunity soon presented itself.

M. de Cany having been compelled to undertake a short voyage and to leave his wife alone, the Duke of Orleans immediately availed himself of the absence of the husband and appeared in person on the scene. Throwing himself at the feet of the beautiful châtelaine, the prince declared his love in passionate words. Marie de Cany, who had hitherto been leading a life of retirement and was not accustomed to the intrigues and allurements of the Court, was flattered, dazzled and thrilled beyond words. At her feet she saw the brilliant, handsome and young Duke of Orleans, the brother of her king and master, who was assuring her of his eternal love. She was touched by such passionate love declarations, and although too bashful to speak, her face was eloquent enough and revealed the tumult going on in her heart. The experienced lover guessed what impression he had made upon the virtuous lady de Cany and became even more pressing. Virtue was still too deeply rooted in the heart of Marie d'Enghien and for a time she refused to yield to her lover's entreaties. Time, however, was pressing, for at any moment the husband might return and then the duke's opportunity would be lost. The

princely lover therefore decided to proceed to extremes and to use force.

He gave orders to his servants to kidnap the reluctant beauty and to carry her off to a safe retreat known only to himself and to his trusted servants. His instructions were carried out swiftly and discreetly under his own supervision and with the assistance of his faithful and favourite page, Jacob de Méré. Thus her inexperience and the irresistible love with which the charming prince knew how to inspire her had delivered Marie into the power of her seducer. She was in his hands and could no longer return to her husband.

The inevitable soon happened. Marie d'Engbien, the wife of de Cany, became the mistress of the Duke of Orleans, and in due course she gave birth to a son. The child of this illicit union was named by his parents Jean, bastard of Orleans. He subsequently became known as Count Dunois, one of the greatest captains and heroes of France during the Hundred Years' War who, together with Joan of Arc, the maid of Orleans, defeated the English and delivered the country. The maid and the bastard of Orleans were thus actors in the same national drama.

Strange to say, Valentine de Milan adored her husband in spite of his many proofs of infidelity. She loved him and could only live for and with him. Too proud, however, to claim a heart which by the sacred rights of love and honour ought to have belonged to her entirely, she wept and suffered in silence, without ever making any reproaches. She tried to find comfort and consolation in the innocent caresses of her young children, and the love of the mother often made her forget or enabled her to bear courageously the sufferings and the humiliations

of the wife. The Court had become hateful to her, especially since she had learned, and she could not fail to do so, as it was an open secret, that relations of a very intimate nature existed between her husband and the queen. Valentine therefore left Paris for Blois, where she devoted her time to the education of her young children.

The duchess frequently visited the vast domains of her husband and was often accompanied by her children on her rounds and visits to her vassals. One day, during one of her excursions from Blois to Orleans, she perceived in a clearing on the outskirts of a small wood a young woman whose whole appearance stamped her as one of noble birth. A child of about four or five years of age was playing on a lawn near by. The child, a very handsome boy, was gathering flowers and bringing them to the lady, evidently his mother, who rewarded him every time with a kiss.

At the approach of the strangers the lady quickly pulled down her veil over her face, but not quickly enough, so that Valentine was able to get a glimpse of her features. Stopping her carriage, the duchess crossed the lawn and approached the youngster, but the latter ran off to look at the horses, riders and men-of-arms in their brilliant and glittering attire, who had attracted his attention and curiosity. With a remarkable dexterity and a strength beyond his tender years, the boy seized the heavy lance of one of the soldiers and fondly examined it. The mother had in the meantime risen from her seat and, greeting the duchess, called back the boy, who seemed to be fascinated by the brilliant escort.

In a voice and in accents which always inspired confidence and respect, Valentine addressed a few words to the strange lady, enquiring after her name, family

and fortune. With lowered head and in a voice trembling with emotion, the latter informed the duchess that she was the widow of an officer of the army of Duguesclin who had been killed in the last Spanish war. She was living on a very modest income and her boy was her only comfort and consolation in life.

"What is the child's name?" asked the Duchess of Orleans.

"Jehan," replied the mother.

Jehan was also the name of Valentine's youngest son, who was about the same age as the orphan of the officer's widow. With quick intuition the duchess guessed that the stranger had not told her the truth, and her curiosity was aroused. Addressing a few kindly words to the widow, Valentine returned to her escort. Here she beckoned to one of her pages, a youth named Roger, whose father lived in one of the neighbouring castles. In a few moments the duchess knew the truth. The supposed widow was the wife of M. de Cany, whom the Duke of Orleans had abducted, and the boy was the son of Mme de Cany and the duke. Valentine, aware of this love-affair, had always considered Mme de Cany as an odious rival who had ensnared and stolen her husband's heart. She knew better now. The hated rival was herself the victim of a seducer. A wave of pity for the mother and the son surged up in the outraged wife's breast.

Soon after this incident the unhappy wife of M. de Cany died; her health had been undermined by suffering and regret. Before her death she addressed a pitiful appeal to her seducer, imploring him to protect the innocent orphan. The request fell on willing ears. The Duke of Orleans seemed to be resolved to mend his ways,

to abandon the life of pleasure, of amorous intrigues and love-affairs, and to become more worthy of his noble and devoted wife. With the permission of Valentine, young Jehan, the son of Mme de Cany, was brought to Blois, where he was educated together with the duke's legitimate children. The noble attitude of the duchess endeared her even more to her husband. Henceforth the brother of the king strove to live only for his family and to occupy himself with affairs of State, as it behoved the brother of the king, and to do his duty to his country.

In the meantime France was in a sad state. The king, Charles VI, was insane, and the country was a prey of rival factions. The feud between the dukes of Burgundy and of Orleans was a bitter one. The Duchess of Orleans passed most of her time at Blois, where she carefully watched over the education not only of her own sons but also of the little illegitimate son of her husband. From time to time she visited the Court solely for the purpose of paying her respects to and do her duty by the unhappy, insane monarch, her brother-in-law. At Blois, away from her husband, she was constantly worrying for the duke's welfare.

Isabeau of Bavaria, who had at first apparently lived in good intelligence with her sister-in-law, had never really liked her. Indeed, as the grandchild of Barnabo Visconti, she hated the daughter of Jean Galeas for many reasons. Since the illness of the king, Isabeau, who knew what soothing influence her sister-in-law exercised over Charles VI, did her best to drive Valentine away from Court. All sorts of rumours were spread among the people against the duchess. In the 14th century the belief in sorcery had a strong hold over the mediæval



CHARLES VI, KING OF FRANCE

mind inclined to superstition. The king's fatal illness was attributed to sorcery and witchcraft, and both Louis d'Orleans and his wife Valentine were accused of having practised black art.

One day, in 1393, when the king was just well again and happy of a prospect of amusement, he was nearly burnt to death at a ball known as the *bal des Sauvages*. Louis and Valentine were then openly accused of having intended to destroy the king. When the king a few months later had another relapse, voices were raised and Valentine was accused of sorcery. She had bewitched the king. Isabeau did her best to encourage these rumours. Brantôme hints at an intimate relationship existing between Charles VI and his sister-in-law, but it is denied by all serious historians. But why had Valentine such a soothing influence over the king? In his mad fits Charles VI did not know Queen Isabeau, whom he had loved so passionately. He would ask: "Who is this woman?" and would even strike her, but he always knew Valentine and called her his sister.

The popular mind of the 14th century had a ready answer to such questions. Valentine de Milan had bewitched the king. She was the daughter of Jean Galeas, who was himself a magician and she came from Lombardy. Valentine's father had once asked the French Ambassador how the king was, and when the latter replied, "He is well," the Duke of Milan is supposed to have exclaimed: "You tell me a thing that is impossible, for the king cannot be well." This clearly showed that the duke knew that the King of France was bewitched. Valentine was also accused of having tried to poison the dauphin, so as to make it possible for her husband and children to ascend the throne of France. The Burgundian party

encouraged these accusations and Valentine left with her children for Blois. Away from the Court, the duchess was a prey to misgivings.

She knew that the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke of Orleans' rival and enemy, was capable of anything and that her husband's life was not free from danger. Her fears, alas, soon proved to have been justified.

One day Paris was shocked by the news that the Duke of Orleans had been treacherously assassinated. Valentine de Milan, anxious to have her husband near her, had despatched the faithful page Jacob de Méré to Paris, urging her husband to rejoin her at Blois. She would keep him only a few days and they would then return to Paris with their family so as not to be separated. Little Jehan, too, she added, would not be left behind at the castle of Blois but follow them to the capital.

Jacob de Méré hastened to Paris with the message and implored his master to return to Blois and console the duchess. The duke promised to go to Blois in company of his page, but it had been destined that neither master nor page was to return to see again the walls of Blois. Although a reconciliation had publicly taken place between the dukes of Burgundy and Orleans, at which Court and people rejoiced, the death of the unfortunate husband of Valentine had been decided long ago, and the treacherous Duke of Burgundy soon carried out his design.

The two factions of Orleans and Burgundy had been in open hostility, and the interference of England had been solicited by both sides. Confusion was at its height, when at last a peace was agreed to between the two parties. The heads of the two factions, in token of their sincerity, took the Sacrament together. Soon,

however, the quiet was disturbed by an event which plunged the Court and the country into a state of consternation. It was the assassination of the Duke of Orleans at the instigation of his rival, the Duke of Burgundy.

“On a Wednesday,” relates the chronicler Monstrelet, “the day of St. Clement, pope, was piteously murdered and put to death the Duke of Orleans, only brother of the King of France, Charles, the well-beloved. The murder was perpetrated by eighteen men, who lodged in an hotel, which had for its sign the image of the Blessed Virgin, near the Porte Barbette, where they had remained several days waiting their opportunity. They had as accomplice one named Thomas de Courtheuse, valet-de-chambre to the king, and on this Wednesday they sent him to the Duke of Orleans, who was gone to see the queen in an hotel which she had in the neighbourhood of the Porte Barbette. The queen had just been confined of a child which, however, deceased as soon as it was born.”

The messenger sent by the conspirators delivered to the duke a message as from the king, desiring him to hasten to him without delay. Charles VI informed his brother that he wished to speak to him on matters which intimately concerned them both. The Duke of Orleans was deceived, and, trusting the messenger, he at once betook himself to his brother. He mounted his mule and, accompanied by two squires on horseback and four or five valets on foot, bearing torches, refused to wait for the rest of his suite who were not prepared to follow him so rapidly.

When the duke approached the Porte Barbette, the eighteen men lying in ambush rushed forward. It was

a dark night and they made the attack, shouting "Death! Death!" Surrounding the Duke of Orleans they struck at him, and one, with the blow of an axe, cut off his hand at the wrist.

The duke at first thought that he had been attacked and set upon by mistake and he called out loudly: "I am the Duke of Orleans," upon which the assassins, continuing to assail him, replied: "That is quite right, you are he whom we seek."

The duke was struck from his mule to the ground and received such furious blows on his head that his brains were scattered on the pavement. The ruffians then proceeded to maltreat the dead body of the prince. The duke's page, much attached to him, was also killed. When the faithful servant saw his master struck down, he threw himself upon him, in the hope of defending his body, but in vain.

In the meantime the duke's other attendants arrived and when they beheld the terrible event that had taken place, they hurried to the hotel of the queen, shouting aloud: "Murder." The assassins, according to a preconcerted plan, shouted "Fire," one of them having actually set fire to the house in which they had lodged. Thereupon the assassins, having accomplished their deed, set off and sought for concealment, and many of them took shelter in the hotel d'Artois with their master, the Duke of Burgundy. The terror and grief of the partizans of the Duke of Orleans were great, and amidst great lamentations the disfigured body of the dead prince was borne to the church of St. Guillaume. All night the monks watched and prayed beside the coffin into which the murdered prince was put.

The first suspicion fell on M. de Cany, who was known

to be a mortal enemy of the Duke of Orleans, the latter having abducted and seduced his wife. Soon, however, it became quite evident that another, and more powerful rival and enemy, had dealt the fatal blow.

Valentine de Milan, the Duchess of Orleans, was at that time at Blois, busy with preparations for the celebration of her daughter's birthday and for the reception of her husband. Eagerly she was watching the Orleans road, anxiously awaiting the courier who was to precede the returning duke. Suddenly she perceived two riders who were approaching rather slowly and seemed to be in no hurry to reach the castle. Valentine soon recognized Roger and his father. At last the two were in front of the castle gates and, dismounting their horses, fell down before the duchess, bursting out in loud weeping. Without words Roger handed his mistress a letter. The amazed and agitated duchess, guessing already that some misfortune had befallen her husband, recognized the handwriting of the Duke of Bourbon. With trembling fingers she tore open the missive and one glance was sufficient to tell her that her worst fears were justified.

"Dear and unfortunate Valentine," wrote the Duke of Bourbon, "your husband is no more. Muster up all your courage and live for your children, live also for revenge, for you must revenge the death of your husband on a cowardly assassin. . . ."

Valentine could read no more, the shock had been too great.

"Great was the grief of Valentine de Milan," says Monstrelet, "when she learned the news of her husband's assassination." She had suffered greatly in her love and in her womanly pride on account of the inconstancies

and flighty conduct of her husband, but she loved him too much not to forgive him. In spite of his frequent escapades and liaisons, the Duke of Orleans, too, seems to have remained attached to his attractive wife, loving her with a deeper love than that which he bestowed upon his numerous mistresses. After eighteen years of marriage the two, between whom there was so much affinity, artistic and intellectual, loved each other deeply and sincerely. As for Valentine, the violent death of her husband made her forget all the pain he had often caused her during his life.

Deathly pale and motionless she stood there never uttering a sound, unaware, as it seemed, of the presence of Roger and his father. The former rose up and hastily summoned the duchess's waiting women and her physician. Suddenly the bereaved princess burst out in loud sobbing. Her first words were:

"My children, bring my children." The youngsters were already pressing round her, but she was still calling for them. When she became aware of their presence and heard their anxious questions she passionately pressed them in turn to her bosom, not forgetting little Jehan, who was accustomed to call her mother. The duchess was in a state of tremendous agitation, and almost bereft of coherent thought. She gave hurried orders, commanded her servants to close all the gates of the castle and all the doors and the next instant bade them take up arms and ride out immediately to wreak terrible vengeance on the assassins of her husband. She raved and cried for some time until, utterly exhausted, she fell on her knees and burst out in loud sobbing. She prayed to heaven and implored divine protection for the orphans, then turning to the latter asked in a solemn voice:

"Who among you will one day revenge his father?"

"I will do it," cried little Jehan, the bastard of Orleans, "I will revenge the death of my father and thus prove myself worthy of being his son."

Jehan was then only six years of age. Valentine looked at the energetic child and, covering him with kisses and tears, exclaimed:

"Yes, I believe thee, for thou alone among the late duke's sons art cut out for this work."

Henceforth Valentine, who had already been in the habit of treating her husband's illegitimate son as her own child, redoubled her tenderness and caresses.

"Yes," she cried, "I, too, will live for revenge."

Valentine de Milan, however, was too impatient to wait for the day when the bastard of Orleans, grown to man's estate, would be in a position to revenge the death of his father. She wanted immediate justice. She presented herself before the king, accompanied by her orphaned sons. The tears and lamentations of the widow greatly affected King Charles, who raised his bereaved sister-in-law from her knees with tears and embraces, promising her that justice would be done and the traitors who had committed the atrocious crime called to account.

The hopes of Valentine were, however, frustrated. The Duke of Burgundy was too powerful and so extremely popular amongst the lower classes that it was not only unpolitic but even dangerous to pursue him too far. A clever lawyer pleaded the duke's cause and argued that the step had been taken by the Duke of Burgundy merely for the purpose of ridding France and her king of a dangerous enemy. It was an absurd and futile defence which did not impose on any one, but the Duke of Burgundy being so very powerful, many who

had heard his lawyer's argument pretended that they were satisfied.

The domains of the late Duke of Orleans were now distributed among his sons, and Valentine allotted to the natural son of her husband the county of Dunois. Henceforth the son of Marie de Cany became known as the Count Dunois, although he is famous in history as the bastard of Orleans. Valentine de Milan, the granddaughter of a king, did not long outlive her husband. She died on December 4, 1308, fourteen months after her husband. She died with the hope that the illegitimate son of her husband, whom she had grown to love and to cherish, and whom the queen, too, had taken into great affection, would one day revenge the death of her beloved husband.

The mortal remains of Valentine de Milan were laid by the side of the assassinated duke in the chapel of Orleans, and Jehan, the orphan son of Mme de Cany, would have remained without any support had he not found a protector in the person of the Count de Vertus. The latter loved the bastard like a brother. Dunois was without any fortune. Thanks to the generosity of the late duchess he was the owner of the county of Dunois, but had he the means to keep it? The feuds and foreign wars had exhausted the family fortunes, and the young Duke of Orleans, the half-brother of the bastard, saw himself compelled to give his youngest brother as a hostage to the English for the payment of 300,000 ducats which he owed them and was unable to pay.

Under these circumstances the head of the house of Orleans had decided that his half-brother Count de Dunois would have to enter the Church. This decision greatly displeased the boy who was destined to become



VALENTINE DE MILAN

famous in history as the bastard of Orleans. On the one hand, the boy was thirsting for action and deeds of valour, while, on the other, he was constantly dreaming of revenging the death of his father assassinated at the instigation of a cowardly and unscrupulous enemy. He had solemnly promised Valentine de Milan, whom he had called by the sweet and tender name of mother, to revenge the death of her beloved husband, his father, the Duke of Orleans.

Dunois was living alone in the castle of Blois, and his character was greatly influenced by this involuntary solitude. Silent and melancholy, the future hero had leisure enough to think and reflect and he acquired that virtue of prudence and reserve which stood him in good stead during his future active life. The dominant thought and the ardent wish of the boy was to seize the first opportunity of revenging his father and thus keep the promise he had given to Valentine de Milan, and it was the bastard's most intimate friend, the Count de Vertus, who was instrumental in helping Jehan to realize his dreams.

CHAPTER VII

THE BASTARD OF ORLEANS—continued

A FATHER AVENGED

The Count de Vertus and the orphaned bastard—Dunois goes to Paris—The handsome son of sin—The ladies of the Court admire the child of love—The dangerous mission—The Count de Vertus escapes from Paris—State of turmoil in France—The new dauphin—Henry V of England claims Normandy—The beautiful Catherine—"I will have the maid and the lands"—The interview of Poissy-le-Fort—The Duke of Burgundy and the dauphin—John the Fearless—Tanneguy du Châtel kills John the Fearless—The bastard at Blois—The assassination of the Duke of Burgundy—Michelle, daughter of Queen Isabeau—The furious queen—The hatred of a mother—The treaty of Troyes—The bastard ready to defend the cause of the dauphin—President Louvois—The marriage of the son of sin—Dunois takes up arms—The indolent dauphin—Agnes Sorel—Marie d'Anjou—The intimate relations between the queen and the bastard—The Scottish army—The battle of Baugé—The death of the Duke of Clarence—Death of Henry V of England and of Charles VI of France.

ONE day the young Count de Vertus asked the dauphin for permission to introduce to him the interesting orphan, and the request was granted. Young Dunois was at that time ten years old. He was tall for his age, had a martial carriage and a serious deportment, while his countenance gave one the impression of both pride and kindness. Physically he looked a boy of fifteen. The two friends had been corresponding frequently, and one day when Dunois was just beginning to write one of his frequent letters to his friend in Paris, a messenger suddenly appeared summoning him to Court.

Great was the joy of the orphan when he heard that he was to go to Paris and see his beloved friend. Without a moment's delay he mounted the first horse he could take hold of and reached the Louvre, where the dauphin and his constant companion, Count de Vertus, resided.

The arrival of the child of love, the interesting orphan who had neither father nor mother, created a sensation in the Louvre. All the ladies of the Court admired his strength, his beauty and his grace. Dunois was immediately presented to the dauphin, who took a great liking to the son of Mme de Cancy. Soon the energetic orphan, who was thirsting for action, discovered that the Court was nothing but a sumptuous prison and offered no scope for one of an enterprising and fiery spirit. He did not hesitate to acquaint the dauphin with his feelings and impressions. The latter only smiled and sighed.

The Duke of Burgundy never suspected what an enemy of his fame and fortune had appeared on the scene or that the handsome boy of ten would one day be the chief instrument of his downfall. For the present the Duke of Burgundy, father-in-law of the dauphin, was all powerful. The feud of the Armagnacs and the Burgundians was daily assuming wider dimensions and threatening the ruin of France.

One day the dauphin, who was anxious to shake off the yoke of the Duke of Burgundy, made up his mind to send a letter by a trusty messenger to the Duke of Orleans, his cousin. It was a dangerous mission for the bravest courtier to carry a message from the Hôtel St. Paul, where the dauphin was then residing, to the Duke of Orleans, for the Duke of Burgundy had his spies everywhere and the messenger was sure to be caught.

It meant certain death. It was Jehan, the bastard of Orleans, a child of ten, who helped the messenger to leave Paris safely in spite of the vigilance of the soldiers and mercenaries in the pay of the Duke of Burgundy. He then returned to the dauphin and informed him that the letter had safely reached its destination.

Jehan stayed only a few minutes with the prince and returned to the Hôtel d'Orleans, where he found the Count de Vertus alone and in a state of great agitation. Evidently a prey to some deep emotion, the Count was walking to and fro in his room.

"Has the messenger left Paris?" he asked hastily when he beheld Dunois.

"Yes, Monseigneur."

"Did you see him pass the barrier?"

"Yes, Monseigneur."

"How I should like to be in his place!" was all that Count de Vertus said.

Without giving Dunois any further explanations, Count de Vertus asked the boy to procure for him that evening a certain disguise and to inform the dauphin that he was anxious to see him and speak to him on urgent matters before the evening prayers.

"To remain here, means to die," added the Count de Vertus, heaving a deep sigh.

Dunois asked no questions but hurried to carry out the instructions he had received from his protector. With growing impatience did the boy await the approaching hour when he introduced the Count de Vertus into the private apartment of the dauphin. The two princes remained together for a long time. When at last Count de Vertus left the dauphin's room, Dunois offered to accompany him to the Hôtel d'Orleans, but his protector

embraced him and bade him remain with the dauphin. The boy obeyed, but he felt that something important was about to happen. The mysterious interview, the cryptic words uttered by his protector: "To remain here means to die," gave him plenty of food for thought. On the following morning Dunois learned with great regret that his protector and friend, Count de Vertus, had managed to escape the vigilance of the Duke of Burgundy's spies and to leave Paris.

In the meantime France was in a state of turmoil and great calamities had fallen upon the nation. The king was insane, and his wife, Queen Isabeau, had sold the rights of her children and of the country to a foreign prince and delivered the sceptre of Charlemagne into the hands of the King of England.

It was in the midst of such turmoil, of conflicts, calamities and intrigues that the bastard of Orleans, a boy of ten or eleven, lived without any master or guide. His only great friend, his protector, Count de Vertus, soon died at the age of twenty, while the other princes of the house of Orleans were either prisoners or powerless against the Duke of Burgundy. The dauphin soon died as had his elder brothers, and the youngest son of the insane king, Charles de Ponthieu, now bore the title of dauphin and was heir-presumptive to the throne of France. He had a right to the throne, and the heart of the nation and that of his army were with him, but he was compelled to reconquer his inheritance by the strength of arms.

The position of the dauphin was growing daily more desperate. Rouen had been laid siege to, and the inhabitants, who could not count on any relief, were compelled to capitulate. Henry V, King of England, was

claiming the whole of Normandy and of Guienne. At the advice of the Duke of Burgundy, Isabeau of Bavaria had an interview with the King of England, and on this occasion introduced to him her daughter, the beautiful Catherine. Henry, attracted by the charms of the French princess, fell in love with her, and during an interview with the Duke of Burgundy, is said to have exclaimed :

“ I will have the maid and the lands and I will drive you out of France, you and your king.”

These proud words uttered by the King of England convinced the Duke of Burgundy that little could be expected from the enemy even if he married Princess Catherine. He understood that only on the battlefield could the fate and the future of France be decided. A successful issue, however, could only be expected if the two factions hitherto in feud, the houses of Orleans and of Burgundy, made peace and fought, instead of one against the other, side by side against the enemy. A certain lady, Dame de Giac, who wielded a considerable influence over the Duke of Burgundy, managed to bring about two preliminary interviews between the two princes, one at Poissy-le-Fort, in July 1419, and another at Fontaine Pimet, near Melun. The clauses and conditions of a treaty were elaborated and it was arranged that a third and final interview should take place at Montereau, on the banks of the confluent of the rivers Seine and Yonne, on August 26. Both parties hoped that by that time the last access of insanity of King Charles VI would have passed and that the sovereign would be in a state to confirm the treaty. The nobles in the suites of the two princes endeavoured in vain to persuade their masters not to appear at the interview.

“ There are many nobles, partizans of the house of

Orleans, in the dauphin's entourage," argued the followers of the Duke of Burgundy, "and one of them might be tempted to seize the opportunity of revenging the death of the Duke of Orleans."

On the other hand, the nobles in the entourage of the dauphin endeavoured to persuade the heir to the throne not to go to the interview, reminding him of all that John the Fearless and his father had done to become masters of the kingdom. The assassination of the Duke of Orleans had only been a prelude to further crimes of which the Duke of Burgundy was capable. Neither the dauphin, however, nor the Duke of Burgundy listened to the advice of their friends and the interview duly took place. The dauphin came to Montereau on August 26, but the Duke of Burgundy made his appearance only on September 10.

There were other reasons why John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, wished for a reconciliation. He had at length become very unpopular and came to the conclusion that if he could gain over the dauphin his own interests would be furthered. He had therefore listened to the proposals of a reconciliation and came to the meeting at Montereau-sur-Yonne.

Here, however, another scene of violence and treachery was enacted, equalled by that of the murder of the Duke of Orleans some years before. The dauphin was evidently innocent of the deed, as his partizans had resolved to take the matter into their own hands. The friends of the dauphin knew the character of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, and were well aware that in the case of reconciliation between the latter and their master not one of them would for long be safe from the vengeance of their inveterate and pitiless foe.

It was Tanneguy du Châtel in particular who felt that he was an object of hatred to Duke Jean-Sans-Peur of Burgundy. This gentleman and several others were ready to rid France of a dangerous foe who was plotting with England, and, as they maintained, had consented to deliver up the country to the enemy in order to secure his own advantages. The enemies of the Duke of Burgundy also maintained that Jean-Sans-Peur had caused the two dauphins, Charles' two elder brothers, to be poisoned and would not hesitate, if an opportunity presented itself, to take the life of Charles, now heir to the throne.

Young Dunois, the bastard of Orleans, who was in the service of the new dauphin, was not with his master at that time. The prince, on account of the bastard's tender age, did not feel inclined to have the boy with him at such an important interview, and Dunois availed himself of the opportunity to visit the domains of the Duke of Orleans and was at Blois on September 10. Gladly would he have accompanied his master to Montereau. He had never forgotten the oath he had sworn and the solemn promise he had made to his second mother, Valentine de Milan, to revenge the assassination of the Duke of Orleans, his father. He felt already strong enough to carry out this vengeance, and was firmly determined not to owe anything to a third party but to rely solely on his own courage and activity. Fate, however, had willed it otherwise. John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, was to be killed at the interview of Montereau but not by the hand of the young bastard of Orleans.

The two princes, the dauphin and the Duke of Burgundy, met on a bridge, each accompanied by ten persons,

who bore as arms only a sword and a small hauberk. The Duke of Burgundy was attacked and killed by Tanneguy du Châtel, one of the gentlemen who accompanied the dauphin, the future King Charles VII. On the 10th of September about three in the afternoon the Duke of Burgundy rode to the bridge of Montereau. As soon as he dismounted three of his servants who had been examining the bridge once more begged him not to risk his life. Jean, Duke of Burgundy, was not called Sans-Peur without cause. He refused to listen to the well-meant advice. He met the duke and after a few words of conversation between the two, Robert de Lovi, one of the Armagnacs, pushed the duke from behind. Jean-Sans-Peur tried to pull out his sword, but it was too late; Tanneguy du Châtel struck him with an axe. There was a general scuffle and Jean-Sans-Peur was dead.

Contemporary chroniclers maintain that the assassination of Jean-Sans-Peur had taken place without the knowledge of the dauphin, who was absolutely incapable of such treachery.

Jean-Sans-Peur's son Philip had married Michelle, daughter of Queen Isabeau, and he exclaimed: "Michelle, your brother has murdered my father." He and the queen sent proclamations to all the towns of France denouncing the dauphin as the murderer of Jean-Sans-Peur.

As for the murder of the Duke of Burgundy, it was a stroke of questionable policy; and the happy results anticipated by the actors did not materialize. Queen Isabeau, on hearing the news of the catastrophe, was furious and her hatred against her son knew no bounds.

The Bavarian enchantress had always disliked and even felt an aversion for her younger son, the present

dauphin, and now she decided to disinherit him. Isabeau sent messengers to the new Duke of Burgundy, offering him her aid to revenge the death of his father. The queen also sent a message to the King of England wherein she invited Henry V to join her in a league against her son the dauphin.

The result of these negotiations was the treaty of Troyes, on May 21, 1420. It was agreed that Henry V should espouse Catherine of France and that after the death of the insane Charles VI the crown of France should become Henry's by inheritance. Henry promised to use all his endeavours to subdue the partizans of the son of Charles VI, the soi-disant dauphin, and was declared to be heir and regent of France.

Thus the death of the Duke of Orleans had been avenged. Jean-Sans-Peur, Duke of Burgundy, the instigator of the death of Dunois' father, was dead, and Valentine de Milan could rest in peace in her grave.

Dunois considered the assassination of the enemy of his house as well deserved, but the consequences of the deed soon proved disastrous for France. If during his life Jean-Sans-Peur had oppressed the country, his death delivered France to the enemy and brought it to the verge of ruin. Henry V of England married Catherine of France, and the famous treaty of Troyes was signed. As soon as he heard the news of the treaty of Troyes, young Dunois hastened to rejoin his master the dauphin. Accompanied by only one attendant he traversed Anjou, Berry, Touraine and Poitou, calling on all patriotic Frenchmen to rally to the standard of their rightful king. Citizen militias were formed under the command of La Hire, Saintrilles, Barbasson, Bourbon de Préaux and Lafayette, ready to defend the cause of the dauphin.

Soon Dunois was to give proofs of his military valour and courage. He was seventeen years old at that time, and although he was too preoccupied with weighty matters, he found time to fall in love with Marie, the beautiful daughter of President Louvois. The latter knew and appreciated the character and talent of the young warrior, his courage, intrepidity, perspicacity and cleverness. The boy was a bastard, but he was a descendant of one of the foremost families standing so near the throne of France. The president felt proud indeed to have as a son-in-law a descendant of the house of Orleans. He accordingly granted young Dunois the hand of his daughter and made him a present of his estates of Thecy de Salanier and other important domains.

Dunois, on the other hand, apart from the fact that he married the woman he loved, who was wise as she was beautiful, considered his alliance with the president of the Court as an extremely advantageous parti. Above all, it helped him to become financially independent.

Dunois, as his father-in-law had hoped he would, could now remain at Court, where he would no doubt have rendered valuable services to the dauphin. Besides, his two half-brothers, the Duke d'Orleans and the Count d'Angoulême, were both in captivity in England, having been made prisoners at the battle of Agincourt, and it was Dunois who during their absence administered their estates and scrupulously and conscientiously watched over their interests. His young wife, too, begged him to remain at Court.

But neither the arguments and pressing persuasions of his father-in-law nor the prayers and tears of his beloved wife could prevail upon Dunois to alter his decision and

to make him swerve from what he considered to be his path of duty. It was his duty to take up arms in defence of his king and country against the enemy.

The bastard was appointed Governor of St. Michel in succession to d'Harcourt, who went to Picardy as lieutenant-general. D'Harcourt had already had occasion to appreciate the military talents of the bastard of Orleans, his courage, his noble heart and his sensitiveness, coupled with a seriousness and a melancholy beyond his age. He had defended St. Michel, which was a place of considerable military importance, against the English and was now pleased to leave young Dunois here as his successor. Dunois fortified the place and, leaving the garrison under the command of a trusty officer, returned to Court, where he was able to render valuable services to the dauphin, to whom he was greatly attached.

It really required a considerable amount of courage not to desert the cause of the dauphin of France in those days. The latter, subsequently known as Charles VII the Victorious, was sometimes forgetting his duty and the disasters of his country for the sake of love and his passion for the beautiful Agnes Sorel. He was forgetting that the throne of France was occupied by a foreign prince and that his valiant captains were doing their best to defend the provinces which had remained loyal to their sovereign against the hostile armies. Charles was at Poitiers, while Narbonne and Lafayette were fighting and defending his cause in Brittany at the head of an army more devoted than numerous. Dunois, who had not yet had an opportunity of distinguishing himself by some signal victory in the field, had at first joined the two veteran warriors, but a new danger threatened the country. Angers was being besieged by the English,

and Dunois received instructions from the dauphin to hasten to Brittany, for the relief of the city.

The dauphin had married in 1420 the beautiful Marie D'Anjou, who seems to have shown great friendship to the bastard of Orleans. On the point of leaving for Brittany he was summoned to the princess's private apartments. Love-affairs were frequent at the French Court, and the example given by Queen Isabeau of Bavaria was followed by many another princess of the house of Valois. Why should Marie d'Anjou make an exception, asked the courtiers. The bastard of Orleans was the most handsome cavalier at the Court of the dauphin and the princess was young. Moreover, she had reason to seek consolation elsewhere and to disregard her plighted troth, for was not Charles neglecting her, forgetting his duties in the arms of the beautiful Agnes Sorel? A rumour thus soon spread among the courtiers that the relations existing between Marie d'Anjou and Dunois were of an intimate nature.

In the meantime news was brought to the dauphin that the Scottish army who had come to help the French against the English had arrived at Poitiers. It was Dunois who led the Scottish troops towards Angers. On March 20, 1420, the two armies, the French and the Scottish, arrived in the neighbourhood of Baugé. The English army was being commanded by the Duke of Clarence, who had not been present on the battlefield of Agincourt, but who hoped to reap his laurels on the plains of Baugé and was therefore glad of an opportunity of giving battle. He gave the signal, and the English armies hurled themselves against the troops of the dauphin, commanded by Dunois, Narbonne and La Fayette.

Intrepidly the Duke of Clarence penetrated into the midst of the hostile ranks, looking round for an enemy worthy of his own rank. He perceived the bastard of Orleans, and the two valiant knights soon engaged upon a mortal combat. Mortally wounded, impetuous and brave Clarence fell on the field of Baugé defeated by the bastard of Orleans. The battle of Baugé ended with a complete victory of the French, and the fame of the bastard of Orleans as a valiant captain was established.

The dauphin, who had left Poitiers, was at Tours when he received the first news of the victory. The bastard of Orleans was now an enemy to be reckoned with, and the treacherous Queen Isabeau began to tremble in her palace in Paris. Soon the victorious army, traversing Anjou, penetrated into Normandy and laid siege to Alençon, while the dauphin had ventured to come as far as Blois. Vignoles, famous as La Hire, was pursuing the enemy in Champagne, where he carried off a victory. As for Dunois, who was graciously received by the dauphin, he had not only proved a valiant soldier but he also showed on many occasions the wisdom of a statesman. Thus he advised the dauphin to make friends with the young Duke of Brittany, who had joined the English. At Sablé a treaty was made between the dauphin and the duke.

In the meantime Henry V was greatly affected when he learned the news of his brother's fate at Baugé and was impatient to revenge the death of the Duke of Clarence. He proclaimed himself King of France and entered the country at the head of a considerable army. Henry died, however, in the midst of his projects and was soon followed to the grave by Charles VI.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BASTARD OF ORLEANS—continued

THE MAID AND THE BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Charles VI and Henry of Lancaster—The army of the Loire—The Parisians accused of treason—The bastard of Orleans—A courageous woman—The wife of Master Jean—Betrayed by a priest—The indolent king—The Duke of Bedford—Dunois relieves the town of Montargis—The prayer of La Hire—The bastard's signature—Queen Marie d'Anjou—The embroidered letters—Charles VII and Agnes Sorel—The Earl of Salisbury—The siege of Orleans—Dunois hastens to Orleans—The Maid of Orleans—The citizens of Orleans—The threat of the Duke of Bedford—Welcome news—The mysterious maid—A farmer's daughter—A sister of the bastard—The same patron in heaven—The victorious army—Charles VII enters Troyes and Châlons—Crowned at Rheims—The brilliant Court—The melancholy hero—Joan of Arc remains—The bastard captures Chartres—The death of the bastard's wife—The capture of Paris—The king enters his capital—A severe lesson to the king—The return of the Duke of Orleans—The bastard marries again—The Praguerie—The rebel prince—The bastard joins the rebels—Reconciliation—The death of Queen Isabeau—A quotation from Froissart—"Four tapers and four mourners"—The treaty of 1444.

IN October 1422, Charles VI, the insane king, died, and Henry VI, the infant ruler of England, was proclaimed King of France. Whilst, however, on the banks of the Seine people were shouting: "Long live Henry of Lancaster," on the banks of the Loire the faithful followers of the house of Valois shouted "Long live Charles VII of France," under which name the dauphin was crowned at Poitiers. Several brave and valiant captains and among them Dunois, the bastard of Orleans, solemnly pledged themselves to defend the

throne and crown of their sovereign, and they kept their oath.

The army of the Loire was indignant and accused the inhabitants of Paris of treason when the soldiers heard how Henry of Lancaster had been acclaimed in the capital. The bastard of Orleans, who was splendid in every way, excused the Parisians. He knew that all the inhabitants of a city could not be accused of the crime committed by a handful of traitors. An incident with the smallest details of which he was acquainted had convinced Dunois that Paris as a whole was faithful and loyal to the Valois cause. A woman, courageous and loyal, had dared to make an attempt to shake off the foreign yoke and drive the enemy out of France. She was the wife of the royal armourer Jean.

When Dunois was still only a page in the service of the dauphin, his desire to procure for himself a fine armour led him to Jean, the king's armourer. Here he often spoke of his determination to free his country from the foreign yoke or to die in his endeavour. The words of the handsome page had produced a deep impression upon the wife of the armourer.

When she learned the news of the battle of Baugé and heard the name of the bastard of Orleans, she conceived the daring plan to incite the Parisians to revolt against the English. The intrepid woman managed to gather a number of citizens ready to take up arms and fight within the city if Charles, who was then still a dauphin, would send an army of faithful soldiers to their support. The patriotic woman immediately went to Bourges, where Dunois consented to present her to Charles. The dauphin granted the request, and it was decided that an army of twenty thousand men would



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immediately march against the capital. The wife of master Jean promised to open to Charles's troops one of the gates of the city and returned to Paris.

Alas, however, her plan was frustrated. Betrayed by an old priest, she was arrested and put to death. When the army of the Loire now loudly accused the Parisians of treason, the bastard of Orleans, always just, reminded the soldiers of the incident, of the heroic effort, the suffering and death of the loyal and intrepid woman of Paris.

Dunois hated the Duke of Burgundy, for the hatred of his early childhood had never abated, but he was ready to sacrifice his own personal sentiments for the sake of his king and country, and never omitted an opportunity to bring about a reconciliation between the king and the Duke of Burgundy. Unfortunately, however, while Dunois and La Hire were thinking of the future of their sovereign, devising plans how to drive out the enemy, the king himself forgot his duty in the arms of his voluptuous mistress, the beautiful Agnes Sorel.

The English were masters of Paris, and the Duke of Bedford, the uncle of the infant King Henry VI, who had assumed the function of Regent of France, decided to pursue his conquests still farther. It was above all the town of Montargis which caused the duke some uneasiness, and he sent three thousand men commanded by the earls of Warwick and Suffolk to lay siege to the town. Montargis, situated on the banks of the Loing, was an important strategic point and had to be saved at all costs.

Dunois was sent out on the perilous mission to relieve the town. He had only a small body of men, in all 1600, at his disposal, but the bastard acquitted himself

brilliantly of the task. It was on this occasion that one of the captains accompanying him, the famous La Hire, is supposed to have uttered a naive prayer:

"Lord," he prayed, "I pray unto Thee to do to-day for La Hire as Thou wouldst have wished La Hire to do for Thee had he been God and Thou La Hire."

Dunois defeated the English and relieved the town of Montargis. Great was the joy in the ranks of the supporters of the house of Valois, and the town of Orleans, anxious to express its gratitude to the valiant captain, made him a present of one thousand livres. Dunois signed the receipt as "the bastard of Orleans." The receipt still exists in the archives of the Hôtel de la Mairie at Orleans. Queen Marie d'Anjou, who is supposed to have entertained an intimate relationship with the bastard of Orleans, sent the deliverer of Montargis a rich scarf on which she had embroidered the intertwined letters J and M. Dunois was happy when he noticed the two letters. The scarf was more than a token of friendship and gratitude.

Unfortunately Charles VII did not always know how to benefit by a chance offered to him. The slave of a few favourites, fascinated and dominated by his mistress Agnes Sorel, he often forgot the duties of king, leaving the reins of government in other hands so as to have more time for his personal pleasures. While the king was showing such a carelessness, the English were redoubling their activity and energy.

The Duke of Bedford determined to crush the house of Valois by concentrating all his efforts against Charles, by driving him out of the central provinces and compelling him to retire to the foot of the Pyrenees. The Regent, however, could not leave Paris for political

reasons, while the Earl of Warwick had been recalled to London. The Earl of Salisbury, one of the heroes of Agincourt, was consequently entrusted with the execution of the plan and landed at Calais at the head of an army of six thousand. He crossed Picardy and found another ten thousand men, mostly old war-veterans in the Ile-de-France. The united forces began their operations in July 1428. Salisbury conquered the country between the Seine and the Loire, captured in the course of one month Rambouillet, Noyon, Janville and Beaugenci, and towards the end of September was before the gates of Orleans.

The Duke of Bedford sent the English general instructions not to waste any time before Orleans but to cross the Loire and pursue Charles. To this the Earl of Salisbury replied that the capture of Orleans would guarantee forever to his master, the King of England, the possession of Paris. The siege of Orleans was thus decided, in spite of the objections of the Duke of Bedford, the Regent. The capture of Orleans would have meant ruin and disaster to Charles VII, and the king, who lacked the force of character to triumph over obstacles, and moreover was constantly thinking of his pleasures and his mistresses, made up his mind either to ask asylum from the King of Castile or to retire to the Dauphiny.

Luckily for the king, the bastard of Orleans, the valiant captain, was at his side and he begged his sovereign to allow him to hasten to the relief of Orleans. Dunois was not only anxious to save the crown of his sovereign and to gain for himself fresh laurels on the battlefields, but he had other private motives of a sentimental nature.

Orleans was the principal apauage of his half-brother, the Duke of Orleans, who was languishing in captivity

in London since the battle of Agincourt. At all costs the bastard of Orleans, who counted loyalty to his blood ties among his virtues, was determined to save the town of Orleans. Both the Queen Marie d'Anjou and the favourite, Agnes Sorel, forgetting for a while in this moment of dire distress their rivalries and jealousies, added their supplications to those of Dunois and persuaded the king to grant the latter's request. The king at last realized that the fate of France and his own would be decided before the walls of Orleans, and Dunois was sent to the relief of the city. It does not enter within the scope of this book to describe the details of the Siege of Orleans and the energy and activity displayed by the bastard, and the events will be briefly related.

It was during that famous siege that a new actress suddenly appeared, giving a different turn to events. The Maid of Orleans, *la Pucelle*, the virgin of Orleans, suddenly appeared on the scene, offering her help to her sovereign in his distress. The Maid and the bastard of Orleans saved crown and throne for Charles of Valois. They fought and conquered while their sovereign himself was either praying in his oratory or revelling in the company of his favourites. The king, at once voluptuous by nature and devout out of weakness, was constantly a prey to alternating moods of exaltation or despondency.

Now the citizens of Orleans had decided to surrender the town to the Duke of Burgundy, who was in alliance with the Regent, and to ask him to hold possession of Orleans until the return from captivity of the Duke of Orleans. The Duke of Burgundy accepted the proposal, but the Duke of Bedford replied that the English were not in the habit of "beating the wood so that others may catch the fledglings." The Duke of Bedford also declared

that Orleans would have to capitulate and to surrender on his own terms. He would treat the town as he had treated Harfleur, that is to say that he would people the city with English and send the French inhabitants as prisoners to Calais, thence to be transported to England.

"Then," cried the citizens of Orleans, "we will die under the ruins of our native town."

It was at this moment of great exaltation that the bastard suddenly informed the crowd that help was near. The king was sending fresh troops headed by a brave girl whom Heaven had chosen to defeat the enemy. The bastard had received the message three days ago, but he had waited for the return of the deputation which had waited on the Duke of Bedford, and he judged this moment of general excitement and exaltation as propitious to spring the great news. Heaven indeed was going to work wonders on their behalf, thought the people of Orleans.

The imagination of the people was set aflame, and the name of Jeanne d'Arc was on everybody's lips. Who was the mysterious maid? Whence had she come? All sorts of rumours spread among the people. She was a daughter of Queen Isabeau and Duke Louis d'Orleans, maintained some, and consequently a sister of the bastard of Orleans. It was natural, thought some, that a daughter of Louis d'Orleans should make an attempt to deliver the apanage of her brother.

Jeanne d'Arc, the daughter of the farmer Jacques d'Arc and his wife Isabeau, who were living on the banks of the Meuse, near Bois-Chesnu, and at a short distance from Vaucouleurs, had been presented to the king, who had consented to avail himself of her services. Informed of the approach of the shepherdess of Domremy, Dunois,

accompanied by La Hire and Renaud de Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims, came to meet her near Blois. Jeanne at once recognized Dunois and thus addressed him:

"Sire Jehan, we have the same patron in Heaven. I have waited for you and now we are not going to separate until we shall have beaten the enemy, driven him out of France, and taken our gentle and noble king to the Sacred Altar at Rheims there to be crowned."

The army, led by Jeanne, the *maréchal de Retz*, the Sire de Lorre and Dunois, arrived before the gates of Orleans, and the memorable fight of two valiant armies began. The maid instilled new courage into the hearts of her compatriots, but the success of the French army was due to a great extent as much to the courage and leadership of the bastard of Orleans, one of the greatest captains of his age, as to the miraculous assistance of the maid. After a long fight, the siege of Orleans was abandoned by the English and the town was relieved.

The bastard of Orleans, accompanied by the maid of Orleans, left the city soon afterwards and went to Loches, there to congratulate King Charles on the great victory. The king received the pair very graciously and expressed his gratitude both to the bastard and to the maid. Charles VII placed at the disposal of Joan of Arc a new army and gave her as companion of arms Dunois and the Duke of Alençon, who had just returned from captivity, having paid a heavy ransom for his liberty.

Joan of Arc had only fulfilled the first part of her promise and she still had to lead the king to Rheims, there to be solemnly crowned. The capital of Champagne could not, however, be reached without new fights and combats against the enemy, as the latter was still master



CHARLES VII, KING OF FRANCE, DUNOIS AND
JOAN OF ARC DELIVER THE CITY OF ORLEANS

of the country which the king would have to cross. Beaugency and Meung were laid siege to and captured. Charles, roused from his life of idleness and gaiety, followed the valiant army, led by a girl and an illegitimate son of his late uncle. They reached Auxerre, which refused to open its gates, alleging that the town belonged to the Duke of Burgundy and not to Henry of Lancaster. The excuse was accepted by the king so as not to offend Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and he took the provisions offered by the inhabitants.

The army then marched towards Troyes and at the advice of Joan of Arc the town was besieged and compelled to capitulate after forty-eight hours. The king entered Troyes, accompanied by Dunois, the dukes of Alençon and Vendôme, and several knights, while the army remained camped outside the walls of the city. On the following morning a deputation came from Châlons and presented the king with the keys in sign of submission. Charles VII left Châlons on the 11th and reached Rheims on the 16th of July. On July the 17th, 1429, Charles VII was solemnly crowned in the Cathedral of Rheims by the Archbishop Renaud de Chartres with great pomp.

Great was the joy of the Maid of Orleans, who had now fulfilled her mission, of the brilliant Court and of the vast crowds. There was only one person in that vast concourse of people, one who was the cynosure of all eyes, the brave, brilliant, handsome and splendid bastard of Orleans, whose countenance expressed a melancholy and sadness out of keeping with the joyous occasion. The brilliantly arrayed ladies of the gallant Court of the Queen, who could not take off their eyes from Dunois, wondered why he looked so sad and almost gloomy.

Marie d'Anjou, the queen for whom the bastard of Orleans had no secrets, was the only person who knew the reason of Dunois' sadness. Grave thoughts were crowding his brain and giving him cause both for regret and fear. On the one hand, he suffered greatly not to see his brothers the princes of Orleans who ought to have played an important rôle in this solemn ceremony. But alas, the Duke of Orleans and his brother were still languishing in captivity since the battle of Agincourt. Dunois could not feel happy in the absence of the sons of Valentine de Milan.

"To set them free and save France, or to die," he had said to the queen.

There was also another thought which preoccupied the bastard of Orleans. He knew that immediately after the coronation of the king, the mysterious maid who had so wonderfully roused the courage of the soldiers and led them to victory would return to her native village and to her rustic occupations, while the enemy had not yet been entirely defeated. The finest provinces and the capital were still in the power of the house of Lancaster.

A ray of hope, however, illumined the sombre thoughts of the bastard. He hoped to be able to persuade the maid, by whose side he had fought and to whom he had rendered many a service, to share for a while with him the dangers of the war and the glory of liberating the country.

Immediately after the sacred ceremony the bastard of Orleans added his supplications to those of the king himself, begging Joan of Arc not to leave them as yet. The Maid of Orleans finally consented.

Dunois had sent his wife to rejoin her father, who was then in disgrace, in the south of France, and he himself

had accompanied her as far as Avignon. Did the bastard regret the absence of his wife? Contemporary chroniclers pretend that Dunois sought and found consolation among the brilliant and beautiful ladies of the Court of Charles VII, and that the queen herself did her best to console the handsome son of sin and to make him forget the absence of his wife.

In the meantime the army which the king and his Court were following at a safe distance was advancing. The bastard of Orleans had only one aim in view, to drive the enemy out of France, to see his sovereign master of the capital, and the princes of Orleans, his half-brothers, return from captivity.

Joan of Arc had yielded to the wishes of Charles and postponed her departure to her native village. She was, however, soon taken prisoner, condemned to death and burned alive at Rouen on June 11, 1431. The bastard of Orleans now continued alone, aided by several valiant captains, to fight for his king and country. He captured the town of Chartres with the assistance of two citizens of the town, Bouffineau and Lesueur, whom Monstrelet in his *Chronicles* calls Little Guillemin and Jean Conseil. On the other hand the French lost Montargis, which the bastard had previously taken. The town was captured by surprise through the treachery of a girl whom Surienne, a general in the English army, had promised to marry. She persuaded a barber of her acquaintance, promising him her hand in marriage and a reward of 6000 livres, to help her.

It was at this time that the bastard of Orleans lost his wife, the daughter of Louvet, whose death was a great blow to him. He had no time, however, to waste in thinking of his private affairs. France and her king

required his services. The towns of Pontoise, Beaumont and Melun were taken, but the generals of the Duke of Bedford recaptured Saint Denis. The bastard hastened to the place of action and was seriously wounded on the battlefield, but the enemy was forced to retire towards Paris. Montereau was besieged and taken by the king himself, whom the bastard had encouraged to distinguish himself by some deed of valour before entering his capital. Paris was at last captured, and Charles VII held his triumphal entry into his capital which he had not seen for twenty years.

A brilliant suite surrounded and followed the king, among whom the most prominent persons were the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI, Charles of Anjou, brother of the queen, the counts de la Marche, de Vendôme, and last, but not least, the bastard of Orleans, who had become the idol of the army. The acclamations which greeted Dunois were as enthusiastic as those intended for Charles VII and his queen. "Vive le Roi," "vive Charles," "vive Marie" and "vive Dunois," shouted the people of Paris. While the queen, who has often been accused of having entertained for the bastard of Orleans more than a feeling of warm friendship, was happy to see him by her side, the king was anxious to let his mistress, the beautiful Agnes Sorel, take part in his triumph. The favourite was at the sovereign's side. Suddenly the shouts of "Long live the King" ceased. The people of Paris were giving their king a severe lesson.

From one of the crowded balconies a young, brilliant and beautiful lady was looking down upon the gorgeous pageant and her gaze rested on the handsome bastard of Orleans. She was Marie d'Harcourt, sister of d'Harcourt, the bastard's great friend, who was soon

to become the second wife of the popular hero. Just as at the solemn ceremony at Rheims, whither the Maid of Orleans had brought the king to be crowned, Dunois was the only sombre person at the Court. The countenance of this hero upon whom the people had already bestowed the title of "libérateur de la patrie" did not show any happiness, yet he had cause to be happy and content. He had saved his country and restored his sovereign to his throne, and once more the attractive vision of love was rising on his horizon. Neither his achievements, however, nor his hopes and fair prospects seemed to have the power of tinting with orient hues the sombre sky of his melancholy.

Well did the brilliant and beautiful ladies of the splendid Court of Charles VII wonder at the melancholy which veiled the handsome countenance of the gallant warrior. Dunois was sad simply because once more as at Rheims he missed his half-brothers, the princes of Orleans, who were languishing in captivity. Soon, however, Dunois' ardent wish was fulfilled and he had the immense joy of embracing his brother.

For a long time, in accordance with the dying wish of Henry V of England, the Earl of Bedford had refused to accept any ransom for the liberation of the Duke of Orleans, made a prisoner at the battle of Agincourt. Dunois did his utmost and used all his influence to bring about the liberation of his half-brother. Thanks to the fact that the Earl of Bedford was in need of funds and also through the personal mediation of Elizabeth of Portugal, wife of the Duke of Burgundy and a relation of the King of England, the Duke of Orleans returned home from his long captivity. In token of his gratitude to his half-brother for his constant efforts to obtain his

liberation, the Duke had given to the bastard the county of Dunois in exchange for the comparatively insignificant domain of Vertus.

A heavy ransom had to be paid for the liberation of the Duke of Orleans, and in order to find the required sum the duke had been compelled to sell his estate of Beaugency unto Jean d'Harcourt, Archbishop of Narbonne. The estate, however, soon returned to the family, for the bastard of Orleans married the beautiful Marie d'Harcourt, a sister of Tancarville d'Harcourt, his companion in arms, and a niece of the Archbishop of Narbonne. The uncle had bought the estate to give it as her marriage portion to his niece.

The marriage contract was signed on the 16th of November 1439, at the castle of Montreuil-Bellay, and Dunois is styled in the document as Jehan, bâtard d'Orleans. His second marriage was even happier than his first had been, for it seems that this hero, unlike his father, was attached to his domestic hearth. Marie d'Harcourt soon gave him a son who subsequently became the head of the Orleans branch known by the name of Longueville.

In the meantime the country had not yet been freed from the foreign sway, and while, as the bastard of Orleans felt, there was still a great deal to be done, a Court intrigue threatened to bring the country once more to the verge of civil war. It is known in history by the name of Praguerie. It was a revolt of the nobles headed by the dauphin, afterwards King Louis XI.

Both Dunois and the former favourite of Charles VII, La Tremouille, hated the Constable of Richemont, and this common hatred constituted a link between La Tremouille and the bastard of Orleans.

Dunois was persuaded to join the Praguerie to which all the enemies of the Constable were drawn. The bastard, however, firmly declared that he had no intention whatever to take up arms against the king but simply to compel his unworthy ministers not to take advantage of his confidence and to respect the independence of the Council. His hatred of the Constable made the bastard of Orleans forget his duty and the fact that by joining the rebels he would perhaps overthrow a throne for the restoration of which he had done so much for twenty years. The dauphin had joined the rebels, but Charles VII displayed on this occasion an energy and an activity which one would hardly have expected from a king of such an indolent nature. Indignation, however, had roused the son of Elizabeth of Bavaria from his usual nonchalance.

The news that Dunois had joined the rebels astonished the king more even than the conduct of his son, the dauphin. The bastard of Orleans had always proved such a splendid hero and trusted captain. Charles VII little guessed that it was his hatred of the Constable rather than his real sympathy with the rebels that had induced his gallant captain to join the Praguerie.

Dunois had compromised himself in joining the rebels, but to him also belongs the merit of having been the first to abandon the cause. He had too much honour to remain for long the associate and companion of rebels and was too wise not to recognize his error. He trembled at the thought that he to whom the honour of his country was so dear could for a moment have become party to a scheme which would bring France once more to the verge of civil war. Already the English, at the news of the trouble that was threatening their enemy, had broken

off negotiations, and the long war was about to begin again.

Dunois abandoned his associates, hastened to Poitiers, threw himself at his sovereign's feet and begged his pardon. Charles VII had not forgotten the services the bastard of Orleans had rendered him in the past, and perhaps he was also shrewd enough to guess what services he could still render him in the future. He therefore forgave the bastard his temporary aberration and deviation from the path of duty.

Deprived of one of its principal supporters, the revolt was doomed to failure. The dukes of Alençon and of Bourbon and the dauphin implored the king's clemency, and Charles VII was ready to forgive them all except La Tremouille, his former favourite.

The dauphin had hoped for a general amnesty, and when he heard of his father's decision, he exclaimed: "Under these circumstances I refuse the royal pardon for myself. I will not abandon my faithful servants." The Duke de Bourbon, however, persuaded the dauphin to accompany him to Poitiers. The former met with a very cold reception, and the dauphin, noticing the attitude of the king and his Court, was greatly annoyed and declared his intention to withdraw and leave the Court once more.

"My son," said Charles coldly, "you can go if such is your desire, the gates of the town are open, and should they be too small to permit your passage, I will give instructions to pull down part of the city walls."

The bastard of Orleans acted as mediator and not only succeeded in reconciling father and son, but also used his influence to prevent the dukes of Orleans, Bourbon and Alençon from unfurling the banner of a civil war. Charles

appreciated the services of the bastard of Orleans. He bade him inform his brother that he was entirely forgiven and that he would even grant the duke a levy of 160,000 livres so as to enable him to pay off the debts he had had to incur for his ransom. Charles also granted the Duke of Orleans an annual pension of 10,000 livres.

As for the bastard of Orleans himself, the king treated him with great distinction, and the same honours were shown unto him as to the princes of the blood and to the Constable. The bastard of Orleans, who was rarely jealous or envious of the success of his companions in arms or the valiant captains who had contributed to the success which restored the sovereign to his throne, made at least one enemy, the Constable, Count of Richemont.

It was at that time that Queen Isabeau died in Paris at the Hôtel St. Pol (September 30, 1435). Brilliant had been the beginning of the Bavarian siren and triumphal her entry into Paris. Her earlier life was one of splendour and luxury, but her later years were full of shame and sorrow. She died in obscurity and was buried without honour. Isabeau had introduced foreign sway into her adopted country, and all parties had availed themselves of the ambitious and passionate woman to gain their own aims. In the end, however, she was held in contempt by all, even by those who had once sought her support. Her plots to repress the victorious arms of her son had failed, and she became an object of detestation and complete contempt.

"When Isabeau entered Paris as Queen of France," writes Froissart, "there were such crowds of people in Paris it was marvellous to see them. At the gate of St. Denis that opens into Paris there was a representation of a starry firmament, and within it were children dressed

as angels, whose singing and chanting were melodiously sweet." No such extravagance was noticed at the funeral of Isabeau of Bavaria. Her grudging partizans the English thought that four tapers and four mourners were quite sufficient for the burial of a queen who during her life had been accustomed to gorgeous displays, to luxury and magnificence.

The English were now driven out from Pontoise, and Poitou, Angoumois, Limousin, Languedoc and Gascogne were reconquered for France. Dunois then carried the war into Normandy. Dieppe had been besieged by the enemy, but the bastard saved the town. In the meantime the Duke of Burgundy, convinced that the French victories made a peace treaty with England possible, succeeded in obtaining the consent of the King of England to a truce, which was concluded at Tours. A treaty was signed on May 1, 1444 and was renewed and extended to 1449.

As for the bastard of Orleans, who was generally considered as the liberator of France, he returned to his domains and for some time led a domestic life by the side of his wife and son. The houses of Orleans and Burgundy were now at peace, as on his return from captivity the Duke of Orleans had married the Princess of Cleves, a niece of the Duke of Burgundy.

CHAPTER IX

THE BASTARD OF ORLEANS—concluded

THE RESTORER OF LIBERTY, OR THE CONQUEST OF NORMANDY

The English in France—The difficulty to raise an army—The King of France summons a council—Reforms—A permanent army—A golden age—England distracted by wars—Normandy abandoned—The bastard's aim—The royal coffers are empty—Jacques Coeur, the great argentier—Jacques Coeur and Raymond Lulli—The art of making gold—The prosperous merchant—The commerce of France—Horses shod with silver—Jacques Coeur and the king—A friend in need—The king's wooden comb—Jacques Coeur supplies the sinews of war—Dissensions in England—The bastard's opportunity—The Duke of Somerset and Talbot—The capture of Rouen—The triumphal entry—The capture of Harfleur and Caen—The king at the abbey of Jumièges—The castles of the king's mistress—The visit of la belle Sorel—The death of the favourite—The king and his astrologer—The clever favourite—The conquest of Normandy—Guienne and Poitou—Dunois at Tours—The capture of Bordeaux—The restorer of France—A treaty with Switzerland—Dunois sent to Geneva—The dauphin's opposition—Jacques Coeur accused of having poisoned Agnes Sorel—The Duke of Alençon accused of treason—Last years of Dunois, the bastard of Orleans.

THE English had still retained a footing in the dominions of Charles, and one of the bastard's cherished projects was to drive the enemy out of the country. It was not so easy, however, in those days to raise an army. When the king requested aid he had to apply to his nobles and his vassals, who got together troops. The latter followed their leaders to conquest because it secured them pillage and power. Once the war over, the troops were dismissed and the

captains had no longer either responsibility or control over them. The soldiers, in their turn, refused to return to peaceful pursuits but formed themselves into bands of adventurers and overran the country.

Now as a truce existed till 1446 between the French and the English, Charles VII and his trusted advisers considered this interval a propitious moment to attempt a reformation and to create an army on which the king and country could depend in a moment of need. Charles VII, in spite of opposition which he encountered from interested persons, made the effort and summoned to his councils the dauphin Louis, the King of Sicily, the Count of Richemont, Constable of France, and last but not least Dunois, the bastard of Orleans. The plan of reform proved popular, and the advantages soon became evident.

In 1445 the great body of the troops was dismissed, but Charles VII retained for the maintenance of his power a permanent army of 9000 cavalry and 6000 infantry. This innovation was a blow to the power of the feudal barons and lords, but soon proved to be full of salutary advantages as far as the country was concerned.

No longer exposed to the constant dangers of rapine and plunder, no longer afraid of the marauders who had been in the habit of desolating the kingdom, the labourers returned to their peaceful pursuits. Towns and villages revived, and commerce began to flourish. The country and people breathed more freely, and the rays of a golden age began to tint with orient hues the sombre sky of anarchy, civil war and lawless ravages.

At that time England was in a worse state as compared to France. The country was distracted by the wars of

the two Roses, and in the storm and stress of domestic dissensions the national interests in the conquered provinces were quite forgotten.

Normandy, the apanage of the English crown, was almost abandoned to its fate, and no money was sent either to pay the troops or to repair fortifications. It was only natural that Charles VII should seize the opportunity of reconquering Normandy. The glory and success of the English had given way before his arms and the enemy had been beaten by his valiant captains. On the other hand, the people, who had borne the foreign yoke, could not forget the execution of Joan of Arc, whom Charles had made no effort to save. Dunois knew that he was sure of the support of the country if he made an attempt to reconquer Normandy. Indeed, the sons of the soil looked up to the bastard of Orleans to revenge the death of his companion in arms, the Maid of Orleans. Dunois, then forty-six years of age, was not only a captain adored by his soldiers who were proud to fight under his banner, but also popular among the people. He was grand chamberlain of France and his courage equalled that of the Paladins of old.

The valiant captain always hated inactivity and was looking out for an opportunity which would enable him to act. In spite of the error he had made in joining the Praguerie, his loyalty to the king remained as strong as ever. He was convinced that the moment was propitious and that the time had arrived to drive the invading English out of Normandy. He consulted his intimate friend Jacques Coeur, the wealthiest man in France, who confirmed his opinion. The argentier was always ready to advance the king vast sums, although he saw with

pain how Charles expended a great deal of that money in luxury.

Charles VII himself also cherished the project of reconquering Normandy, but, alas, he had wasted his treasures in festivities and riotous living. The royal coffers were empty and he had no money which would enable him to carry out the plan of reconquering Normandy. The conquest of the province had become impossible because the king had forgotten the interests of crown and country in the arms of his mistresses and in the company of his boon companions.

It will not be uninteresting here to give a brief description of Jacques Coeur, the famous argentier of Charles VII, thanks to whose generosity the bastard of Orleans was able to reconquer Normandy for his sovereign.

The exact date of birth of Jacques Coeur is not known. He is supposed to have been born at Bourges in Berry, about the end of the 14th or the beginning of the 15th century. It is asserted that his father Pierre was a goldsmith of Bourges or, according to others, a merchant. At the beginning of his career Jacques is supposed to have been a mercer in a small way, but being very poor, he was unable to carry on his business.

According to legend Jacques Coeur met Raymond Lulli, although the latter was already dead a century before the event,¹ who instructed him in the art of making gold. Jacques taught his father this precious art and thus the two made their fortunes. They concealed, however, the fact and pretended that they had prospered in commerce.

The origin of the legend may be sought in the fact

¹ Raymond Lulli was born in 1235 and died in 1314.

that Pierre Coeur, or Cuer, had been intimate with Nicolas Flamel, his contemporary,¹ who was also a great master of the art of gold-making. Whatever the truth about the source of Jacques Coeur's wealth, he was a merchant of great importance and in possession of a considerable fortune by the time he reached manhood. He married Macée de Léodepart, the daughter of the Provost of Bourges.

Jacques Coeur plays an important rôle in the history of France. The commerce of France during the Hundred Years' War was very much behind that of other nations, and it was Jacques Coeur's great object to elevate the commercial prosperity of his country. He travelled to Italy and the East and succeeded in establishing relations with the Italian and Eastern merchants.

Thanks to his energy and to a certain extent to his genius, Jacques Coeur brought about a complete change. France was able to compete with Venice and Genoa, with Pisa and Florence, who had hitherto had a monopoly of the Mediterranean commerce. He established the trade of Marseilles, directing his expeditions from Montpellier. He was able to equip ten or twelve vessels which carried on a continuous trade with Egypt. Not only did Jacques Coeur's wealth and power rapidly increase, but thanks to his endeavours, prosperity was pouring into the ports of France. His wealth was enormous and it gave rise to a proverb retained by the citizens of Bourges, who were wont to say: "As rich as Jacques Coeur." His horses were supposed to have been shod with silver.

This great argentier rendered great services to King

¹ Nicholas Flamel, the alchemist, was born at the end of the 13th or the beginning of the 14th century at Pontoise and died in 1415, and is supposed to have lived 116 years.

Charles VII in the days of his distress and he may be said to have saved the realm for the house of Valois. For many years friendship and affection existed between the persecuted king, particularly when he was residing at Bourges, the capital of his greatly reduced kingdom, and Jacques Coeur, then master of the Mint.

“The King of Bourges,” as Charles VII was contemptuously called by his enemies, was more than once in great distress and even lacked necessities, whilst his opponents and the Duke of Burgundy were living in plenty and luxury. The Duke of Burgundy’s ordinary cap, the chroniclers relate, was covered with gems of great value, while the “King of Bourges” was so destitute that he was obliged to comb his hair with a wooden comb.

When Charles married the beautiful Marie d’Anjou he was very poor indeed. Coarse and poor meals were served to the royal pair in their private apartments. The king often strove to conceal from others the state of his poverty, but not from Jacques Coeur, who was a disinterested friend of his sovereign in distress. The wealthy merchant supplied his king not only with money for his expenses but also with provisions for his table. It is reported that one day Jacques Coeur sent the king two fowls and a loin of mutton for dinner. But Jacques did more.

Whilst his valiant captains and in particular Dunois, the bastard of Orleans, were fighting for Charles VII and reconquering the realm for him, Jacques Coeur was supplying the sinews of war. His coffers were placed at the disposal of the disinherited king. The Maid of Orleans and her companion in arms, the bastard of Orleans, had changed the fortunes of the king, paving

the way to his restoration, but their efforts would, no doubt, have proved futile, had not Jacques Coeur proved such a friend of Charles "le bien servi." The king had virtues, but also a great many faults. Gratitude was not one of his principal traits of character. He allowed Joan of Arc to die when he could have rescued her, and later on he abandoned his disinterested friend Jacques Coeur when the argentier was accused and condemned.

Once more Jacques Coeur, the grand argentier, came to the rescue of his sovereign.

"Sire," said Jacques Coeur, "whatever I have is yours, for it is to you and to your royal protection that I am indebted for my great possessions, my profit and wealth."

Charles VII was touched.

"Lend me a sum of money," he said, "which will enable me to drive the foreigner out of the country and to reconquer Normandy."

Jacques Coeur consented, and lent the king two hundred thousand crowns.

When Dunois heard the news he was delighted, for there was no obstacle now to his cherished plan.

The English had in the meantime infringed the truce, and the French at once seized the pretext to reopen the war. The English, tired both of the truce and of the indifference of their government to their requests for assistance, had surprised and taken the town of Fougères, and committed invasions in the neighbourhood of Orleans and Chartres, of Beauvais, Amiens and Paris.

The dissensions which were in the meantime tearing England to pieces prevented the government from sending assistance to Normandy, and many French towns, seeing the success attending the arms of Charles VII, were ready to return to their allegiance.

Dunois did not lose a moment to carry out his plan. Nominated commander of a chosen army, the bastard of Orleans immediately set forth on his expedition. The towns situated on the banks of the Seine and the Eure at once yielded to him, and before the English had realized the danger threatening them, the bastard was at the gates of Rouen.

Rouen, commanded by the Duke of Somerset and the celebrated Talbot, at first endeavoured to resist, but Dunois had already treated with the inhabitants and the latter joined the troops of Charles VII. The Duke of Somerset was forced to capitulate, and the King of France could take possession of Rouen and he triumphantly entered the city on November 10, 1449. Charles was accompanied by the King of Sicily and the counts of St. Pol and Nevers, of Maine and Clermont, and behind him followed the Archbishop of Rouen, and the bastard of Orleans, the lieutenant-general. The latter wore a dress of crimson velvet and rode a charger covered with velvet of the same colour. On his head he wore a hat of black velvet, and his sword was adorned with gold and precious stones, one ruby on the handle supposed to have been worth twenty thousand crowns. By the side of Dunois rode his friend Jacques Coeur, the caparisons of whose horse were similar to those of the bastard of Orleans.

It was a great day of triumph when Charles entered the capital of Normandy. On this occasion the bastard of Orleans thus addressed his sovereign:

"Sire, here are the citizens of Rouen who beg you humbly to forgive them for not having returned to their allegiance before this time. They were prevented from doing so by your enemies the English. The citizens of

Rouen also beg you to remember that they have suffered great misery and many tribulations, before they gave in and surrendered to the enemy." Charles VII graciously forgave the citizens of Rouen.

As on previous occasions, the bastard of Orleans was not yet content. It is true Rouen, the capital of Normandy, had been retaken, and Charles had held his triumphal entry into the city. But the bastard's ambition was that not one town, not one village should remain under the sway of the English, and he was determined to carry out his patriotic plan. Soon Verneuil, Lisieux, Mantes and Vernon were captured.

Pursuing his success, Charles VII now determined to attack Harfleur, which was still in the hands of the English, and on the fourth of December the city was besieged. It was here that the king exhibited his personal courage. Like a private soldier he fought in the trenches and exposed himself to all the dangers of the attack. The English were forced to surrender, and Harfleur was taken. Charles then went on to Caen. A violent struggle took place for the city, and the English were ultimately defeated. Cherbourg was then vigorously attacked and taken, the English thus losing the last place they had called their own in France.

During the siege of Harfleur the king had established himself at Montivilliers, and after the capture of Harfleur he betook himself to the abbey of Jumièges, where Agnes Sorel was to rejoin him.

It will be remembered that when Charles held his triumphal entry in Paris, the citizens were both surprised and annoyed when they beheld la belle Agnes riding by the side of their sovereign. They expressed their discontent with such a breach of convention. The lesson

which the good citizens of Paris had given Charles on that day had not been lost on him. When he left for Normandy he no longer dared to let the favourite accompany him to Rouen, but bade her remain in her castle de Beauté. The mistress of Charles VII had two castles and many other possessions.

Ever since the insult she had suffered at the hands of the citizens of Paris the lady avoided to show herself in public by the side of her royal lover. She now hoped that the rigours of winter and the inclemency of the weather would compel the king to sojourn for some time at the rich Benedictine abbey of Jumièges and she begged him to allow her to rejoin him there. Charles had granted the favourite's request. His heart was not susceptible of a strong passion for a long time, and he was now in the habit of paying Agnes only one visit a week. Every Thursday he went to see her at the château de la Beauté in the parc of Vincennes. Gradually his visits became even more rare and far between, the war necessitating his absence from Paris. Agnes now hoped to regain her power over her royal lover at Jumièges, and Charles's reply filled her with joy.

The interview, however, so impatiently awaited never took place, and Charles VII and his favourite, la belle Agnes, were never to meet again. On February 9, 1450, Agnes was seized with a rapid illness and died at the age of forty-nine. Jacques Coeur was subsequently accused of having poisoned the lady de Beauté. According to some sources Agnes really came to the abbey de Jumièges where she rejoined her royal lover.

Certain historians, some of whom are always inclined to whitewash the characters of royal mistresses, in this case, too, ascribe unselfish and disinterested motives to



AGNES SOREL, MISTRESS OF CHARLES VII

Agnes's sudden appearance at Jumièges. She was anxious to warn her sovereign that a conspiracy was on foot against him which she had discovered.

Agnes, in spite of her love of luxury and fondness of extravagance, was a woman of sense and a patriot, and it is quite possible that she hurried to Jumièges both in order to warn her king that a conspiracy was being plotted against him and also to congratulate him on his success. Nearly all historians are of opinion that la belle Agnes was a tender and affectionate rather than interested and selfish mistress and that she was greatly attached to the king even in his days of adversity. She is even supposed to have used all her influence to rouse her royal lover from the lethargy into which he had fallen.

One day, in the favourite's presence, Charles was consulting the Court astrologer, a personage who in those days of ignorance and barbarity exercised a considerable influence at the courts of kings and potentates and was entertained as a necessary appendage. Agnes, in her turn, was anxious to know her fate, and the astrologer, whose cunning superseded his knowledge, told her that she was destined to be for a long time the adored object of the greatest monarch of the age. The clever favourite availed herself of this opportunity to give the king a lesson and to convey to him her opinion of his indolence and supineness.

"Sire," said la belle Sorel gravely, "I crave your permission to proceed to the Court of King Henry of England so as to be able to fulfil my destiny, for King Henry, who is about to annex your crown to his own, is certainly the greatest monarch of the age."

The words of the favourite produced the desired effect. The king, ashamed of the sarcasm, henceforth threw off

his indolence and sloth, and manifesting his valour, proved worthy of his exalted position and of the character which Agnes sought in him.

While Dunois and the other generals of Charles VII were pressing the English and driving them out of the country, the King of England drained his country of money and men. Still anxious to retain his foothold in France, he sent a fresh army commanded by Kiriell, which seized Valogne.

Normandy had at last been conquered by the bastard of Orleans, and the former "roi de Bourges" was proud and happy.

Dunois, however, was already making plans for further conquests. Guienne and Poitou were still in the hands of the foreigner and the English sway extended from Bordeaux to Bayonne. Guienne and Poitou had passed into English possession in the beginning of the 12th century, when Eleanor of Guienne, the divorced wife of Louis the Young, had married the King of England.

Edward III and his son the Prince of Wales had for a long time resided at Bordeaux, and English laws and customs had been introduced into the province. It was English in every respect, but the bastard of Orleans nevertheless decided to regain the province for his sovereign. Dunois was at that time with his family at Tours, whither he had come to take possession of the house which the king, as a token of his gratitude, had given him as a present. Here he passed in review his army and carried off a victory by the capture of Mont-Guyon and Blaye. Libourne, Bourg and Fronsac were taken, and the bastard became master of the rivers, thus paralysing the navigation and commerce of Bordeaux. The city itself was threatened with a siege, and the

magistrates and principal citizens of the town sent a deputation to the bastard, who was at that time before the walls of Fronsac.

“We promise,” said the envoys of Bordeaux, “that if within a fixed and determined time no English army comes to our aid ready to give battle, we shall surrender Bordeaux and all the dependent territories.”

On June 30, 1451, Dunois was before the gates of Bordeaux and summoned the inhabitants to bring the keys of the city and to hand them over to him for the king. The keys were immediately handed over, and the magistrates promised to observe the treaty concluded with the bastard. The latter then proceeded to Bayonne and prepared to seize it, but the city capitulated. In three months the bastard had driven the English out of Guienne, which had remained in their possession for three centuries. Pope Nicholas V now sent legates both to the King of France and to the King of England, urging them to make peace, but the latter proudly refused.

In the meantime a new English army landed in France and entered Bordeaux. The city was, however, recaptured by the bastard of Orleans. Dunois was proclaimed by his grateful monarch the “restorer of France and of freedom.”

But as usual the ardent and active bastard of Orleans felt that his work was not yet finished, since Calais was still in the possession of the English. France, however, was now enjoying a period of peace and prosperity, and Dunois proved not only a gallant captain but also a man of good counsel. He advised his sovereign to avail himself of the advantages his conquests had given him and of the consideration he had thus gained abroad to

conclude useful and honourable alliances with several European powers.

Charles listened to the bastard's advice and concluded a treaty with Switzerland according to which he granted the Swiss freedom of passage and commerce in France, while the Swiss promised not to allow any enemy of France to cross their territory. This treaty was signed in 1452 and may be considered as the first ever signed between the two countries, since the treaty of 1444 had only been agreed to by the dauphin.

Acting upon the advice of the bastard of Orleans, Charles VII also renewed the treaty he had concluded with the King of Castile. He also sent Dunois and the Constable de Richemont to the Duke of Savoy at Geneva. The latter received the two distinguished envoys with all the honours due to their rank and detained them for a month at his Court, at the end of which they accompanied the Prince of Savoy and the Prince and Princess of Piedmont on their journey to France as far as Lyons.

The King of France received the guests at Savigny, where the two Courts passed the winter. The bastard of Orleans, having accomplished his mission, took leave of his sovereign and of Queen Marie d'Anjou, who vainly endeavoured to persuade the conqueror of Normandy to remain with the Court. Dunois was in a hurry to return to his wife and his son François, to whose education he wanted to devote his time. The bastard's hope, however, to pass his days in peace and in the bosom of his family was once more frustrated. France was at peace with her neighbours, but trouble had broken out within the realm and a new civil war threatened her country.

The dauphin Louis, who had retired to Dauphiny after the Praguerie, still refused to return to Court. He

was ruling Dauphiny as sovereign prince and his Court was the rendezvous of all malcontents. The king, informed of the plots which were being hatched by his unruly son and his advisers, summoned the prince to appear before him. The dauphin refused, but too weak to oppose force, took refuge within the domains of the Duke of Burgundy. The latter received the dauphin most graciously and with all the honours due to his rank. He even suggested to him to reside at Brussels or in any other town in his dominions and granted him an annual pension of three thousand florins.

But in vain did the dauphin urge the Duke of Burgundy to place at his disposal an army which would enable him to force his royal father to dismiss from his Court all those whom the dauphin intensely disliked and whose influence was hateful to him. One of the objects of the dauphin's hatred had been the fair Agnes, his father's favourite, of whose influence he had always been very jealous. He had been the bitter enemy of the dame de Beauté, although he showed in after life, when he became Louis XI, that there were points in the character of Agnes which he was bound to admire. During her life, however, he was a bitter enemy of Agnes. He was disgusted with her assumption and is said to have been carried away with his passion one day so as to strike the beautiful favourite. Another object of his hatred was Jacques Coeur, the faithful servant and argentier of Charles VII, and the intimate friend of the bastard of Orleans, and yet one of the charges raised against the argentier was that he had supplied the dauphin with money and even helped him in his conspiracy against his father.

We have already had occasion to refer to the services which Jacques Coeur had rendered Charles VII, not

only in his days of prosperity but also in his days of adversity when he was poor and destitute, abandoned and hunted. Yet Charles forgot the services of his devoted friend and allowed an accusation to be brought against the powerful argentier and merchant prince to whom the country owed so much.

While Jacques Coeur was away on a mission at Lausanne, his enemies, and it would have been surprising that he should have had none, succeeded in undermining the king's regard for and his confidence in him. The party who had determined to destroy Jacques Coeur found a willing instrument in the person of Jeanne de Vendome, who had married François de Montberon, lord of Montagne-sur-Gironde. The lady formally stated that Agnes Sorel, who, it may be noticed *en passant*, had appointed Jacques Coeur as one of the executors of her will, had died an unnatural death. She had died in consequence of poison administered to her by the hand of Jacques Coeur.

The argentier was at that moment at the castle of Taillebourg in the company of the king, when the thunderbolt fell. On July 31, 1451, the friend of France and of Charles VII was suddenly arrested and cast into prison. All his possessions were seized and given into the hands of the king. The nobles who were also his judges were all his debtors, for he had lent money to them, and they were glad of an opportunity to be free of their obligations in this manner. The commission appointed to decide on Jacques Coeur's crimes was headed by Antoine de Chabannes and Guillaume Gouffier, who were both the argentier's avowed enemies and greedy of his wealth.

The scandalous process of the argentier surprised the country and roused general indignation, for the people could not forget the services the merchant of Bourges

had rendered their king and country. He had restored the king to his throne, he had created the maritime commerce and the prosperity of France, he had piled up heaps of gold at the feet of his sovereign, thus enabling him to ascend a throne of which he had been deprived. His son, Jean Coeur, was Archbishop of Bourges, and the Pope himself interceded on behalf of the accused. Too many, however, were interested in the downfall of Jacques, to whom they owed money. He was condemned to pay 400,000 crowns to the king and to subsequent banishment, but to remain in prison until he had paid off his debt. This practically meant that he was to remain a prisoner for life.

The fine was subsequently reduced to a sum which Jacques Coeur could pay, and he was liberated. He left France with a large sum of money and retired to Cyprus, where he died in 1460.

One of the few who did their utmost to save Jacques Coeur was the bastard of Orleans. He was a friend of the accused and would not abandon him in his days of misfortune. He also wished to save the king from the accusation of injustice and black ingratitude with which posterity was bound to charge his memory. Dunois' efforts were of no avail and he had the sorrow to see his friend, whose shower of gold had made it possible for him to accomplish the conquest of Normandy, judged and condemned for crimes he had never committed.

The bastard was also greatly afflicted on account of the new rebellion of the dauphin Louis, who was supported by the Duke of Alençon. The latter was accused of treason, his letters written to Henry VI of England being seized and delivered to the King of France. The bastard of Orleans, much to his disgust, was ordered by the king

to arrest the rebel prince. The latter was judged and condemned to death, but the king spared his life and had him imprisoned—for life. The duke regained his liberty under King Louis XI.

Charles VII, who had reason enough to be grateful to the bastard of Orleans, issued a decree according to which Dunois was declared legitimate, and he and his issue as princes of the blood had henceforth a right to occupy the throne of France. Charles VII, *le bien servi*, died in 1461 and Louis XI ascended the throne.

The new king took umbrage at the bastard's popularity and deprived him of his titles of lieutenant-general, of Governor of Normandy and of his other dignities. When Dunois was anxious to go to Italy there to defend the interests of the Viscontis against Sforza, Louis XI refused to grant his permission.

Disgusted with the treatment he met at the hands of the new king, Dunois took refuge in the domains of the Duke of Brittany and joined the League of Public Welfare. As usual, however, the bastard was too loyal to his king to take an actual part in the revolt against his sovereign. Although he joined the rebel princes and nobles, his own rôle was limited to that of negotiator, and he was instrumental in bringing about the treaties of Conflans and of St. Maur. He was restored to favour, received back his titles and was even placed at the head of the council nominated to regulate the police and other important affairs of the realm. He died on November 24, 1468, and was interred in the church of Notre Dame de Cléry, Louis XI being present at the funeral.



DUNOIS, THE BASTARD OF ORLEANS

CHAPTER X

PIZARRO, OR THE STORY OF AN OBSCURE SWINE-HERD

The peasant girl and the Spanish officer—The son of sin—The poor swine-herd—Abandoned by his parents—Serves in Italy—Soldiers of fortune—Almagro—Hernandez Lucque—Tales of the New World—Return to Spain—At the Court of Castile—Imprisoned for debt—Charles V and Pizarro—The capitulation—Visit to his native place—The four brothers of the son of sin—The death of Atahualpa—The name of God on the nail—The Inca's contempt—The soldier-like bearing of Pizarro—His power of endurance—Could neither write nor read—Inflexible spirit—Avarice and ambition—The civilization of the Incas—The assassination of Almagro—Conspiracy and revenge—Rada, the leader of the conspirators—Down with the tyrant—Burial of Pizarro—The Indian princess—The title of marquis revived.

ONE of the greatest adventurers, the conqueror of Peru, was Francisco Pizarro, born at Truxillo in Estramadura, probably in 1471, assassinated at Cuzco on June 26, 1541. He was not only of low origin but the fruit of an illicit union between a peasant girl of the name of Francisca Gonzales and a Spanish officer, Gonzalo Pizarro. He was born in the neighbourhood of Truxillo, and as the father would neither support nor recognize his offspring, the bastard was thrown entirely upon the resources of his mother. The latter, being in poor circumstances, was unable to give him any education. She employed her son as a swine-herd and left him totally illiterate.

At that time the spirit of adventure was pervading Spain and many seekers of fortune and adventurers were

setting out for the newly discovered continent of America. Francisco Pizarro, the inglorious bastard, was one of them. One day one of his swines having gone astray, he was afraid to return home and became a soldier.

According to some historians the future conqueror of Peru was deserted by both his parents, who seemed to hold the boy responsible for their transgression. Left as a foundling at the door of one of the principal churches, the infant would have perished had he not been nursed by a sow. This story reminds us of the legend woven around Romulus. "The early history of men," writes Prescott, "who have made their names famous by deeds in after-life, like the early history of nations, affords a fruitful field for invention."

What seems, however, to be certain is that the illegitimate child received little care from either of his parents. He grew up as nature dictated. As he grew older the adventurous and stirring spirit of Pizarro could not accommodate itself to the inglorious and torpid life of a Spanish swine-herd. The captivating tales of the New World widely circulated appealed to the fancy of young Pizarro, and with many others he shared the enthusiasm about the newly discovered continent.

Pizarro embarked for the New World, took part in an expedition from Hispaniola to Uraba in 1510 and served with distinction both at Hispaniola and at Cuba. He thereupon accompanied Alonzo de Oieda in the expedition of the Gulf of Darien and in the absence of de Oieda administered in 1515 the colony of Uraba.

When Vasco Nunez de Bilboa set out on his discovery of the Pacific, Pizarro accompanied him. Later on he helped Pedrarias d'Avila to conquer Nombre de Dios and Panama. Pedrarias having decapitated Bilboa,

Pizarro became his favourite, received a repartimento and settled as a cattle farmer.

At Panama Pizarro met a man who, like himself, was warlike, utterly ignorant, but anxious to improve his fortune. His name was Diego Almagro. Like Pizarro, Almagro, the son of a labouring man and impatient of a labourer's life, had come to the New World to seek his fortune.

Compelled to flee from justice, in consequence of a quarrel, he had wandered hither and thither and finally came to the Indies, where he was one of the soldiers employed under Pedrarias d'Avila.

Pizarro and Almagro afterwards took into partnership another person quite different from themselves, a certain Fernando de Luque, who was a schoolmaster. The partnership soon became a prosperous concern, but none of the partners was contented with a quiet career and with cattle-farming, although they had realized about 18,000 pesos of gold.

They decided, therefore, to search after new and gold-producing territories, and made an agreement according to which the division of profits should be equal.

It was arranged that Fernando de Luque should remain in Panama and look after the property of the associates, while Pizarro was to undertake the journey of discovery and conquest on the west coast of South America. As for Almagro, he was to go and come, bringing supplies of men and arms to Pizarro.

An agreement in due form was made, but as neither the former swine-herd nor the son of the labourer could write, other persons had to sign for both the partners. The enterprise was laughed at at the time, but later on the triumvirate was compared to that of Octavius, Antonius

and Lepidus. The preparations for the outfit began in 1524, and Pizarro was then fifty-four years of age.

Towards the middle of November Pizarro, accompanied by eighty men, set out in a vessel with two canoes. He had also four horses. Almagro was to follow in another vessel with more men and provisions. Touching at the island of Taboga and taking in wood and water at the Pearl Islands, Pizarro arrived at the Puerto de Piñas. He then proceeded down the coast until he and his men reached a port which they called Puerto de la Hambre, or the Port of Hunger, for nothing but wood and water was to be got there.

They proceeded on their voyage and sailed for ten days. Provisions grew less and water soon began to fail the adventurers. The crew talked of returning to Panama, but Pizarro knew how to console and encourage his men.

At last, however, they were compelled to turn back to Puerto de la Hambre, where they sent the ship to the Pearl Islands to seek provisions. Their misery was great, as they found only wild fruit and sometimes caught a few fish to still their hunger. Twenty men died miserably. Thereupon several men declared that they saw something in the distance which seemed to glitter in the sun, and it was decided to send someone to examine the bright spot. It was Pizarro himself who set out on the expedition. Taking with him some of his men who were the least exhausted, he went forth to reconnoitre. They reached a place on the shore where there were many cacao trees and where they saw several natives. They also found a hundred-weight of maize.

"Why do you, white men," asked the Indians, "not sow and reap, instead of coming here to take other people's possessions?"

When Pizarro and his men returned from this expedition, they found that the men who had been sent to the Pearl Islands had returned with some provisions.

Pizarro now, accompanied by the whole body of his men, recommenced his voyage, and in spite of many hardships, the intrepid adventurer persevered.

Traversing dense forests, the party came upon a small Indian town which had just been deserted. Here the Spaniards found some golden ornaments and, what was better still, maize, roots and flesh of swine. By the feet and hands of men which they discovered in vessels at the fire, Pizarro and his men knew that they were in the country of the Caribs.

Proceeding farther on their voyage, the Spaniards came to another Indian town, also deserted, where they found plenty of provisions. Pizarro decided to make a station there and to send the only vessel he had (which was leaking) to Panama to have it repaired. They soon came across the Indians and a fight ensued. The natives being too many, Pizarro judged it wiser to quit the spot and to go back to Panama.

In the meantime Almagro had gone out in search of his associate Pizarro and after many adventures ultimately found him at Chicama. The two commanders recounted their misfortunes to each other, but resolved nevertheless to persevere in their undertaking.

During their subsequent voyages in search of adventure, conquest and gold, the sufferings of the adventurers were very great, and the men were growing tired and wished to return to Panama.

Pizarro, it is said, one day assembled his men and, drawing a line upon the sand with his sword from west to east, pointed towards the south, the way of Peru, and thus

addressed his companions: "Gentlemen, on that side are labour and fatigue, hunger and thirst, wounds and sickness. Those who have the courage to endure these things and to be my faithful companions, let them pass the line, but those who feel themselves unworthy of the enterprise, let them return to Panama. I wish to force no man."

Fourteen resolute men remained with Pizarro, while the rest went back to Panama.

The party now set out again on their voyage along the coast. They subsequently discovered the island of Santa Clara, where they found great riches, and ultimately reached the coast of Peru at Tumbez, governed by Huayna Capac, the reigning Inca, in 1527. The natives looked upon the strange white men with large beards as divine beings and received them hospitably.

At Tumbez the Spaniards saw riches which absolutely dazzled them and revived their hopes, but they felt that they were too few to venture upon the conquest.

Pizarro, yielding to the insistence of his men, returned to Panama in the hope of persuading the governor, Los Rios, to assist him and his associates in the conquest of Peru. In spite, however, of the glowing description he gave, in spite of the gold and silver and the costly stuffs he exhibited, the governor refused his support. The partners, therefore, decided that Pizarro should go to Spain, bear the good tidings thither and address himself to the Emperor Charles V.

In the summer of 1528 Pizarro embarked for Spain. Unfortunately for him, when he arrived in port there was a person named Enciso who had a pecuniary claim against Pizarro. The latter was seized and held in custody for debt. He had fled from his native country as a forlorn

adventurer, and now, after an absence of twenty years, he found himself on his return a prisoner for debt.

When the Court, however, was advised of Pizarro's return and of the purpose of his mission orders were sent for his release. At Toledo he was received by Charles V, who listened to his tales of wonder about the new continent. In simple and respectful style the son of a peasant girl and former swine-herd gave the mighty Emperor an account of his strange adventures by sea and land, of his wanderings in forests and pestilent swamps. He spoke with a natural eloquence and a dignity which belong to a Castilian and with the earnestness of a man who had been an actor in the scenes described. When Pizarro spoke of his aim to extend the empire of Castile and the name and power of her sovereign, pointing out that he had been abandoned by the government, Charles was moved.

Arrangements were finally made to Pizarro's satisfaction, for on July 26, 1529, a capitulation was executed defining the powers and privileges of Pizarro. Pizarro now, in pardonable vanity, visited his native place which he had left as a poor swine-herd. In his new position he naturally found many friends and some were anxious to claim kindred with him.

He found four brothers, three of whom were illegitimate like himself, one related to him by the mother's side and two by the father. The adventurers, headed by Pizarro, who had landed in Peru, became the allies and then the enslavers of Atahualpa, the reigning Inca. The monarch was condemned to be burnt after a mock trial for a pretended conspiracy, but as a reward for embracing the Christian religion the conqueror graciously allowed him to be first strangled. The

bastard swine-herd had conquered a mighty empire for Spain, and in order to consolidate his power he founded in 1535 the city of Lima, which he intended as the capital of his possessions.

Pizarro was certainly responsible for the execution of the Inca and the reasons for his policy are obvious. He felt that the removal of Atahualpa was essential to the success of his enterprise.

According to a Spanish historian the motives of Pizarro's conduct are ascribed to personal resentment. Pizarro, as has been stated above, had never been taught either to read or to write. Now one day the Inca had requested one of the Spanish soldiers to write the name of God on his nail. This the monarch showed to several of his guards, and, as they read it, and each pronounced the same word, the barbarian was delighted with what seemed to him little short of a miracle. When he showed the writing to Pizarro, the latter remained silent. The Inca, finding that the Spanish chief could not read, conceived a contempt for a commander who was less informed than his soldiers. He did not conceal his contempt, and Pizarro, who was aware of the cause of it, could neither forgive nor forget it.

Pizarro was well proportioned, tall in stature, and his countenance was rather pleasing. He had a soldier-like bearing and the air of one who is accustomed to command, although, having been bred in camps, he lacked the polish of a courtier. Yet when he presented himself at the Court of Castile, one of the most punctilious of the Europe of his time, he produced a rather favourable impression. He was not only plausible but even insinuating in his address. The conqueror of Peru was never ostentatious in his dress and usually affected a simple

attire, a black cloak, white shoes and hat. His power of endurance was considerable and his capacity for hard work and his energy were great. He rose as a rule an hour before dawn, was temperate in eating and drank sparingly.

The conqueror of the empire of the Incas was avaricious, but he could on occasions be very generous. In his play, of which he was very fond, with an antagonist who he knew could not afford to lose, the former swine-herd was delicate enough to allow himself to be the loser. The ample treasures he had accumulated in the course of his adventures he mostly dissipated in enterprises and architectural works which absorbed enormous sums of money. As he could neither write nor read, he knew not the resource of refined and intellectual recreations, which he sought in war, adventure and play.

Some historians maintain that Pizarro once made an attempt to learn to read but gave it up on account of the impatience of his temper. All he did learn was merely to sign his name. One of his foremost qualities which accounts for his success was not only his courage but his boldness of action and constancy of purpose. It is in this inflexible constancy which could rarely be shaken that the secret of Pizarro's success lay and which enabled him to win where others would undoubtedly have failed. "Pizarro gave many proofs of the inflexibility of his spirit during his adventurous career, when among the mangroves and dreary marches of the new country he fought against nature, blighting malaria and other invisible foes, as well as when he came in contact with the strength and civilization of the Incas."

Splendid in many ways, the Spanish conqueror was cunning and eminently perfidious. By an act of violence

he broke the spell which had held the land of Peru under the dominion of the Incas. His ruling motives were avarice and ambition, and he never cared what means he chose to reach his goal.

It is true that Spain was indebted to the former swineherd, the obscure foundling, for the conquest of a mighty empire which he had subdued thanks to his bravery, his contempt of peril and his capacity to endure sufferings of all kinds. He was not only a son of sin and sorrow, but he had also been brought up in a school of rapine, among the licentious inmates of a camp, and higher motives were foreign to his nature. His enterprise was the result of a lust of gold and his achievements were due to acts of perfidy. The land which he had conquered with the aid of his Spanish adventurers was a civilized country, but Pizarro crushed this ancient civilization.

“Pizarro,” writes Prescott, “found a country well advanced in the arts of civilization and institutions under which the people lived in tranquillity and personal safety. He found mountains and uplands whitened with flock, and valleys teeming with the fruits of scientific husbandry. He found granaries and warehouses filled to overflowing, and the whole land rejoicing in its abundance. The character of the nation, too, living as it was under the influence of an innocent form of superstition, the worship of the glorious luminary which is the best representative of the might and beneficence of the Creator, was mild, and its manners were inoffensive.”

But Pizarro cared little for the introduction of a higher civilization among the conquered. "He delivered up the conquered races to his brutal soldiery and allowed the towns and villages to be given up to their lust. The

wretched natives were parcelled out like slaves and forced to toil for the conquerors in the mines. The flocks were scattered, the granaries dissipated and the perfect culture of the soil fell into decay. The paradise was converted into a desert. The poor Indian was held in iron bondage."

Pizarro had nothing of the crusader in him, of the knight-errant. Splendid in many ways, he was a fortunate adventurer. Spain was indebted to him for a vast possession, but the glimmerings of a nobler purpose never dawned on the darkened soul of the illiterate bastard. Such was the conqueror of the ancient land of the Incas.

Rightly states Prescott "that when we contrast the feverish cupidity of the conquerors with the mild and inoffensive manners of the conquered, our sympathies are necessarily thrown into the scale of the Indian." Many bastards had founded dynasties and gathered their laurels on the battlefields of Hastings or Lepanto, or before Orleans, but they were popular and beloved. Pizarro was never popular like a Don Juan, a Dunois, the bastard of Orleans, a Henry of Trastamera, a Manfred, or a Maurice of Saxony.

From the very beginning of the expedition described above discord had existed between the heads, and in 1537 Almagro, then in his seventy-fifth year, was assassinated by Ferdinand Pizarro, a brother of the conqueror. The death of Almagro was avenged four years later by the son of the victim, who organized a conspiracy which ended in the assassination of Pizarro.

It was the hour of dinner, which was at noon. Yet numbers roused by the cries of the assailants came out

into the square to inquire after the cause. "They are going to kill the marquess," they said very coolly. No one stirred in his defence, for Pizarro was not loved by his people.

As the conspirators were traversing the plaza, one of the party tried to avoid a little pool of water which lay in his path. "What!" exclaimed Rada, the leader of the conspirators, "are you afraid of wetting your feet, when you will soon have to wade up to your knees in blood!" He ordered the man to give up the enterprise and to go home to his quarters.

This anecdote reminds us of the injunction in the Pentateuch where cowards are sent home before giving battle.

The governor's palace was on the opposite side of the square. The gate stood open, and the assailants, hurrying through the court, still shouting their battle cry, were met by two domestics loitering in the yard. One of them was struck down, while the other, flying in all haste towards the house, called out, "Help! Help! They are coming to murder the marquess!"

Pizarro had just finished his dinner with some friends who had come to see him. Learning the nature of the tumult, he called out to an officer to secure the door, while he and his brother buckled on their armour. Unfortunately the officer disobeyed his commander and, half opening the door, attempted to enter into parley with the conspirators. The latter had now reached the head of the stairs and cut short the debate by running the officer through the body and tumbling his body down into the area below. Rada and his companions entered the apartment, hurried across it, shouting out, "Death to the tyrant!"

A desperate struggle now ensued. Two of the conspirators were slain, while Alcantara, Pizarro's brother, was wounded. Unable in the hurry of the moment to adjust the fastenings of his cuirass, Pizarro threw it away and, enveloping one arm in his cloak, seized his sword with the other. Like a lion roused in his lair, he threw himself on the enemy, dealing his blows with such rapidity and force, as if age had no power to stiffen his limbs.

"Traitors!" he cried, "have you come to kill me in my own house?"

For a moment the conspirators drew back, but they quickly rallied, and being superior in numbers, soon gained a great advantage. Impatient of the delay, Rada called out, "Why are we so long about it? Down with the tyrant!"

Pizarro at last received a wound in the throat, and, reeling, sank on the floor.

"Jesu!" exclaimed the dying conqueror of Peru, tracing a cross with his finger on the blood-stained floor. He bent down his head to kiss the cross, but another blow put an end to his existence. Thus died the adventurer who from a swine-herd had risen to be the governor of a mighty empire which he had conquered for Spain, his native land.

Having accomplished their bloody deed, the conspirators rushed into the street. Brandishing their dripping weapons, they shouted aloud: "The tyrant is dead! The laws are restored! Long live our master the Emperor!"

The whole city was thrown into consternation, armed bodies hurried to and fro, and all those who did not belong to the faction of Almagro trembled lest they

should be involved in the proscription of their enemies. The disorder was great indeed, and in order to calm the patience of the multitude, the Brothers of Mercy, turning out in a body, paraded the streets in solemn procession with the host elevated in the air, in the hope of bringing peace through the presence of the secret symbol.

The mangled body of Pizarro was left weltering in its blood. Some of his enemies wanted to drag forth the governor's corpse to the market place and to fix his head upon a gibbet. Young Almagro, however, granted the entreaties of Pizarro's friends and allowed his interment, which was performed stealthily and hastily for fear of interruption. The body of the conqueror was wrapped in a cotton cloth by a faithful attendant and his wife and a few black domestics and removed to the cathedral. In an obscure corner a grave was hastily dug, the service was hurried through, and in darkness dispelled only by the feeble glimmering of a few tapers, the remains of the mighty conqueror of Peru were laid to rest.

A few years later the remains of Pizarro were placed in a sumptuous coffin and deposited under a monument in a conspicuous part of the cathedral. In 1607 the bones of the once obscure bastard were removed to the new cathedral, where they were allowed to repose.

Pizarro was about sixty-five years of age when he was killed in his capital. He had never married, but he had two children, a son and a daughter, by an Indian princess of the Inca blood, a daughter of Atahualpa. After the death of the governor the princess married a Spanish cavalier and removed with him to Spain. Neither the title nor the estate of Pizarro descended to his illegitimate children.

In the reign of Philip IV, however, the title was revived in favour of Don Juan Pizarro. Out of gratitude for the services of his ancestor he was created Marquess de la Conquista, and some of his descendants are still said to be living at Truxillo, the birthplace of the famous adventurer and conqueror of Peru.

CHAPTER XI

DON JUAN OF AUSTRIA

BIRTH AND EARLY CHILDHOOD OF DON JUAN OF AUSTRIA

Charles V at Brussels—News from Ratisbon—The birth of a son—The washerwoman of Brussels—Brantôme's opinion—A countess of Flanders—Barbara Blomberg—Johanna van der Gneist—The young ruler and the powerful Emperor—The Diet of Ratisbon—The Kaiserherberge—The Emperor's fits of melancholy—The beautiful singer—The morals of the Renaissance—The fine gentlemen and the frivolous maidens—*Foie de vivre*—The birth of Don Juan—The 24th of February—Geronimo—The secret is kept—Luis de Quixada and Adrian du Bois—The son of sin is entrusted to the musician Massi—At Leganes—The village priest—*l'éducation du prince*—Don Juan goes to a village school—The peasant lads—The Emperor at San Yuste—Don Juan is brought to Villa Garcia—Dona Magdalena de Ulloa—The loving foster-mother—The jealous wife—The cloister of San Yuste—The arrival of the Emperor—The imperial father and the son of sin—The secret jealously guarded—The difference between the illegitimate and the legitimate son—The handsome and clever son of sin.

DURING his stay at Brussels where, in company with his sister, Queen Mary of Hungary, he was endeavouring to settle the affairs of the Low Countries, Charles V, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, received news of a happy event. At midday of the 24th of February 1545, a son had been born unto him at Ratisbon. It was an illegitimate child, a son of sin, who was afterwards known as Don Juan of Austria, the victor of the battle of Lepanto. From his birth, shrouded in mystery, to the

battle of Lepanto and his death in the prime of manhood, the life of this illegitimate son of a mighty Emperor was full of romantic incidents. His was one of those lives that never knew the commonplace, and his whole meteor-like career was picturesque in the extreme.

According to some historians it was not in 1545 but in 1547 that Don Juan of Austria was born. Opinions differ as to the identity of the mother of the hero of Lepanto. Brantôme, the author of *Vies des Grands Capitaines*, is firmly convinced that Don Juan could not have been the son of a washerwoman of Brussels.

The lady in question, says Brantôme in his naive and often blunt language, may have been one of the Emperor's mistresses but never the mother of Don Juan. The prince was too noble and aristocratic to have had any common blood in his veins. Don Juan, declares Brantôme, was the issue of a love-affair between the Emperor and a great and noble lady, a Countess of Flanders, and it was for the purpose of shielding her reputation that the washerwoman was subsequently prevailed upon to give herself out as the infant's mother.¹

The majority of historians, however, are of opinion that Barbara Blomberg was really the mother of Don Juan of Austria. Unlike his contemporary and rival, Francis I, the brilliant and dashing King of France, Charles V never sought any love-affairs among the ladies of his Imperial Court. The favourites upon whom he bestowed his love mostly belonged to the lower strata of society.

In the autumn of 1521, during his sojourn at the castle of Baron de Montigny at Oudenarde, on the banks of the Schelde, Charles cast his eye upon Johanna van der

¹ Brantôme, *Vies des Grands Capitaines*, ed. 1848, Vol. I, p. 136

Gneist, the daughter of a carpet weaver, employed as a servant at the castle. The beautiful maid took the young Emperor's fancy and in the following summer Johanna gave birth to a girl who has become famous in history as Margaret of Austria, Duchess of Parma, and Governor of the Netherlands.

Twenty years had elapsed since this escapade, when the young Emperor had snatched a few hours of love in the arms of the beautiful Johanna on the banks of the Schelde. The young ruler, full of high hopes and ambitious aspirations, had now become the mighty and feared Emperor, who could look back upon a life of work and full of great achievements.

As an Emperor, Charles V was powerful, and as a man he could say that he had "lived and loved." The burden of a world-empire now weighed heavily upon his shoulders; the great religious revolt, known as the Reformation, called for his constant attention and prompt action. It was for the purpose of declaring war against Protestantism that Charles had convened the Imperial Diet at Ratisbon in 1546, and it was in this city that he knew the mother of Don Juan.

On the Haidplatz at Ratisbon the visitor may still contemplate an ancient building in Gothic style, known as the Kaiserherberge. The house, once known as the inn "Zum goldnen Kreuz" (golden cross), exists since the 16th century, when it belonged to one Bernhard Crafft.

It was in this house that Charles V lodged, and it was here that the Emperor, busy with affairs of State, found leisure to indulge in another love-affair the result of which was the birth of a brilliant son. The girl who had now taken the fancy of the widowed Emperor was



MARGUERITE VAN DER GNEIST, MISTRESS OF
EMPEROR CHARLES V

Barbara Blomberg. She was neither a servant nor a washerwoman, as Motley¹ would have it, but the daughter of a well-to-do citizen living on his income.

Charles V was frequently suffering from fits of melancholy, an inheritance no doubt from his mother Juana. After the death of his wife, the Empress Elisabeth, his gloom and melancholy had greatly increased, and Barbara Blomberg, the daughter of a noble family, is supposed by some authorities to have been introduced to the Emperor on account of her fine voice. She was brought into Charles's presence that she might sing and play to him and by her song cheer him and divert his melancholy. Her personal charms gradually exercised their sway upon the heart of the ruler and a closer intimacy was the result.

It is more likely, however, that the Emperor had caught sight of the girl, either in the streets of Ratisbon or in church, and that he had acquainted some of his trusted courtiers with his desire to know the damsel more intimately.

The wishes of sovereigns in matters like these are swiftly fulfilled. The serving spirits soon found out that the lady was the daughter of one Wolfgang Plomberger and his spouse Sibylle, *née* Lohmair, and was eighteen or nineteen years old. In those days of the Renaissance it should not have been very difficult for persuasive courtiers to prevail upon a middle-class girl to be presented at Court. Why should this beautiful maiden, and beautiful she must have been to have taken the fancy of a blasé Emperor, have differed from so many others of her sex in ancient and modern times? It must have been exceedingly flattering to the daughter

¹ Motley, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, Vol. III.

of a Plumberger or Blomberg to be told that the great and mighty Emperor had singled her out among the daughters of Ratisbon and wished to *converse* with her.

The inhabitants of Ratisbon, where princes and their retinues often used to foregather in the famous old *Rathaus* there to discuss affairs of great import, were quite used to the life led by the potentates and their courtiers. They must have had many an occasion to witness the morals of those gentlemen of the Renaissance, and many a middle-class maid, inclined to frivolity and amusement, had no doubt been introduced by some brilliant stranger to the mysteries of *joie de vivre*.

That Barbara was originally introduced to Charles V that she might alleviate his fits of melancholy by her singing seems quite incredible, judging from the subsequent life of the lady, which shows that there was nothing harmonious in her nature. But whatever the case may have been, Barbara Blomberg became the mistress of Charles V. The Emperor remained at Ratisbon for about four months, exactly from the 20th of April to the 4th of August, 1546, occupied all the time with preparations for his campaign against the Protestants and the Elector of Saxony.

The issue of his illegitimate union was the famous Don Juan of Austria. Yet, if we are to believe some historians, Charles was not the father of the victor of Lepanto, for even during her intimacy with the Imperial lover, Barbara is not supposed to have been faithful to him, but is said to have bestowed her favours upon others.

One day, in a moment of great excitement, she told

her famous son—at their first and last meeting—that he was not the son of an Emperor but of some common soldier. This happened at Luxembourg in 1576, when Don Juan came to take up his post as Governor of the Netherlands.

The Emperor himself, however, never seems to have doubted his responsibility for the infant's existence, and was firmly convinced, as subsequent events will show, that the boy to whom Barbara had given birth on the 24th of February, 1545 or 1547, was his son, though a son of sin.

It is a strange coincidence that Don Juan was born on the 24th of February, and the fact may perhaps account for the Emperor's love of this illegitimate son. Charles V, like Napoleon I more than two centuries later, considered his birthday as one of his lucky days. The Emperor himself saw the light of day on the 24th of February, the day of the Apostle St. Matthew, and it was on the 24th of February that he received the crown of the Holy Roman Empire from the hands of the Pope at Bologna. It was also on the 24th of February that Francis I of France, Charles's great rival for the supremacy in Europe, was made captive under the walls of Pavia.

The Imperial bastard received the name of Jerome or Geronimo, and it was only after the death of the Emperor, when he was publicly acknowledged by King Philip II of Spain as his half-brother, that he became known as Don Juan of Austria.

As soon as the Emperor was informed of the birth of his illegitimate son, he gave instructions to his trusted Chamberlain, Don Luis de Quixada, to take the child away from its mother and to entrust it to Adrian du Bois and

Ogier Bodard, gentleman and groom of the Imperial Chamber, who were to take care of it.

Three years later the Imperial offspring was entrusted to a musician and his wife, who were requested to bring up the boy, whose paternity was kept a profound secret, as their own son. Francisco Massi was the name of the musician. He was a violin player and by his music had often soothed the Emperor. A Fleming of birth, Massi had entered Charles's service and accompanied him to Spain where, in 1537, he married at Toledo a lady named Ana de Medina.

As Massi had now expressed the wish to retire from the Emperor's service and to return to Leganes in Spain, where his wife possessed some property, Charles resolved to entrust his son to the care of the musician and his wife. At Brussels, therefore, or, as some would have it, at Cologne, where the Emperor was staying on his way to the Diet of Augsburg, the child was accordingly handed over to his foster-father.

"You have received a commission from Quixada, the Chamberlain of my Imperial Household," said the Emperor, when Massi kissed his hand in taking leave. "At his request you have undertaken to bring up as your own child the son of Adrian du Bois. Remember that I shall consider the fulfilment of Quixada's request and wishes as good service done to myself."

Was Massi surprised at the great interest the Emperor was taking in the son of one of the grooms of his chamber, or did he have an inkling of the truth and guess the true parentage of his charge, shrouded though it was in mystery? Massi's subsequent treatment of the boy induces us to think that he never guessed the truth. Taking the boy (who was still called Geronimo) with



EMPEROR CHARLES V

him, the musician proceeded to Augsburg, whence he travelled to Spain under the protection of Prince Philip—the future Philip II of Spain, who had accompanied his father.

Prince Philip was as yet unaware of the mystery of the boy's parentage. Little did he dream that the child in his suite was none other than his half-brother who was destined to fill Europe with his military fame and to shed a lustre on his own reign. They crossed the Alps, halted for a few days at Trient and thence went to Genoa, where they embarked and landed at Barcelona on the 12th of July, after a journey which had lasted over two months.

Thus the son of Barbara Blomberg and her Imperial lover came to Leganes, a village about five leagues from Valladolid and two miles from Madrid, near the road from the capital to Toledo. The boy was introduced as the son of a high personage whom Massi had undertaken to keep and bring up.

Quixada had advised that the boy's education be entrusted to the village priest, a curate named Bautista Vela, and the early youth of Don Juan was therefore passed under the care of Massi and his wife and the village priest. Neither the latter nor even the musician and his wife seem to have guessed the real identity of the boy. Although the musician, and particularly his wife, Ana de Medina, loved the pretty boy, they do not appear to have treated him as befitted one born near a throne.

The priest, to whom the tuition of the boy had been entrusted and who had been asked by the Chamberlain Quixada to devote his special attention to the mental development of his pupil, paid but little heed to the

injunctions. Had he but known that *l'éducation du prince* had fallen to his lot! He handed the boy for tuition to his sacristan, one Francisco Fernandez, who taught the young Geronimo all he knew himself, and mighty small must have been the knowledge possessed by a country sacristan of the 16th century.

Later on the boy was sent to the school at Getafe, about a league off, where he sat on the school bench among peasant lads, dressed like them and sharing their amusements. How amazed would have been the peasant urchins, had they been told that the boy trudging by their side, shooting sparrows with a crossbow, was the half-brother of Prince Philip and a son of the mighty Emperor!

The peasant lads and the entire population of Leganes were, however, soon to have a big surprise, although, of course, the whole truth was not revealed to them even at that time.

Three years later Francisco Massi died, but the boy remained under the care of the musician's widow, who had grown very fond of her charge. In the meantime the ailing Emperor, who had already resigned his Imperial functions to his son Philip and was leading a retired life at Brussels, resolved to remove to Spain, to say farewell to the business of the world and retire to the convent of San Yuste.

News had reached him of the somewhat neglected education of Geronimo, as the boy was still called. Bautista Vela was paying but little attention to the boy's tuition, allowing him to grow up as ignorant as the other village lads.

Charles V was now anxious to remove his son from the village of Leganes and to bring him under another

tutelage where he would receive a better and more appropriate tuition.

He consequently instructed his trusted Chamberlain, Don Luis de Quixada, to send a messenger to Leganes and take the boy to Villagarcia, the home of Quixada, and there place him under the charge of Dona Magdalena de Ulloa, his wife.

"It would be advisable," said the Imperial father, "to acquaint your wife with the secret of the boy's birth, so that she should watch over him with the greatest care possible."

Luis de Quixada, however, did not obey his Imperial master on this particular point, not thinking it necessary to inform his wife that the boy to be placed under her care was a son of the Emperor. He simply wrote to his wife telling her that a boy would be brought to her who was the son of a great man, a dear friend of his, and begged her to watch over the youngster as tenderly as if he had been her own son.

One day the sleepy village of Leganes was astir with unwonted excitement. The inhabitants came out of their cottages to gaze at a coach, a strange vehicle in those days in Spain, which had suddenly made its appearance in the dull village. The conveyance stopped in front of the house of Ana de Medina and a fine gentleman alighted.

Soon a rumour spread among the amazed villagers that the magnificent stranger had come to fetch young Geronimo, the foster-son of Ana de Medina. The widow herself was not only amazed but greatly grieved when she heard the news, for she had grown very fond of the handsome boy. She was quite in despair at the idea of having to lose him. The messenger, however, had brought

credentials from Don Luis de Quixada and she had to obey.

She now began to realize that the child that had been placed in her care must indeed be the son of some very great man, for she noticed with amazement that the envoy treated the boy with marked respect. Charles Prevost, such was the name of the envoy who had come to fetch young Geronimo, the son of Barbara Blomberg, and to lead him to new destinies, took leave of the weeping widow and mounted the coach, accompanied by his charge.

Not only Ana de Medina, but all the other inhabitants of the village were greatly affected and distressed at the sudden departure of the boy whom they were accustomed to see in their midst and whom they had grown to like and even to love. The village urchins, who never guessed that their playmate was the son of an Emperor, were sorry to lose a pleasant comrade. Surrounding the rolling coach, they pursued it for a long distance along the road to Valladolid, wishing their comrade farewell.

Charles Prevost had found the boy arrayed in peasant's dress and he halted at Valladolid, where he provided Geronimo with clothing more befitting a prince. He then proceeded to Villagarcia, where he placed the youngster in the charge of Dona Magdalena de Ulloa.

This lady, who belonged to an old and noble Spanish family, was herself not only highly cultured but kind of heart and gentle in manner. She had been married to her husband, Don Luis, for five years, but to her great sorrow, the union had remained barren. The boy therefore came to the noble lady as a solace, and she welcomed him the more because she had no son of her own. She

soon grew to love her foster-son and tenderly cared for him, watching over the early childhood of Don Juan with maternal and magnanimous solicitude.

Her husband's great anxiety for the boy's welfare had, however, convinced her that Quixada himself was the father. She firmly believed that the handsome youngster was the offspring of a German lady and born to Don Luis before the latter had married her, Magdalena.

Such was the noble mind of the lady of Villagarcia, that she readily undertook the rôle of foster-mother to her husband's son even by another woman. She fully replaced the mother whom the boy had never known, and instilled in his mind the fear of God and the love of man. She taught Don Juan, or Geronimo, to treat the beggars who often came to the castle to receive alms with courtesy and consideration and to distribute bounties among them with a pleasant smile and a kind word. Whilst Magdalena thus took care herself of Don Juan's spiritual education, she entrusted his instruction to competent teachers, who taught the son of Charles V Latin and music and all the branches of knowledge which belonged to a good education in the 16th century.

As Dona Magdalena had persuaded herself that the boy under her charge was the son of her husband by some other woman, a tinge of jealousy must necessarily have marred her affection for Don Juan. A woman will often be jealous of her husband's love-affairs even if they happened long before he had met her or even known of her very existence.

One day, however, Magdalena had an inkling of the truth. A fire broke out in the house and Don Luis at first attended to the boy, carrying him to a place of safety,

and then hastened to look after his wife. The noble lady then understood that if her husband acted thus it was not because he loved the boy more than his wife, who was "dearer to him than the apple of his eye," but because the Spanish nobleman had pledged his honour to be responsible for the infant's safety and life. Don Luis, she thought, must have pledged his word to someone in a very exalted position and their charge must indeed be of a lofty origin. Henceforth her affection for her foster-son was no longer marred by any tinge of jealousy.

In the meantime Charles V resolved to carry out his plan of retiring to the convent of San Yuste. On the 3rd of February 1557, there was great excitement in the old convent. The cloister had been built in 1409 in a verdant valley at the foot of the Carpentanos mountains, in the forest shades of Vera, and consecrated to St. Hieronymus. The bells were ringing a *Te Deum*, and the prior, surrounded by all the monks, came out to greet the august guest. Charles V had come to finish his days in the cloister. He lived at San Yuste for a year and eight months and during this time had frequent opportunities of seeing and watching the physical and mental development of the son of Barbara Blomberg.

At the request of the Emperor, whose health was growing precarious, Don Luis Quixada had left his castle at Villagarcia and settled his wife and foster-son in a house at Quacos, about a mile from the convent. He was thus able to attend to his daily duties and also give the Emperor an opportunity of seeing Don Juan very often.

Charles's sisters, the queens Eleanor of France and Mary of Hungary, who were making a prolonged stay



EMPEROR CHARLES V HANDS OVER THE INSIGNIA OF
GOVERNMENT TO HIS SON PHILIP II OF SPAIN

at the castle of Count Oropesa in Jarandilla, frequently came to visit their brother at Yuste. Little, however, did they guess that the handsome page whom they frequently met when he was rendering small services to their august brother was their nephew.

Curiosity had nevertheless been aroused among the monks in the cloister, and although the secret of Juan's birth was being jealously guarded by Quixada, speculation was ripe, and all sorts of rumours spread in Valladolid. Never, by either hint or look, did the Emperor betray his secret, but it must have rejoiced his heart to see about him his handsome son of sin, full of beauty, grace and agility, clever in all sorts of sports. Geronimo or Juan was so different from Charles's legitimate son, the morose, cold and sickly Philip of Spain. Nature had very lavishly poured out her gifts upon the son of Barbara Blomberg, although no blue blood ever did run in her veins.

Although he had retired from the business of the world and even no longer wished to be addressed as Emperor, Charles V had not entirely shaken off the habits of a lifetime. Even in his retirement at San Yuste he followed with the utmost interest the march and development of European politics, of military and religious events, of heresies, wars and risings. Valladolid often sent messages to San Yuste, and the Spanish Government frequently turned for advice to Charles. When he was watching Juan and noticing his bravery and skill, his courage and even audacity—the boy could take unmanageable horses and ride in any saddle—Charles may have regretted that this youngster was not his legitimate son instead of the sickly Philip.

Thus the early childhood of Geronimo passed until the 31st of August 1558, when Charles V breathed his

last at the cloister of San Yuste. The son of Barbara Blomberg had then attained the age of eleven years and six months. The death of the Emperor, during whose life the paternity of Juan had been kept a profound secret, brought about a complete change in the life and destinies of the boy.

CHAPTER XII

DON JUAN OF AUSTRIA—continued

THE TWO BROTHERS

Don Juan ignorant of his identity—Rumours at Valladolid—The Princess-Regent and Quixada—No mention of Don Juan in the Emperor's testament—The codicil—A natural son—A pension of thirty thousand ducats—Honour to be paid to Geronimo—The Princess-Regent and Dona Magdalena—The *auto-da-fé* at Valladolid—The mysterious unknown—The Infante Don Carlos—The unknown sister—Juan's hand kissed by the nobles of Castile—The son of sin is treated with more respect—The great change—Philip II aware of the secret—The return of the king—The meeting of the brothers—"This is the king"—The astonished boy—The dramatic recognition—"We have one and the same father"—A scion of the house of Austria—"Never caught better game"—Don Juan of Austria—The household of Don Juan—The oath of allegiance—Three princes of the same blood—At the University of Alcala—Alexander Farnese—The character of Don Carlos—The cruelty of the prince—The prince's outbursts of passion—The shoemaker compelled to swallow his own boots—The dispute between the two princes—"My father was better than yours"—Uncle and nephew.

DON JUAN had thus reached his fifteenth year, but was still ignorant of his identity or of the name of his illustrious parent. Rumours had in the meantime spread in Valladolid that the Emperor had left a son who was taken charge of by Don Quixada.

The report reached the ears of the Princess-Regent, who became anxious to find out whether there was any truth in the rumour. At her request Vasquez de Molina, the Secretary of State, wrote to Quixada and asked him whether it were true that he had under his charge a child

said to be the son of His Majesty. The Chamberlain replied evasively. It was true, he said, that he had under his charge a boy, the son of a friend of his, but the report of the child being a son of His Majesty must be taken as an idle rumour, for the late Emperor had made no mention of the boy in his will.¹

This was to a certain extent true, as Charles had really made no mention of Don Juan in his testament, but we learn from Grenville² that in a codicil to his will or a paper which may be considered as such, the Emperor had made some reference to his illegitimate offspring. In this paper he declared quite frankly that when he was in Germany and being a widower, he had, by an unmarried woman, a natural son who was called Jerome. He expressed the wish that if it could be accomplished, the boy should take the habit of some reformed friars. If, however, the boy preferred to lead a secular life, then it was his pleasure and command that he should receive an annual pension of from twenty to thirty thousand ducats from the revenues of the Kingdom of Naples. He left the manner of arrangement to his son, i.e. King Philip of Spain, and failing him, to the discretion of his grandson, the Infante Don Carlos. The rent thus assigned to Jerome should pass to his legitimate heirs and successors. In this paper the Emperor also requested his son and grandson and his heir, whosoever it may be, to do honour to Jerome and show him respect and cause him to be respected and honoured.

In the meantime, the Princess-Regent was anxious to make the acquaintance of her half-brother. She consequently invited the gentle Magdalena to come to

¹ Gachard, *Retraite et Mort*, I, p. 446.

² *Correspondence de Grenville*, IV, pp. 496-8.

the *auto-da-fé* which was to take place at Valladolid and to bring the boy under her charge. Dona Magdalena de Ulloa was quite pleased to leave Villagarcia and travel to Valladolid there to witness a show which, according to the belief of the time, was well pleasing in the eyes of Heaven.

In the company of her niece, Dona Maria de Ulloa, and of Don Juan, Dona Magdalena came to Valladolid on June 21. The party took their seats in one of the galleries where the Princess-Regent had to pass, and Dona Magdalena covered the boy with the folds of her cloak. When the princess passed on her way to the royal tribune, she stopped to speak to Juan's foster-mother and asked her after the mysterious unknown. Dona Magdalena thereupon drew aside the folds of her mantle and presented the boy to the princess. To the surprise of all present and in particular to the great annoyance of Don Carlos, the Infante, who accompanied his aunt, the princess tenderly embraced Don Juan, called him brother and invited him to follow her to the royal tribune.

Don Carlos, used to the etiquette of Castile, could not understand his aunt's behaviour and her tenderness for an unknown youth, and he spoke harsh words to his aunt, who had caressed the unknown and displayed such fondness for him in the presence of the nobility of old Castile.

As for Juan himself, he declined the honour of following his unknown sister, and with tears in his eyes declared that he would not be separated from his aunt Magdalena.

The Infanta continued her way alone, but all the women in her suite who had witnessed the scene kissed Juan's hand in passing, while the eyes of all the assembly were turned upon him.

The rumour of the newly found son of the Emperor soon spread among the nobles of Castile and the people. When the *auto-da-fé* was over, all those who had just enjoyed the spectacle of human sacrifices, of the suffering and agonies of sinners, now pressed round the unknown youth, eager to pay homage to the son of the Emperor. The crowd became so dense that the musketeers were unable to keep order. There was danger of Juan's being trampled to death by the admiring and worshipping nobles and the mob. Thereupon Count Orsona lifted up the boy in his arms and carried him to the princess's coach, which brought him to the palace whence Dona Magdalena took him to Villagarcia.

Don Quixada was at that time at San Yuste, and his wife immediately informed him of what had occurred at Valladolid. The major-domo now sent instructions to his wife to treat their charge with more respect and consideration than she had been used to, to give him on all occasions the seat of honour and to allow him to distribute in alms a larger amount more suitable to his rank. No change, however, was to be made in his dress.

As for Juan, he might well have wondered at the display of fondness on the part of the princess and at the sudden private and public curiosity and consideration shown to him and on his behalf, but he was still kept in ignorance of his birth.¹

Soon, however, a greater change was to take place in the life of the boy who had sat on the school bench by the side of peasant boys and played with them their rustic games.

Philip II was aware of the identity of Don Juan, and

¹ Vanderhammen, *Don Juan*, p. 25; Havemann, *Don Juan*, p. 22.

had known the secret of his life even before he had read his father's codicil, but Philip had made up his mind to recognize the half-brother only after his return to Spain. In the summer of 1559 the affairs of the Netherlands had been concluded, and Philip decided to return to Spain. He embarked on the fifth of September at Flushing, and nine days later landed at Laredo in Biscay. He held his triumphal entry in Valladolid and was soon present at an *auto-da-fé*, thus inaugurating his reign of terror.

Philip now made up his mind to meet, make the acquaintance of and publicly recognize his half-brother. Don Luis Quixada received instructions to bring the boy under his charge to the convent of San Pedro de la Espina, about a league from Valladolid, whither the king intended to come on a hunting expedition. Such was the order of the king, and Luis Quixada knew that the moment had arrived when the unknown and mysterious youth under his charge would be publicly recognized as the son of a once-powerful Emperor and as the half-brother of one of the mightiest kings in Europe.

On one fine morning Quixada, accompanied by his charge, mounted his horse and rode off. Soon the cries of men and hounds reached their ears, and Quixada knew that the royal party was approaching. Presently a groom came up leading a handsome horse. Quixada now dismounted and, to Juan's surprise, knelt before the boy and asked his permission to kiss his hand.

"To kiss my hand?" asked the son of Barbara Blomberg in great surprise. "Why should you, and what means this humble attitude on your part to whom I owe respect?"

"Soon," replied Quixada, "you will learn the reason why I am acting thus."

He thereupon invited Juan to mount the handsome horse which the groom had brought up. Juan, more and more surprised, complied with his foster-father's wish and mounted the horse, allowing Quixada to hold the stirrup. The two then rode away towards the rocky pass of Torozos.

The bells of the convent of San Pedro were ringing and filling the air with their religious sound, when suddenly from a distance a group of gentlemen on horseback came in sight. Quixada immediately alighted and at a sign from him Juan followed his example. Philip II, King of Spain, the most Catholic king of the age, leaving his suite behind him, approached.

"This is the king," whispered Quixada to Juan, bidding him kneel down and kiss His Majesty's hand. Greatly surprised and abashed, the youth obeyed, scarcely daring to lift his eyes to the mighty ruler in front of him. Yet it vaguely struck this quick-witted and perspicacious boy that there was some resemblance between the monarch of Spain and that august invalid into whose presence he had so often been admitted at San Yuste. The king dismounted from his horse and laid his hand on the kneeling boy's shoulders.

"Do you know who your father was?" were the first words he addressed to the trembling boy.

Juan blushed and in his embarrassment turned to Quixada.

Thereupon the king lifted him up and embraced him.

"Know," he said, "that you are the son of an illustrious man. The Emperor Charles the Fifth, who is now in Heaven, was my father and yours." Philip then embraced the trembling youth and led him to the



PHILIP II, KING OF SPAIN

group of waiting Spanish grandees. "Gentlemen," said the king with dignity, "this is the son of Charles the Fifth, my illustrious sire, whom I recognize as my brother. I desire you to honour him as befits a scion of the house of Austria."

At the bidding of the king, Juan now remounted his horse and was saluted by the lords and gentlemen and the jubilating crowd of peasants from Torozos who had gathered round and witnessed the scene. Towards Valladolid the party now rode off, for the hunting expedition had only been a pretext. "I have never caught better game," remarked the king smilingly.

Side by side the two brothers, the King of Spain and the son of Barbara, rode on and held their triumphal entry into Valladolid, greeted and acclaimed by the multitude among whom the news of the recognition of a son of the late Emperor had already spread. Thus the natural son of Charles V who was destined to fill the world with his fame, was recognized. Henceforth he enjoyed the rank of a prince of the blood and was known as Don Juan of Austria, the name of Jerome or Geronimo being dropped.

At the king's command the house of Count Ribadavia was assigned to Don Juan as his residence and a household was appointed for him, wherein the chief place was occupied by Don Luis Quixada, Juan's foster-father, as ayo or tutor, and by the gentle Dona Magdalena, who had watched over the boy's early childhood. Don Juan had his suite and attendants and his guard, consisting of Spaniards and Germans. In almost all respects, except title and precedence, he was treated like the Infante, and after the latter was considered as the first subject of the king. Dona Magdalena, who had taken up her abode in

the house of her foster-son, never left it until the day of her death.

In February 1560, the Court moved to Toledo, where the states of Castile met. Here Don Carlos was solemnly recognized as heir-apparent and Don Juan was asked to take the oath of allegiance immediately after his sister, the Princess of Brazil, late Regent of the kingdom, and to kiss the hand of his nephew, the heir-apparent. In the same year the seat of government was changed and Madrid was chosen as the royal residence. As in Valladolid so also in the new capital a house was assigned to Don Juan.

At that time there were three princes at the Court of Spain, all three of the same blood and almost of the same age and all the three destined to become famous in history. They were Don Carlos, the heir-apparent, the son of Philip II and of his first wife Mary of Portugal, who had died at the age of eighteen, on July 8, 1545, a few days after she had given birth to a son. The second was Alexander Farnese, and the third was Don Juan of Austria.

Although of the same age and the same blood, the three princes, who were educated together and were practically constant companions, differed considerably both physically and mentally.

Romance has cast a halo round Don Carlos and attributed to him many virtues and a chivalric conduct. He has been represented as a martyr and a passionate lover who, like the unfortunate son of Peter I, Russia's most famous Tsar, Prince Alexis, was put to death by a harsh and cruel father. In reality, however, trustworthy contemporaries describe the character of Don Carlos as unbearable. Physically he was short-sized and humpbacked and had one leg shorter than the other,

whilst his temper, choleric and ungovernable in his early youth, became morose and haughty as he grew up, and he constantly gave offence to all those who came into contact with him.

Alexander Farnese, the Prince of Parma, the son of Duchess Margaret, eldest child of Charles V, and thus a nephew of Don Juan and first cousin of Don Carlos, had both German and Italian blood in his veins. He possessed a keen intellect in a vigorous, well-knit body, and in addition to the intelligence and courage which he had inherited from his mother, he possessed considerable grace and subtlety. He was of a joyous and generous disposition, but was more restrained, more circumspect, prudent and wary than Don Juan.

As for Don Juan, this illegitimate son of an Emperor was splendid, both physically and mentally. The son of Barbara Blomberg was faithful and loyal, but ardent and impetuous and easily irritated. He disdained petty intrigues and underhand acting, being frank and open, displaying in his actions a great character.

These three princes were sent in November 1561 to the University of Alcala, on the banks of the Henares, about six leagues west of Madrid, there to complete their education. Their studies were superintended by the learned Valencian, Honorato Juan. Don Carlos and Don Juan were lodged in the archiepiscopal palace, while Don Alexander Farnese occupied other quarters. Here, in the famous seat of learning, the three princes were constant companions, in spite of their different characters. Alexander Farnese and Juan lived in good intelligence, while there were frequent disputes between Don Juan and his royal nephew Don Carlos.¹

¹ Havemann, l.c., p. 61; Dumesnil, *Don Juan d'Autriche*, p. 17.

The relations between Don Juan and Alexander Farnese were much closer than those which existed between the son of Barbara Blomberg and the heir-apparent to the throne of Spain. The illegitimacy of birth which shrouded in mystery the origin of Juan and of Farnese's mother, Margaret of Parma, had established a certain link between the two young men. They were to become still closer friends later on, when they fought side by side on the battlefield.

For the present, however, although their relations were friendly, there was a certain diversity of character and conduct which prevented the bond established between the two princes to be knitted more closely. Don Juan, educated at the castle of Villagarcia, was used to a certain artless frankness, to straightforwardness and truth as well as obedience to the command of those above him. He had neither talent nor understanding for petty intrigues and lacked the reticence of a courtier.

Quite different had been the education of Alexander Farnese. He had been brought up at the courts of Italy and later on in Flanders, and in his early youth he had learned the art of curbing his impetuosity; he could be prudent and circumspect in word and deed. While apparently obeying commands, he usually got his own will.

Don Carlos, a favourite subject of novelists and playwrights, especially of the Abbé de St. Real, upon whose *Don Carlos, Nouvelle Historique*, Schiller based his famous play, was not the Prince Charming as he has often been depicted.

There is a painting in the museum of the Prado in Madrid which clearly shows the marks of degeneracy in the whole appearance of the son of Philip II and

the grandson of Juana la Loca. Contemporary histories and chronicles are full of contradictory details with regard to the character of the unhappy and tragic prince, details which seem to bear an equal appearance of truth.

The contradictions are easily explained by the struggle between the prince's naturally affectionate disposition and his violent temper. The historian Strada reproaches Don Carlos with brutality. "This vice," he writes, "was noticeable even in his childhood. Sometimes when live hares were brought to him when hunting he would cut their throats himself and watch with pleasure their dying struggles. In a report sent to the Senate of Venice by the ambassador of the Republic, the latter says that he himself had seen Don Carlos do this. In fact, the prince daily showed by his cruel actions that the charges against him were not vain, and the Archbishop of Rossano and Papal Nuncio wrote in a similar strain to Cardinal Allessandrino."

Don Carlos frequently had animals roasted alive, and one day, while holding a tame snake and amusing himself by making it suffer, the animal bit him slightly, whereupon Don Carlos bit off its head with his teeth.

Tiepolo, ambassador of the Venetian Republic, confirms this description of Don Carlos's character by saying that the prince had for a long time shown a tendency to cruelty and anger. It seems that the heir to the throne of Spain could not bear to remain for any length of time bareheaded in the presence of even his father or grandfather, the mighty Emperor Charles V. Don Carlos loved to injure people and hated a number of persons with a deadly hatred.

"All the ministers," writes another Venetian ambassador, "are afraid of him because if they resist him he

uses most abusive language." Such is also the opinion of Fourquevaulx, the French ambassador.

A favourite pastime of Don Carlos was to parade the streets of Madrid at night, armed and in disguise, at the head of a party of young noblemen, on which occasions he not only annoyed but often maltreated the people he met. Even in the daytime he would accost ladies of rank in the most uncourtly manner, insisting on their kissing him and loading them with opprobrious words.

Worse still were his outbursts of ungovernable passion, when high and low suffered equally. Brantôme relates that Don Carlos loved to roam the streets at night, and thought nothing of insulting any beautiful woman who passed, however highly born, by forcibly embracing her and using the most insulting epithets. Brantôme's statement is confirmed by such historians as Cabrera and Ferreras.

One night, in the course of his escapades, water was thrown on Don Carlos from a window of a certain house, no doubt by some infuriated husband. The grandson of Charles V returned to the palace in a convulsion of fury and gave orders for the house to be burnt down and all the inhabitants put to death. The officer who received the order had the good sense to evade it. He returned and told his master that he had seen a priest entering the house, carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and had, therefore, considered it his duty to respect the house. Don Carlos accepted the excuse, either because he really believed the story or because his fury had in the meantime abated.

The following story of the prince's paroxysms of passion is characteristic. The Spanish young noblemen of the time used to wear boots with wide high legs, so as to allow a small pistol to be concealed in them. One

day, a shoemaker having sent the prince a pair of boots with narrow legs, Don Carlos went into a fit of fury, struck Don Manuel, who had ordered the boots, on the mouth, and violently rang for an attendant. He threw the latter, who had not answered quickly enough, out of the window. Thereupon he ordered the boots to be cut up into small pieces and cooked and then sent them over to the shoemaker for him to eat. The unhappy man was actually forced to swallow his own boots.

Many stories of the prince's violent behaviour to persons of the highest position are current between 1564 and 1567. The prince seems also to have been passionately fond of gambling, as one finds entries of his losses, and his principal creditor was Don Juan of Austria.

The eccentricities of Don Carlos, his violence and his furious outbursts, caused much anxiety to Philip II and the Court.

Considering the irascible character of the heir-apparent, it was unavoidable that frequent quarrels and disputes should arise between Don Juan and Don Carlos. One day, at a game of ball, a dispute had arisen between the two princes, and Don Carlos haughtily remarked that he considered it beneath his dignity to quarrel with one who was not his equal in birth. To this the impetuous Don Juan immediately retorted that he was the son of an honest mother, and as for his father, the latter was certainly superior to that of the Infante.

Don Carlos did not hesitate to report this incident and Don Juan's reply to the king. Philip replied that his half-brother had spoken the truth, for his mother was a noble woman and his father had worn the Imperial crown.¹

¹ See Grachard, *Relations des Ambassadeurs Vénitiens*.

On the whole, however, with the exception of his outbursts, the result of his irascible temperament, Don Carlos was rather friendly disposed to his uncle and companion of his youth. During the summer months, when the two princes were in Madrid, both were constant companions.

On August 25, 1566, the baptism of the Infanta Clara Isabella Eugenia took place in the palace chapel, and Don Carlos was expected to act as godfather. At the last moment, however, the heir-apparent was too unwell to take part in the ceremony. He asked Don Juan to take his place, and it was thus that the son of Barbara Blomberg carried in his arms the future heiress of Flanders to the baptismal font.

It is also related that when the King of Spain appointed Don Juan as commander of the fleet, the Infante hurried from Madrid to the Escorial personally to thank his royal father for this favour bestowed upon his uncle and companion. Don Carlos is also said to have frequently made presents to Dona Magdalena de Ulloa, Don Juan's foster-mother.

CHAPTER XIII

DON JUAN OF AUSTRIA—continued

THE CONQUEROR OF THE MORISCOES

Don Juan to enter the Church—The Turks threaten Malta—Don Juan anxious to fight—Philip's refusal—The sword lures the son of Charles V—A dash for the coast—Don Juan at Frasco—The Archbishop of Saragossa—The illustrious patient—The nobility of old Castile—The pleading of the prelate in vain—Don Juan at Taragona—A royal message—Don Juan obeys—Admiral of the Fleet—The victories of Don Juan—Don Carlos intends to leave Spain—His letters to the magnates of Spain—The aid of Don Juan—Nephew and uncle—Don Carlos implores the aid of Don Juan—The ambitious son of sin—The kingdom of Naples—Ambition and prudence—The clear-sighted son of Charles V—Treachery and gratitude—The revolt of the Moriscoes—Don Juan is sent to Granada—A deputation of matrons and maidens—The damsels of Granada and the handsome son of sin—Don Juan promises justice—The exile of the Moriscoes—The fate of the captives—The capture of Guejar—The siege of Galera.

PHILIP II was in favour of his half-brother entering the Church. The king was apparently influenced in his intentions by the desire expressed by his father, Charles V.

In reality, however, he had more personal reasons for wishing his gallant and popular half-brother to enter the Church. In 1564 Philip tried to obtain from the Pope the Cardinal's hat for Don Juan, but failed in his endeavours.

In 1565 news reached Madrid that the Turks were threatening Malta. The Grandmaster Jean de la Valette sent messages to Spain and implored the Catholic king

to come to the assistance of his order. Philip immediately gave instructions to Garcia de Toledo, Viceroy of Sicily and Admiral of the Mediterranean fleet, to hurry to the relief of the island.

Don Juan was present when his royal brother issued his command and he implored the king to allow him to take part in the fight against the infidels. His request was not granted by Philip. "You are too young," coldly replied Philip, "to take part in this fight. It is my earnest desire that you enter the Church instead of embracing the profession of arms."

But in Juan's veins the blood of Charles V was coursing and the young prince was burning with the desire to perform great deeds on the battlefields. It was galling to the future victor of Lepanto to remain idle at the Court while the nobility of Castile was preparing for a crusade. The sword lured the son of the Emperor much more than the rosary.

Juan made up his mind to disobey his royal brother and to hurry to the scene of action. In secret, therefore, he left the Court and taking post-horses at Galapas, made a dash for the coast, where he hoped to take ship either at Barcelona or Vinarez. On the road to Segovia, where the king was at that moment to meet his queen returning from Bayonne, the Duke of Medinaceli learned from a postilion of the incomprehensible dash of Don Juan. He immediately informed the king of the incident, and Philip, guessing the reason of his half-brother's action, at once sent orders to the authorities in all the ports of Spain not to allow Don Juan to take ship.

In the meantime the son of Barbara Blomberg was hurrying along to the coast. In Torija he was seized with an attack of fever, but heedless of it, he continued his

journey. His strength, however, was exhausted when he reached Frasnó, five leagues from Saragossa, and he was compelled to stop.

The news that the son of Charles V and half-brother of the King of Spain was lying ill at Frasnó reached the ears of Fernando de Aragon, Archbishop of Saragossa, and the prelate hurried to the bedside of the illustrious patient, brought him to his palace, where he nursed him as befitted such an august guest.

In the meantime the news of Juan's escapade had spread over the country, and the chivalrous nobility of old Castile hurried to Barcelona, where they hoped to take ship in company of the popular prince. Juan had recovered and was burning with impatience to leave Saragossa. In vain did the archbishop try his best to persuade the prince to give up his plan.

"Such an act," rightly pointed out the prelate, "would make you incur the anger of His Majesty the King. Besides, the ships have already left Barcelona."

Don Juan remained adamant.

"My enterprise," he replied, "is in the service of God and the King, and my honour forbids me to desist from my plan. Should I find it impossible to take ship at Barcelona, then I will travel to a French port, where I will easily find a ship."

Don Juan thereupon sent his faithful attendant, Jose de Acuna, to Barcelona to find out whether the Spanish ships had really left. When the archbishop realized that all his pleading would be in vain and that his illustrious guest was determined not to listen to his words of advice, he begged Don Juan at least to take with him a guard of five hundred sharpshooters and to allow the kingdom of Aragon to defray the expenses of the expedition.

"As soon as I shall be on board ship," replied Don Juan, "I will accept this offer gratefully."

An offer of ready money, however, he refused. Burning with impatience Don Juan left Saragossa, but was again delayed at Taragona. Here the Viceroy detained him with various festivities until a royal message arrived. Philip wrote to Don Juan, commanding him to return without delay to Madrid and in the case of disobedience threatened his half-brother with his disgrace. Loyalty and obedience were among the characteristic traits of Don Juan. The command of his king was sacred to him and he felt himself compelled to obey. It was this obedience on the part of his impetuous half-brother which reconciled Philip to Don Juan.

Philip had now become convinced that his gallant half-brother would never willingly enter the Church and that it would be useless to press him to do so. In January 1568 the king therefore appointed Don Juan as *capitan general de la mar* in the place of the aged and sickly Garcia de Toledo.

It was the duty of the young Admiral of the Fleet to protect the Spanish fleet from an attack by the corsairs and to free the Spanish coasts from the Moriscoes. At the head of thirty-three galleys Juan left the port of Cartagena on June 3, and sailed along the Spanish coast as far as Cadiz. More than one victory did he carry off in his fights against the freebooters, pursuing the fugitives to their haunts and the hiding places in their homeland.

On his return to the capital, the young admiral was enthusiastically acclaimed and received a great welcome. No one had ever questioned the courage and chivalry of the youthful admiral, but all were now convinced that

the natural son of Charles V was both a courageous and gallant soldier, and a wise and prudent leader.

It was a few months after Don Juan had been appointed Admiral of the Fleet or General of the Navy that the unhappy prince Don Carlos, his nephew, made up his mind secretly to leave Spain. Don Carlos had already formed his plan in 1565, but its accomplishment was hindered by the cleverness of the Count of Eboli, who then possessed his full confidence.

On the 20th of December 1567, King Philip having journeyed to the Escorial to stay there over Twelfth Night, Don Carlos reckoned on his father's absence to carry out his plan. He wrote to several magnates and asked them to be ready to accompany him on an important journey. Some, like the dukes of Sesa and Medina and the Marquess of Pescara, agreed, others replied that they were at the prince's service in everything that was not opposed to religion or their duty to His Majesty the King, while a few sent the prince's letters to the king.

Don Carlos then drew up many letters to be delivered after his departure, one to the king, his father, one to the Pope, one to the Emperor, the rest to all the monarchs of Christendom, the magnates of the realm, the governing authorities and the magistrates of Castile and the other states of the Spanish monarchy.

In his letter to his father Don Carlos enumerated his grievances and declared that he could no longer bear his ill-treatment. To the magnates of Spain he promised many marks of favour, especially the restoration of their revenue from the duty on salt which the king had taken away.

To carry out his plan of flight Don Carlos had reckoned on the aid of his uncle, Don Juan. He wished to go to

Italy by a ship of the fleet that was being fitted out at Carthage. This fleet was now under the orders of Don Juan, and Don Carlos was sure that the latter would help him.

The prince, in spite of his violent temper and one or two quarrels he had with Don Juan, was rather fond of his young uncle. He put his full confidence in him and considered the son of Barbara Blomberg as the best friend he had in the world.

As a matter of fact the two princes had been very intimate since 1559, and in Don Carlos's accounts there were items of handsome presents made to his uncle and several sums lost to him. Don Juan, thought the heir to the throne of Spain, would certainly sympathize with him, for had not the illegitimate son of Charles V himself made an attempt to leave Spain secretly and go to fight the Turks?

A few days before Christmas, therefore, Don Carlos called Don Juan into his room and revealed to him his whole scheme. The prince begged his uncle to accompany him to Italy, promising to reward him with the Kingdom of Naples or Milan.

Don Juan was ambitious, and crowns and thrones, as will be related in subsequent chapters, constantly haunted the dreams of the son of the late Emperor. Don Juan, however, was a true son of Charles V and his ambition was tempered by wisdom and a sound judgment. The throne of Naples! What a splendid prospect! But alas, would this puny grandson of Juana la Loca ever be able to carry out his plans and fulfil his promises? To rely on his nephew meant to build on quicksand.

Don Juan was clear-sighted enough to see at once how absurd and dangerous the whole undertaking was, and

that instead of deriving any profit from the assistance he would lend his nephew, on the contrary, he stood to lose a great deal. Knowing his nephew too well to oppose him openly, Don Juan represented to the prince the difficulties and dangers in the way of carrying out his plan, and asked for twenty-four hours to think over his decision. He wrote to the prince next day, and then rode to the king and told him of his son's schemes.

This step, as Don Juan explained to his friends and to his half-brother, he felt bound to take out of gratitude and loyalty to His Majesty the King. The latter had openly acknowledged him as his brother and had given him a high position at Court. He had received the order of the Golden Fleece, had been nominated General of the Navy, one of the most important posts in the kingdom, and to betray his benefactor would have been the blackest ingratitude on his part.

Loyalty was certainly one of the characteristic traits of the son of Barbara Blomberg. But one may wonder how this knight-errant and dreamer of royal dreams would have acted, had he seen any chance to further his own plans by embracing the cause of his unfortunate nephew.

Don Juan was for some time but rarely to be met at the Court of Madrid among the grandees of Spain and in the immediate entourage of his half-brother, the king. The life at that silent and austere Court, shrouded in gloom and governed by strict etiquette, did not suit the buoyant character and the youthful temperament of Don Juan. He preferred to retire to the harmless silence within the walls of the Franciscan cloister Scala Dei, near Valladolid.

Here the news reached him of a rising at Granada, and once more his blood began to course faster in his veins. He was burning with impatience to take up his sword and perform deeds of gallantry in a fight against the Moors. At the advice of his confidential secretary, Juan de Quiroga, he wrote to the king and implored him to entrust unto him the command against the infidels and rebels.

"I feel compelled," he wrote, "to punish the crime committed against your Majesty by the rebels. The viceroy Mondejar will not be able to perform the task alone, while I will thus have an opportunity of showing myself worthy of the favour shown to me by your Majesty."

The urgent request of Don Juan was refused by Philip, who considered the rising of the Moors at Granada as being of too small an importance to warrant an expedition headed by his own brother. The king was soon, however, to regret his mistake.

Philip II soon realized that the revolt was a serious matter. He had at first treated the rising of the Moriscoes not as a serious rebellion but as a provincial outbreak, convinced that the local force would be quite sufficient to quell it. He soon found out that it was a bitter fight of race against race and that the local forces were inadequate.

There was a suggestion now that the king in person should repair to Granada, but this advice was not followed, as Philip could not be spared in Madrid. Cardinal Espinosa then suggested that Don Juan should be sent to Granada, the seat of the war. The king, who was now convinced of the valour and bravery of the natural son of Charles V, consented.

Still hesitating, however, to entrust the sole command to his half-brother, he decided that Don Juan should be guided by a council consisting of Mondejar, President Deza, the Archbishop of Granada, the Duke of Sesa, and Don Luis Quixada. All affairs were first to be laid before this body and subsequently examined and the measures resolved and approved by the Supreme Council at Madrid.

In high spirits and happy to escape the idle life at Court, Don Juan took leave from the king in the famous gardens of Aranjuez, whither the Court had repaired in the spring, and on April 6, he set out on his expedition, reaching a village not far from Granada six days later. His position was somewhat anomalous. Whilst he was apparently invested with unlimited power, and all the authorities were bound to obey him, he himself was dependent on the decisions of the council appointed by the king.

A troop of cavalry came to meet Don Juan, and on the 13th of April the son of Barbara Blomberg, escorted by the archbishop riding on his left, entered the romantic city of Granada through the gate of Elvira. Issuing from this gate, a procession of four hundred women came to meet Don Juan. Matrons and maidens, clad in mourning weeds and their hair fluttering and dishevelled, came to cry for justice.

"Justice, my lord," cried the matrons and maidens under tears and sobs, "our fathers, husbands and sons have been slain, and our woe is now increased when we hear that the assassins are to be forgiven."

This deputation had been carefully arranged by the party hostile to the Moriscoes and which disapproved the policy of Mondejar. Don Juan spoke words of

sympathy and consolation, promising the deputation of wailing matrons and maidens to be a just judge. He entered the city, and the heart of the boy who had once had peasant lads as his companions was elated when he heard the shouts of joy and the greetings of the multitudes. There were flowers in profusion and rich draperies adorned the balconies and windows of the picturesque city. The bright-eyed, beautiful ladies and damsels of Granada crowded the windows and balconies, anxious to bestow a smile of welcome on the handsome, graceful and gallant young commander.

Through the streets of Granada Don Juan rode until the cavalcade stopped before the Palace of the Audience, where the new commander alighted. He was received with a ceremonial which Philip II had himself carefully prescribed. His brother, ran the instructions, was to be addressed as His Excellency and never as His Highness, a title conceded only to persons royal.

Immediately on Don Juan's arrival a deputation of Morisco inhabitants of the city came to wait on the new commander. "With great joy," said the spokesman of the deputation, "have we looked forward to the arrival of Your Excellency, and we fervently hope that we shall now be delivered from the accusations which were being hurled against us, making us responsible for the rebellion." They were loyal subjects of His Majesty, and while admitting that the rebels deserved punishment, they had a right to claim the protection of the king. In spite, however, of their loyalty, they had suffered oppression from the king's soldiers and servants. Their goods had been confiscated and their homes dishonoured, and the officers had taken no steps to protect them from the misdeeds of the soldiers.

“ We implore Your Excellency,” continued the spokesman of the deputation, “ to put an end to such wrongs and beg you to protect our lives, honour and property.”

To this plea Don Juan replied courteously, thus addressing the deputation :

“ Don Philip has sent me here for the purpose of establishing peace in this kingdom, and I therefore ask you all who have remained loyal in the service of God and of His Majesty the King, to be assured that whilst the rebels will be punished, protection and justice will be vouchsafed unto all who deserve them.”

Don Juan thereupon appointed a commission to investigate matters, to examine all the grievances complained of and to endeavour to do justice to all concerned. He then inspected all the defences and took all the measures necessary so as to be ready for a possible attack of the enemy. His knightly appearance, his condescension and his readiness to listen to all complaints, and his constant endeavour to redress wrongs, endeared the son of Barbara Blomberg to all hearts and made him popular. Old soldiers pretended to recognize in Don Juan the old Emperor. Yet this gallant young soldier, this impetuous and brave warrior, could do but little on his own account, for he was compelled to submit to the decisions of the council and to obey instructions from Madrid.

It was galling to this ardent youth, thirsting for action, to remain idle in Granada. Bitterly did he complain to his brother the king that he had been sent to Granada there to waste his youth in idleness. He had to look on from his windows in the Alhambra how others went out to fight and crossed the Vega. “ I have been sacrificed,” added Don Juan, “ and am kept here like a prisoner.”

"I have not sent you to Granada," replied the king, "to lead the army in person, but to watch in my place both over war and administration."

At last, however, the repeated remonstrances of Don Juan, burning with martial zeal, resulted in his getting the royal permission to begin active operations.

The enemy had in the meantime benefited by the young commander's inactivity and become more daring. The fortress of Seron was the only place of importance which had remained in the hands of the Christians.

As the aspect of affairs was growing worse, the king now sent instructions to Don Juan to remove from Granada all the Moriscoes between the ages of ten and sixty and to send them under escort to various places beyond the frontiers of Andalusia. The poor exiles were told that it was being done in their own interests and that it was for their own safety that His Christian Majesty had decided to take this step.

A proclamation was issued, and the Moriscoes were ordered to assemble in the churches of their parishes. The poor wretches now trembled for their lives, but were assured that no danger really threatened them, and that it was thought advisable to remove them from the scene of rebellion.

The fears of the crowd, most of whom were peaceful citizens, were allayed by Don Juan, who visited in person the various congregations. On the following morning he superintended in person the removal of the exiles. The long lines of captives, three thousand and five hundred men, heads downcast, hands bound and eyes streaming, marched between files of soldiers, torn away from their homes and their families. They went into exile at the command of His Catholic Majesty of Madrid.

Through the gate of Elvira they were led to the Casa de Los Locos, a royal hospital founded by Isabella the Catholic. The women, children and old men, who had in the meantime remained in the town, were subsequently also brought to the spacious courtyards of the hospital, where the names of all the exiles were entered into registers. They were divided into companies for removal to various places in Castile, Estramadura and Andalusia.

Thanks to the precautions taken by Don Juan, everything was accomplished without any serious incident. The number of captives led out through the gate of Elvira to wander into exile is estimated to have been at least ten thousand. Some of the younger men, as soon as the order had been promulgated, escaped to the Sierra, where they gathered round the banner of rebellion, whilst some had influence enough to be exempted from the general sentence. Sad, however, was the lot of the captives on their march towards unknown places. Many died on the road of hunger, starvation and exhaustion, or of grief, whilst others were slain by the soldiers who were supposed to protect them.¹ The abandoned houses were plundered by the populace and taken possession of by the soldiers.

When Philip had given permission to his half-brother to march out against the enemy, he nevertheless was not free from mistrust. Be it really solicitude for the life of his brother or mistrust and fear of seeing the popularity of the natural son of his father steadily increasing, he constantly wrote to Don Juan and implored him not to expose himself. The Imperial bastard, however, was not one of those generals who lead attacks upon the enemy from the safe retreat of their studios or cabinets.

¹ See Havemann, *l.c.*, pp. 95-6.

“In my position,” wrote Don Juan, “and at my age, it is in the interests of your Majesty that the soldiers should see me at their head or in their midst whenever there is a fight.”

In December 1569, Don Juan left Granada, where he had passed so long in idleness, and having expelled the enemy from the Vega district, turned his attention to the fortress of Guejar, situated in the rugged mountain districts of the Sierra Nevada, and lying between the two streams, the Xenil and the Aguas-blancas.

At the head of an army of ten thousand men, Don Juan marched against the fortress, which he captured. After the capture of Guejar, Don Juan set out over Quadix and Baza against Galera, to which he laid siege. The siege and capture of this stronghold is perhaps one of the most dramatic episodes of the war.

CHAPTER XIV

DON JUAN OF AUSTRIA—continued

THE VICTOR OF LEPANTO AND GOVERNOR OF THE NETHERLANDS

The Conqueror of the Moors—Sultan Selim—Venice and Cyprus—The Pope and Don Juan—The bastard at Naples—A gorgeous scene—The battle of Lepanto—Motley's description—Dreams of crowns and thrones—King of Tunis—The heretic Elizabeth—Mary of Scotland—The lovely prisoner—Romance and ambition—The greatest general since Julius Cæsar—Trouble in the Netherlands—Duke Alba—The Council of Blood—Louis de Requesnes—Sudden death—Don Juan Governor of Netherlands—The plans of Rome—The throne of England and Scotland—Don Juan's policy—He goes to Spain—Interview with the king—Journey through France—Visit to the Louvre—The beautiful Queen of Navarre—The fickleness of the romantic knight-errant—The city of Antwerp pillaged—The Pacification of Ghent.

DON JUAN had vanquished the Moors and appeared to the Christian world as the hero destined to break the power of the Infidels. The Ottoman Empire was casting its shadow on Europe, and Sultan Soliman the Magnificent had reached the apogee of his power. The Turks, availing themselves of the quarrels dividing the Christian nations, were threatening Venice, the Holy Roman Empire, and Spain.

Selim, the successor of Soliman, had declared war to Venice and captured the island of Cyprus in 1570. In its distress, the Republic found an unexpected ally in the person of Pope Pius V. The Pontiff conceived the

idea of a crusade against the Infidels. A bastard, Charles Martel, had once saved Europe from the invasion of the Saracens, and an Imperial bastard was once more to be the commander of the crusaders against the Infidels or the Faithful, as the Turks called themselves. The choice of the Pope had fallen on Don Juan.

On the 25th of May 1571, the Holy League was proclaimed at the Vatican and an alliance was formed between Venice and Spain. On the 6th of June Don Juan set out for Italy and was received with great honour and pomp at Genoa by the commander of the Sicilian fleet, Doria, a nephew of the famous Andrea Doria, who had once offered hospitality in his magnificent palace to Charles V. At Naples Don Juan was received by Cardinal Granvella and at Santa Clara the standard of the League sent by the Pope was handed to him.

Don Juan arrived at Naples, bringing with him over one hundred ships and twenty-three thousand men. For six months the hostile fleets cruised and manœuvred in the same waters without, however, coming to an encounter, as both seemed to fear the consequences of a conflict. In the end six hundred vessels met face to face in the Gulf of Lepanto and the conflict became inevitable.

“Rarely, in history,” writes Motley, “had so gorgeous a scene of martial array been witnessed. An October sun gilded the thousand beauties of an Ionian landscape. Athens and Corinth were behind the combatants, the mountains of Alexander’s Macedon rose in the distance, the rock of Sappho and the heights of Actium were before their eyes. Since the day when the world had been lost and won beneath that famous promontory, no such

combat as the one now approaching had been fought upon the waves."

The chivalrous young commander despatched energetic messages to his fellow chieftains, and now that it was no longer possible to elude the encounter, the martial ardour of the allies was kindled. The Venetian High-Admiral replied with words of enthusiasm. Colonna, lieutenant of the League, answered his chief in the language of St. Peter: "Though I die, yet will I not deny thee."

The famous battle of Lepanto raged from noon till evening, and by sunset it had been won by Don Juan. Thirty thousand Turks, says the historian Cabrera, were slain, and ten thousand were made prisoners. Ten thousand Christians were killed, and fifteen thousand Christian prisoners liberated. It was a splendid triumph for the son of the Emperor. In this battle Don Juan had an opportunity of showing the mettle he was made of and of displaying the courage that was the apantage of the bastard of Charles V. The fame of the young hero now spread throughout Christendom and the whole world and he was congratulated on all sides. The battle of Lepanto was declared to be the most brilliant victory ever achieved by Christians, and the youthful commander was praised by all the veteran captains of the age.

No wonder the son of Barbara Blomberg was intoxicated with his glory, and conscious of the fact that he was born within the folds of the purple and of an Imperial cloak, he began to dream of a crown and a throne as many royal and Imperial bastards before and after him have dreamed. The descendants of Henry of Trastamara were ruling Castile, and the progeny of another royal bastard were occupying the throne of Naples. Why

should not he, the beloved son of the great and mighty Charles V, carve out for himself a kingdom somewhere?

Don Juan made a descent on the Barbary coast, destroyed Biserta and captured Tunis. The Pope was ready to proclaim the Imperial bastard King of Tunis. Philip II, however, took umbrage at the restless ambition of his half-brother and interfered. Don Juan's dream of an African Empire was frustrated, but he turned his eyes elsewhere. Why not conquer the islands in the Northern seas, England and Scotland, snatch them from the heretic Queen Elizabeth and rule the united realms as a Catholic king? It was a romantic scheme, worthy of the son of the Catholic Charles V and the half-brother of His Most Catholic Majesty Philip II.

The scheme of Don Juan was to be both a crusade on the part of that champion of the Cross and a romantic enterprise fit for a knight-errant. Yonder in England, thought Don Juan, the beautiful Mary of Scotland was languishing in captivity, kept a prisoner by the infidel maid, Queen Elizabeth. He, the Imperial bastard, would liberate the royal prisoner, take her to wife, and together with his beautiful spouse ascend the throne of United England and Scotland, where he would once more establish the sway of Catholicism. He would then combine faith, ambition and love. Such were the romantic schemes of crowns and thrones, of empires and kingdoms, of beautiful princesses set free and espoused, of Crusaders and deeds of chivalry which flitted across the brain of the son of Emperor Charles V and Barbara Blomberg.

Such were the schemes which the youthful victor of Lepanto, whom the Duke of Alba had declared to be the

greatest general since the death of Julius Cæsar, was evolving in his brain and heart. Suddenly the news reached Don Juan in Italy that his royal half-brother had appointed him Governor-General of the Netherlands.

The news arriving from the Netherlands was daily increasing the worries of Philip II of Spain. He saw the possible loss of a kingdom but found no remedy against the heroic constancy of a people ready to bring many sacrifices on the altar of liberty. These liberty-loving citizens of the Low Countries were preparing for a long struggle and a bloody contest against the forces of old Spain. The hands of a woman had proved too feeble to wield the reins of government. Marguerite of Parma had retired, and horrible persecutions were inaugurated in Flanders under her successor, the terrible and famous Duke of Alba. Illustrious heads fell on the scaffold, entire cities were destroyed, and citizens, without distinction of age or sex, were put to death. Alba created a new Court to which the people had given the name of the Council of Blood, and within three months this Court sent eighteen hundred persons to the scaffold.

The cruelties, however, exercised by the Duke of Alba did not yield the results which Philip had expected, and after a while he replaced the general by Don Louis de Requesnes in the government of the Netherlands. The new governor was received with great rejoicings at Brussels, not because the people desired to do him honour, but because they wished to show that any change was welcome to them as long as it relieved them of the hated rule of the Duke of Alba. Requesnes, however, lacked the power to crush the rebellion in the

disaffected provinces. He grew weary of his work and died of a sudden fever at Brussels on March 5, 1576.

Requesnes having died suddenly, the supreme power fell into the hands of the Council of State, and a semblance of government was carried on for some months. Philip now decided to give a successor to Requesnes and his choice fell on his half-brother, the splendid victor of Lepanto, who seemed to be the only man capable to take up the terrible inheritance. The Pope approved Philip's choice. Gregory XIII loudly insisted on the King of Spain sending his brother to the Netherlands so that he might crush with one blow the hydra-head of heresy and rebellion.

But Rome had other plans with regard to Don Juan. The son of Charles V was to be placed at the head of a force which would conquer England, deliver Mary Queen of the Scots, seat her and the son of the Emperor on the throne of the heretic Elizabeth and thus restore the British Kingdoms to the bosom of the Church. Philip himself seems to have entered with warmth into the plan of an invasion of England and into the marriage of his half-brother with the beautiful Mary. In fact, he believed in the feasibility of the invasion and in the realization of the splendid dream of Rome.

Don Juan wrote to his royal half-brother that he was ready to obey his orders, but that in accepting the government of the Netherlands the victor of Lepanto was conferring a favour rather than accepting one. He pointed out the alarming state prevailing in the Low Countries, the progress of heresy and the menace of an invasion from France and England. He asked His Catholic Majesty to allow him a certain latitude of judgment which would enable him to act as exigencies

would require. He explained his views as to the policy to be adopted which alone would make it possible for him to bring order into the confusion.

The policy which the illegitimate son of Charles V recommended was briefly as follows: The abolition of all ordinances contrary to the laws and customs of the Provinces, the adoption of all possible means calculated to bring back to the royal service the vassals of his Majesty who repented of their faults. The observation of the ancient customs of the country in appointing people to places of trust, the exclusion of foreign lawyers so unpopular, and finally, the necessity of conducting affairs without the employment of force. Don Juan concluded his letter to the king by pointing out the veritable remedy for the vile conditions in the Netherlands. In his opinion it lay in an attack against heretic England.

"In the judgment of all men," he wrote, "it was necessary that England should be in the power of a person devoted and well-affectioned to His Majesty's service; the contrary position of England would result in the impossibility of preserving them for the crown of Spain. He had heard that rumours prevailed at Rome and elsewhere that both His Majesty and His Holiness had thought of him as the instrument for the execution of such designs. Of course, he did not consider himself fitted for anything except in so far as it suited His Majesty's pleasure, but as it seemed that in the world's opinion the task was incumbent on him, he was ready to lend a willing ear to the project." This letter was carried to Madrid by Escovedo, Don Juan's secretary.

Don Juan reached Lombardy, but in spite of the peremptory order of his royal brother which forbade him to come to Spain, he took upon himself the

responsibility of disobeying it and proceeded to Madrid. Philip showed no severity, accepted his brother's excuses and received him kindly. Long conferences took place at the Escorial, and Don Juan, before his departure, went to Abrojo to kiss his foster-mother Dona Magdalena de Ulloa, whom he was never to see again.

In reality the son of Barbara Blomberg, who was dreaming of a throne, was rather glad to go to the Netherlands. He saw in his new appointment an opportunity of realizing his schemes and royal dreams. He knew that in the Netherlands he would find the very men he needed for his schemes. There were ten thousand hardened Spanish adventurers ready for adventure and whom the lust of gold would at once induce to follow such a commander as the victor of Lepanto. Don Juan did not expect to stay long in the Netherlands. The troubles, he imagined, were only of a paltry nature which he would soon settle. Then off for the North, for the hand and love of Mary Queen of the Scots and the crown of the united realm of England and Scotland.

Such were the hopes of Don Juan when he journeyed from Italy to Spain to receive the final instructions of his royal half-brother, Philip II. He left Spain and, accompanied by his confidential friend, Ottavio Gonzaga, six men-at-arms and an experienced Swiss courier, traversed France. It was dangerous for the Catholic Governor-General of the Netherlands to travel through France in those days, and Don Juan made the journey disguised as a Moorish servant. Arrived in Paris, the impetuous and romantic son of Emperor Charles descended at a hostelry opposite the residence of the Spanish ambassador, with whom he had a secret interview at nightfall.

Having learned that there was to be a great ball at the Louvre on that night, the hero of Lepanto, in spite of his hurry, could not resist the temptation of being present. He went to the ball at the French Court in disguise. Brantôme relates that on that occasion the handsome son of Charles V beheld the wonderfully beautiful daughter of Catherine de Medicis, the famous Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre. The impetuous son of love, always susceptible to feminine charm, fell in love with the "reine Margot," forgetting for a moment the beautiful Queen of Scotland whom it was his intention to liberate and to espouse. On the 3rd of November the romantic knight-errant, the famous captain and victor of Lepanto, full of hopes and schemes, arrived at Luxemburg.

The news which the new Governor received on his arrival in the Netherlands must have dispelled a good many of his illusions, proving to him that his new enterprise would be rather desperate. On the eve of his arrival the city of Antwerp had been taken and pillaged by Spanish soldiers, and Holland and Zeeland had openly shaken off the Spanish yoke. They proclaimed in form what had long been an established fact, their independence. On the 8th of November the treaty known as the Pacification of Ghent was signed by the representatives of Holland and Zeeland on the one side, and by those of Brabant, Flanders, Artois, Hainault, Namur and other Catholic towns, on the other, by which the contracting parties bound themselves to drive the Spanish troops from the land.

CHAPTER XV

DON JUAN OF AUSTRIA—continued

THE SPLENDID SON AND THE PROFLIGATE MOTHER

Mother and son—The widow Kegel—Barbara and Duke Alba—Forbidden to marry—Refuses to leave the Netherlands—Don Juan's embarrassing position—The undesirable mother—Political interests—The widow Kegel and the Duchess of Parma—Harsh words—Barbara's angry words—"You are not the son of an Emperor"—Don Juan exasperated—The mystery of his birth—Barbara imprisoned—Consents to leave the Netherlands—Her reasons—Anton Stanton, Barbara's lover—A satire on Don Juan and his mother—A famous squib quoted—Barbara's ambition—The widow Kegel travels to Spain—Barbara and Dona Magdalena—The foster-mother and the real mother—Death of Don Juan's mother.

IT was during his residence at Luxemburg that Don Juan met for the first and last time his mother, Barbara Blomberg. The mistress of Charles V had married a man named Kegel, whose widow she now was. Her establishment at Ghent had given a great deal of trouble to the famous Duke of Alba. "The widow Kegel," writes Motley, "became the torment of that warrior's life. The terrible Governor, who could almost crush the heart of a nation of three millions, was unable to curb this single termagant."

Philip had forbidden the mistress of his father to marry again, but she was surrounded by numerous suitors and lovers. She refused to go to Spain, declaring that she would rather be cut in pieces. Now when Don Juan arrived in the Netherlands it soon became

clear that it was impossible that these two beings, who stood so near each other, and whom fate had placed in such different social states, should remain in the same place. Don Juan quickly realized his embarrassing position. While, however, the victor of Lepanto hoped to prevail upon his mother to retire to some small place where she would have no opportunity of meeting many people, the former mistress of Charles V had other views.

Don Juan had been in the habit of making his mother a liberal allowance, in addition to the royal pension of three thousand ducats, but Barbara hoped that the arrival of her famous son in the Netherlands would greatly ameliorate her position. The widow Kegel was, however, mistaken. Her famous son was desirous of her departure and it was in his personal interests to remove the profligate and undesirable mother from the Netherlands. The political interests of Spain which he was representing and his own ambitious designs, namely the acquisition of the crowns of Scotland and England, made the presence of his mother in the Netherlands very embarrassing for him.

Philip II had frequently proposed to the widow Kegel her removal to Spain, but Barbara had always strenuously refused. Don Juan now did his best to persuade his mother to acquiesce in the king's wish. The son seems at first to have tried to obtain his purpose by a ruse. Cardinal Granvella pretends that Don Juan had made his mother believe that the Duchess Marguerite of Parma had invited her to come to Genoa and thence by way of Naples to Aquilla in the Abruzzi mountains, where the daughter of Charles V was in the habit of passing the summer. The astute widow refused to be

entrapped, and her son saw himself compelled to adopt a more firm attitude. Clearly and categorically he told his mother that her presence in the Netherlands was absolutely impossible and against his personal interests and that if she refused to leave the country she would be removed by force. The harsh words of her son touched the obstinate mother to the quick and she lost her temper.

"You are mistaken," she cried, "when you call yourself the son of the Emperor and the brother of the King of Spain; you are my son, but your father was really a furrier of obscure extraction."

These words which Barbara afterwards repeated entirely exasperated Don Juan, who now determined to get rid of his mother at any cost. Barbara's assertion had even complicated the mystery of Don Juan's birth. Even if he was the offspring of an august parent, on one side, he was base-born, but he was possibly sprung of ignoble blood on both sides. His mother's identity was known and her present mode of life was scandalous, but who was his father? Was the victor of Lepanto really to look "for the author of his being in the halls of the Cæsars or in the booths of Ratisbon mechanics?" Barbara's presence in the Netherlands had become impossible.

Don Juan was quick to notice that his illegitimate birth was looked upon quite differently in Flanders than it had been in his Spanish homeland. The Court and feudal Renaissance morality of Spain was unknown to the citizens of the Low Countries, and to them the new Governor was a bastard. His mother, therefore, who was constantly reminding the people of his illegitimate birth, would anyhow have to leave the country. The widow

Kegel was immediately deprived of her liberty and sent to a castle where she was to await her definite removal from the country.

During her imprisonment the former mistress of Charles V had time and leisure to reflect, and she came to the conclusion that it would after all be wise for her to yield to the wishes of her son. She consented to leave the Netherlands for Spain so that her son would at least be spared the necessity of using force against his mother.

Various circumstances and reasons may have influenced the obstinate and profligate widow Kegel. The life she was leading was a public scandal, and her lovers were numerous. She understood now that her son would control her manner of living and conduct and leave her to enjoy but little liberty. In Spain, she hoped, she would perhaps have greater freedom. Besides, she was entirely dependent upon the allowances and pensions received from the king and from her son.

It has been suggested that a more unselfish reason influenced the mother of Don Juan to leave the Netherlands willingly. She felt that she had no right to be an obstacle in her son's plans and aims or to prevent his ascension to a throne. The idea of being the mother of a king may have induced the daughter of Wolfgang Plumberger of Ratisbon to leave the Netherlands.

According to some historians, however, the principal reason which induced the former mistress of the Emperor to leave was her anxiety to obtain the liberty of one of her lovers. A certain Anton Stanton, a former servant of Mary Stuart and who had for some time enjoyed the favours of Barbara, had been imprisoned, and the widow Kegel demanded her lover's freedom as one of the conditions of her departure for Spain.

Don Juan was ready to grant his mother's request so as to get rid of her as quickly as possible. Not only his own but Spain's interests demanded the removal of his mother. The new Governor's connection with the latter was giving rise to an artillery of satire in which the wits of the Netherlands were indulging. A contemporary poem entitled "Echo" clearly shows to what an extent the life of the Imperial bastard as Governor of the Netherlands must have been galled. Motley quotes a squib taken from a collection of *pasquilles* of the day the lines of which run as follows:

"Sed ad Austriacum nostrum redeamus—eamus
 Hunc Cæsaris filium esse satis est notum—notum
 Multitamen de ejus patre dubitavere—vere
 Cujus ergo filium eum discunt Hali—Hali
 Verum mater salis est non in nostra republica—publica
 Imo hactenus egit in Brabantia tervoere—voere
 Crimen est ne frui amplexu unius Cæsaris tamgenerosi—osi
 Pluribus ergo usa in vita est—ita est
 Sed post Cæsaris congressum non vere ante—ante
 Face garrula ne tale quippiam loquare ? quare
 Hescis qua poena afficiendum dixerit Belgium insinque."

It seems also that Barbara Blomberg, who in spite of her loose life and obstinacy was not lacking in cleverness and ambition, was trying to throw herself into politics. There was therefore danger of his mother being made use of for their purposes by his political enemies. For all these reasons the new Governor of the Netherlands hastened the departure of his mother, and in spite of his wish to preserve friendly relations with her, treated her somewhat harshly.

In March 1577 the widow Kegel, the mother of the victor of Lepanto, quitted her home at Ghent and escorted by Captain Philippe de Ligne, Count of

Falkenberg, embarked in a royal squadron for Biscay. She left her ship in the Castilian port of Laredo, midway between Bilbao and Santander, whence she proceeded to Valladolid. Here she was received by the now widowed Dona Magdalena de Ulloa, Don Juan's foster-mother.

The mother of Don Juan was finally brought to the Dominican convent of Santa Maria la Real at S. Cebrian de Amacote near Valladolid. It was here that she received the news of the death of her son. According to Vanderhammen, her grief does not seem to have been considerable. She subsequently obtained leave from King Philip to remove to Colindres, near Laredo, where she passed the last days of her life. She died either at Colindres or at Arango de Molina near Madrid in 1598, in the same year in which the death of Philip II occurred.

CHAPTER XVI

DON JUAN OF AUSTRIA—concluded

DISAPPOINTMENT, ILLNESS AND DEATH

Don Juan at Huy—His promises—The demands of the States—The Governor's anger—Reconciliation—The Perpetual Edict—William the Silent, Prince of Orange—The charming son of Charles V—His popularity—King of the popinjay—Don Juan compared to Circe—Prince of Orange the real pilot—Don Juan's entry into Brussels—Attacks of fever—Departure for Namur—The visit of the Queen of Navarre—Her designs—The magnificent apartment—Don Juan seizes Namur—New policy—Attempt to seize Antwerp—The mask is thrown off—Open war—Don Juan leaves for Luxemburg—Don Juan ceases to be Stadtholder—Preparations for war—The arrival of Alexander Farnese—The Queen of England—The offended coquette—Dreams not realized—The damned Prince of Orange—Despair—Illness and death of Don Juan—The mortal remains carried to Spain—Buried in the Escorial.

AT the beginning of 1577 Don Juan moved from Luxemburg to Huy, a town belonging to the Bishop of Liège, where he resumed negotiations with the States. He wrote in a pacifying spirit, promising a great deal. He consented to all requests, even the withdrawal of the Spanish troops, but required the States to pay the arrears due to the soldiers, to provide vessels to convey them to Spain and also to dismiss their own troops.

But the more the son of Charles V was promising, the more the States demanded. They finally asked him whether or not he intended to give his adhesion to the Treaty of Ghent wherein the Spanish soldiers and officers

were treated as rebels. Thereupon the victor of Lepanto lost his temper and swore that the commissioners themselves were rebels, and in his anger the Governor seized a heavy silver bell and was about to hurl it at one of the commissioners who had retorted with vigour and even insolence. Only with difficulty those present succeeded in pacifying Don Juan. The latter was, however, shrewd enough to realize that he had gone too far and that conciliation was absolutely necessary. The commissioners were aroused in the middle of the night and informed that the Governor agreed to the Treaty of Ghent, but hoped that anything detrimental to the supremacy of the king and the Catholic faith would be eliminated.

The new document in which the agreement between Don Juan and the Provinces was embodied was called the Perpetual Edict. The Governor, however, was not satisfied. The Perpetual Edict had deprived him of the Spanish army with which he had hoped to win the hand of Mary Queen of the Scots and the throne of the heretic Elizabeth. On the other hand, the Prince of Orange, whose plans the Edict had thwarted, refused to publish it in Holland for fear of seeing the Catholic nobility rallying to Don Juan. The latter's attempt to conciliate the Prince of Orange failed, and he became more and more convinced of the immense power of William the Silent. This man regarded Don Juan with distrust which was not free from contempt. "The only difference," he wrote, "between this new governor and Alba or Requesnes is that he is younger and more foolish, less capable of concealing his venom, and more impatient to dip his hands in blood."

The new Governor, the charming and graceful son of Barbara Blomberg, did his best and made every effort

to ingratiate himself with the Netherlanders. He learned French and was soon able to dispense with the services of an interpreter. The charm of his manners and the fascination of his address made themselves felt everywhere. He was entertained at banquets by the magistrates of Louvain and won the hearts of the wealthier burghers by his agreeable conversation and graceful bearing.

On the 14th of April the game of popinjay, instituted by Duke Philip of Burgundy, was revived, and the son of Charles V appeared with his crossbow among the marksmen. He brought down the popinjay at the fifth shot and was enthusiastically proclaimed king of the bowmen for the year. Don Juan had been dreaming of a crown somewhere, either in Africa or in England, but the popinjay crown was the only one he was ever destined to wear.

For the moment the child of love of an Emperor was very popular. He was compared to Circe, for no one came into his presence without being transformed into a worshipper. While, however, those who deplored his baneful influence distrusted the graces and liberalities of the Governor, fearing even a second St. Bartholomew, Don Juan himself was not deceived by the outward show of devotion and loyalty. In spite of the flatteries and courtesies, he felt that the whole country was really devoted to the Prince of Orange, who was "really the pilot who guided the bark." His own position was precarious, and both the hypocrisy of his rule and the frustration of his cherished dreams weighed heavily on the impetuous son of Barbara Blomberg.

On May 1st Don Juan made his public entry into Brussels and was received in great pomp. Women

were lavish in their floral offerings and showered them in profusion upon the handsome victor of Lepanto. He was received by the States of the Provinces as their Governor. It galled, however, the son of the Emperor, to have to take an oath to observe the laws and privileges of the Netherlands, an oath which neither Alba nor Requesnes had taken. He assumed the reins of government in the palace of his august sire and devoted himself to business. Soon his hard toil and the gradual conviction that his dreams would never be realized undermined the health of Don Juan. He often had attacks of fever and frequently thought of retiring from the world. Instead of a throne, he was now dreaming of "a hermitage where the labour of spirit might not be in vain."

In the meantime plots were continually made for the seizure of the Governor's person, of which he was warned by his friends. Don Juan was ultimately persuaded to change his residence and departed for Namur, the fair city on the banks of the Sambre and the Meuse.

An opportunity had offered itself which enabled the Governor to carry out his plan and to seize the castle of Namur. At that time the beautiful Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre, the famous bride of St. Bartholomew, came to the Netherlands. The wife of Henry of Navarre, soon to become King Henri IV of France, was proceeding to the baths of Spa, to drink the waters. The real reason of her journey was, of course, not impaired health but the wish to advance the interests of her brother, the Duke of Alençon, who was one of the many competitors for the governorship of the Netherlands.

The road of the daughter of Catherine de Medicis, famous, or rather infamous, in the annals of France, led through Namur to Liège. In the disguise of a Moorish

servant the son of Barbara Blomberg and Charles V had looked upon the matchless beauty of Margaret "more divine than human" and become enamoured of her. She was indeed not only beautiful but learned and accomplished, and few men could resist the charm of the enchantress. Don Juan, always gallant and susceptible to feminine charm, came to meet the daughter of the Valois at Namur.

On meeting the queen's splendid litter with gilt pillars and lined with scarlet velvet, Don Juan, the hero of Lepanto, sprang from his horse and presented his greetings. Margaret of Valois returned the salutation of the royal bastard in the French fashion, offering her cheek to the Governor's embrace. Don Juan conducted the royal guest to the lodgings prepared for her, the magnificence and splendour of which excited the wonder and astonishment of the daughter of Catherine de Medicis. The next day a sumptuous banquet was offered in honour of the tragic bride of St. Bartholomew, followed by a ball which lasted till late in the night. A festival was arranged on the following day upon an island in the river Meuse.

The Queen of Navarre, who has rightly been compared to that queen on the banks of the Nile who had once enthralled Antonius who had triumphed beneath the heights of Actium, used her blandishments to advance the interests of her brother and to undermine the authority of Don Juan. The latter, however, was evidently a match for the intriguing enchantress. He paid court to her, but used her visit as a pretext for his purposes and designs. It gave him an opportunity of seizing the stronghold of Namur. He had a right, of course, as the lieutenant and representative of the king, to have command of any



MARGARET OF NAVARRE

fortress of the country and theoretically this right could not be disputed.

But in practice Don Juan's act met with considerable resistance and was considered as a breach of the spirit of the Perpetual Edict. While his enemies held up his act to popular indignation as treason, the Governor himself was rather pleased with the new policy he had inaugurated. Under the pretext that he had to protect himself against the danger of being kidnapped, he had commenced a bolder policy which was more congenial to the son of Charles V and the victor of Lepanto.

He was now master of Namur, but be it out of a sense of shame or in order to put a different interpretation on his act of perfidy, the Governor addressed a letter to the States at Brussels wherein he both announced and explained the step he had taken. His life, he wrote, was not safe except in a fortress. Not only desperadoes and disbanded soldiers were everywhere lying in wait for him, but even persons of high rank were plotting for his capture and even assassination.

Don Juan had seized Namur, but it was the citadel of Antwerp that he was even more anxious to get into his possession. The attempt made to seize Antwerp was abortive and proved most disastrous to Don Juan and to the cause of Spain. It gave an opportunity to the Prince of Orange of reminding the Provinces of his frequent warnings that the Governor was not to be trusted. The mask had now been thrown off, the rebels were growing proud, while Don Juan, who was vainly urging his royal brother to send supplies of steel and gold, was beginning to feel desperate.

The ancient and bitter quarrel between king and people broke out afresh and a peaceful solution soon became

impossible. The war which had been waged by the Netherlanders against the Duke of Alba was now to be renewed against the illegitimate son of Charles V. But the Netherlands were now more powerful. They had a strong national force, and the best blood of the country had rallied round the Prince of Orange.

Don Juan left Namur in October 1577 and retired to Luxemburg, where he expected the Spanish troops ordered from Italy, and on the 7th of December the States took a step which put a stop to any further compromise or parley with Don Juan. They issued a proclamation in which the victor of Lepanto was declared to have ceased to be Stadtholder, Governor and Captain-General. Don Juan was denounced as a breaker of the peace which he had sworn to keep and as an enemy of the commonwealth.

Don Juan was preparing for war during the autumn of 1577, and in January 1578 he found himself at the head of an army of about 20,000 foot and 2000 horse. It was evidently a great relief to the victor of Lepanto to be once more engaged in the occupations of camp and garrison, but his humiliations and anxieties experienced for over a year had left their mark. Prince Alexander Farnese, his nephew and friend of his youth, who arrived at Luxemburg on the 18th of December, found him greatly changed. There was no longer that air of self-confidence and majesty which had once distinguished the son of Barbara Blomberg.

In the meantime the Queen of England signed a treaty with the States on the 7th of January, by which Elizabeth engaged herself to become security for 100,000 pounds for one year and to send a force of 5000 foot and 1000 horse. The daughter of Henry VIII pretended,

however, that the aid she was thus ready to send to the States was in no way a declaration of war against Philip II or Don Juan. Feeling, no doubt, that her alleged policy required some explanation, she sent envoys for that purpose both to Madrid and to Luxemburg. The special envoy whom Elizabeth had sent to Don Juan endeavoured to calm the Imperial bastard's annoyance and to dazzle him with the hope of the hand of the Queen of England.

According to Vanderhammen, the idea of marrying Don Juan with Queen Elizabeth greatly interested Pope Gregory XIII. The restoration of England to the Roman Church could be effected either by placing Mary Stuart on the throne of the United Kingdom or in converting the daughter of Anne Boleyn to Catholicism. In either case Don Juan, the illegitimate son of the great Emperor Charles V and the half-brother of the Most Catholic King Philip of Spain, was to play an important rôle. He was to marry either the beautiful Mary or the heretic Elizabeth, assuming in the latter case the rôle of a missionary husband.

It seems that Philip II did not seriously entertain the idea of such a marriage, while Don Juan himself was averse to the scheme. The coquettish Elizabeth had made advances to the handsome Don Juan, but the latter treated the advances of the daughter of Henry VIII with coldness and distant courtesy. This refusal to woo her on the part of Don Juan, who was after all illegitimate, greatly angered the queen, who was accustomed to flattery and love declarations. She was indignant that a bastard should have dared to put such a slight upon her, and the Spaniards accused her of having encouraged plots to assassinate the son of the Emperor.

Don Juan's career was not destined to run smoothly, and his dreams were never realized. The Netherlanders, although he had done his best to manifest his good wishes, neither loved nor even trusted him, while his royal brother, the Most Catholic king, was being persuaded that his half-brother had designs on his own crown. The son of Charles V felt himself entitled to wear a crown and his secret desire was to win it. Had not royal bastards before him, had not adventurers and freebooters founded dynasties and appropriated thrones which their descendants were still occupying? Why should not he, the son of the Emperor Charles V, carve out for himself an empire either in Africa or in England? Had Don Juan lived a few centuries earlier he would no doubt have realized his dreams and his hopes, for the hero of Lepanto was "of the stuff of which crusaders and dynasty founders had once been made." An illegitimate son, an obscure, illiterate swine-herd, had conquered the mighty Empire of the Incas. Why should not he, the handsome, brilliant Imperial bastard establish a new dynasty? The romantic adventurer felt himself quite able to conquer the Holy Sepulchre and wrest a crown either from the infidel Turk or from the heretic virgin queen who sat on the throne of the famous bastard William the Conqueror.

Destiny, however, and the new age were against Don Juan, and he was deceived in his royal dreams, in his hopes of love and glory. A new spirit, unchained by the monk of Eisleben, was abroad. The Renaissance and Reformation had inaugurated a new era, had indeed discovered, as Michelet says somewhere, a new world and a new man. The era of successful bastards had passed. Men began to pretend to liberty and emancipation, both in religion and in politics. The Imperial

bastard felt disappointed and bitterly did he bewail his fate. "The damned Prince of Orange," as he called William the Silent in one of his letters, "that perverse heretic tyrant and rebel," stood in his way and prevented him from settling as speedily as possible the affairs in the Netherlands so as to let him free to proceed to the conquest of England. With a doubting spirit and almost a broken heart, the hero of Lepanto awaited events.

Don Juan was never to leave the Netherlands which he had considered merely as the stepping stone to his English throne. "The brave son of Mars," to quote Brantôme, "the brilliant victor of Lepanto was to die in his bed and not on the battlefield." The rebels were successful, and the cause of the new religion triumphed in the end. Don Juan wrote pathetic letters to the King of Spain, his half-brother, and to several friends. The pest was ravaging his little army. Twelve hundred were in hospital, and a number of his soldiers were nursed in private houses, while he had neither means nor money to remedy the evil. At last the end came and the romantic captain died in the prime of youth.

The house where the victor of Lepanto lay was a dovecot, the only chamber of a hovel long used as a pigeon-house. During the last few days of his illness Don Juan was delirious. Upon his uneasy couch, tossed about by fever, the illegitimate son of the mighty Emperor was arranging in imagination combinations of great battles, shouting his orders and listening to the trumpet of victory. Before his hour of death, however, his reason returned and the Imperial bastard had an opportunity to make his last arrangements. He appointed his nephew Alexander Farnese as his provisional successor in the command of the army and in his other dignities. He

thereupon received the last sacraments and breathed his last on the 1st of October, the anniversary of the battle of Lepanto, which he had considered as a festive and fortunate date for him.

Immediately after the decease of Don Juan rumours were spread that he had been poisoned. Brantôme suggests that the son of Barbara Blomberg was poisoned by means of perfumed boots. The suspicion of having encompassed the death of the Governor fell on various persons, such as the Prince of Orange, the Abbot of St. Gertrude, and notably on Philip II, who was suspected of being the real criminal and to have commanded the death of his half-brother.

It was said that when the body of Don Juan was opened that it might be embalmed, it offered evidence of poison. The heart was dry and the general colour of the interior was of a blackish brown. Philip II, guilty of numerous deaths and of the murder of innocent victims, may have caused the death of his own half-brother. But, on the other hand, it is quite possible that the Most Catholic king's memory is free of the charge of fratricide and that the death of Don Juan may well be attributed to natural causes. The pest which was raging in the camp of the hero of Lepanto had carried off within a few days a thousand soldiers to the grave; while the mental sufferings of the Governor of the Netherlands had been acute enough to undermine his physical strength. Was it so strange that Don Juan, disappointed and broken-spirited as he was, should have proved an easy victim to the pestilent disorder?

The funeral rites of the son of Barbara Blomberg and of Charles V, of the bastard in search of a throne and a crown, were celebrated on the third day after his decease.

It was arranged that Spaniards, Germans and Netherlanders should all share equally in the obsequies, as all were claiming precedence in the ceremony. Disembowelled and embalmed, the body of Don Juan was laid upon a couch of state. Royally and martially arrayed, the dead hero was placed upon his bier. He was clad in complete armour, his sword, helmet and steel gauntlets lying at his feet, while a coronet blazing with precious stones was upon the head of him who had in vain hoped for a crown. He wore also the jewelled chain and insignia of the Golden Fleece about his neck and perfumed gloves upon his hands. By the soldiers of three nations the body of Don Juan was carried to the gates of Namur, where it was received by the civil authorities and then deposited in the church until royal orders should be received from Spain. The heart, however, of the victor of Lepanto was permanently buried under the pavement of the church, where an inscription prepared by Alexander Farnese indicated the spot.

Don Juan had requested his royal half-brother that his remains might be buried in the Escorial by the side of his Imperial father, and Philip of Spain granted the bastard's request. The body was carried through France, but in order to save expense which a public transportation would have necessitated, Philip II sent orders that the mortal remains of his half-brother be divided into three parts. The different portions were packed in three separate bags and suspended at the saddle-bow of different troopers who hurried through France with the relics of the illegitimate son of Charles V. It was exactly two years after the valiant victor of Lepanto, full of vigour and hope, had crossed France in disguise to the

Netherlands and had found time to admire the perfect and matchless beauty of Marguerite of Navarre, the siren of the house of Valois.

It is said that when the fragments of the body of Don Juan were brought to Spain they were united and fastened together with wire. The body was stuffed, attired in magnificent garments and, supported by a martial staff, placed upon its feet for the inspection of Philip II. The Most Catholic king is said to have manifested some emotion at the sight of him whom he once suspected of the intention to snatch the crown from his head. Philip II, now no longer fearing the romantic Imperial bastard, graciously granted to the dead hero the privilege of reposing by the side of Charles V, his Imperial father.

CHAPTER XVII

DON JUAN II, NATURAL SON OF PHILIP IV OF SPAIN

The son of Maria Calderona—Philip IV fond of theatrical entertainments—La Calderona and the Duke of Medina de las Torres—The attractive actress and the king—The faithful mistress—"I do not feel inclined to be a nun one day"—The favourite son of Philip IV—The education of Don Juan II—The wars of Spain—Don Juan commands the Spanish army—Goes to Naples and the Netherlands—The subjugation of Portugal—Marie Anne of Austria—Her hatred of Don Juan—Don Juan retires to Consuegra—The disgrace of the son of sin—Death of Philip IV—The queen-mother and the natural son—Don Juan refuses to go to the Netherlands—The Jesuit Nithard—The revolt of Don Juan—The exile of the monk—The new Council of State—The Life Guards—The discontent of the people—The claims of Don Juan—The fear of the queen-mother—Don Juan declared Vicar-General of the Crown of the Eastern provinces—The court of Saragossa—Popularity of Don Juan—Royal dreams of the illegitimate son of Philip IV—His death.

DON JUAN the second, less famous than Don Juan of Austria, the son of Charles V and Barbara Blomberg, was also an illegitimate child and played an important part in the history of Spain. He was the natural son of Philip IV of Spain by an actress, Maria Calderona, and was born in 1629. "Actresses," writes Dunlop, "were in these days adored by the courtiers, and though they were generally far from handsome, their conversation and manners were usually most fascinating and attractive."

Philip IV had always shown a great propensity towards theatrical entertainments and five years after his accession

to the throne he made the acquaintance of Maria Calderona. She was then sixteen years of age and though not remarkably beautiful, was a very graceful and fascinating creature. The king had no sooner seen the girl on the stage, than he was smitten with her charms and expressed a desire to hear her rehearse in private. The actress, however, refused to listen to the proposals of the king.

La Calderona had captivated the heart of the Duke of Medina de las Torres, who had become enamoured of her after the loss of his wife, and the actress reciprocated the passion. She declared therefore that she would listen to the king's proposals only if her lover gave his consent. The infatuated girl had reckoned without the character, attitude and conception of life of a courtier. The duke, afraid of incurring the displeasure of His Majesty, told his lady love that his sense of loyalty compelled him to yield up to His Majesty a treasure for which he was unable to contend.

"Then elope with me from Madrid," cried La Calderona, who could not understand such passive indifference.

The duke refused, and the young actress was ultimately compelled to listen to the proposals of the enamoured monarch. Philip was so enchanted with her that he declared her his favourite and offered to grant her whatever she might ask.

"I wish for nothing," replied La Calderona, "but the permanence of your Majesty's favour and protection."

In 1629 a son was born of this illicit union, who became distinguished in Spanish history by the name of Don Juan of Austria. La Calderona, who is said to have also been



PHILIP IV, KING OF SPAIN

the mistress of the famous Spanish poet Calderon de la Barca, still carried on her intrigue with the Duke of Medina and one day the king surprised them together. Philip rushed on the duke with his poniard, but La Calderona threw herself between the king and her lover and saved the latter's life. The actress was restored to favour for a time, but Philip, having discovered that she still corresponded with the duke, ordered her to retire into a monastery as was customary in Spain with a mistress whom the king had forsaken. The favourite of Philip IV and the mother of Don Juan retired into the convent of Santa Isabella.

According to some historians, however, Maria Calderona, proud of the honour vouchsafed to her, never betrayed her royal lover, but, on the contrary, became very rigid in her virtue. Ever since she had become the best beloved mistress of Philip IV, she never listened to any other lover. It was considered a sacrilege in Spain for the king to have a successor in any woman's love or regards.

Tradition demanded it that when a royal *liaison* or love-affair ended, the lady should retire to a convent, become a nun, and devote the rest of her life to cloistered sanctity.

Many were the women whom Philip IV had loved, for he had more than thirty illegitimate children, eight of whom he recognized. One day, however, a lady of the Court whom the king was pursuing with his amorous advances and assiduities, shut herself up behind a locked door and cried out:

"No, Sire! I cannot grant your request or listen to your love declarations; I do not feel inclined to become a nun one day."

La Calderona, it seems, acted quite differently. She listened to the king and was faithful to her royal lover, but when her son was born, she made up her mind to sin no more. Philip was still deeply in love with her and there was no question of the mother of Don Juan retiring to a convent. But the beautiful sinner threw herself at the monarch's feet and begged him to allow her to retire to a convent where she would have the opportunity of leading henceforth a life of sanctity. Philip, unable to alter the resolve of La Calderona, had to give way, and the mother of Don Juan became the abbess of a convent in due course.

As for Don Juan, the king believed him to be his own son and had him brought up privately at Ocna. The boy applied himself assiduously to his studies and made most rapid progress in mathematics, languages and history. Philip often went to Ocna to see the boy and when the latter had reached the age of thirteen, he publicly acknowledged him as his son, thus showing to the son of La Calderona a preference over his other illegitimate children. As is frequently the case with illegitimate children, Don Juan possessed great intellectual abilities and early manifested his talents. The king appointed him Grand Prior of Castile as well as nominal Governor of the Low Countries and assigned to him an attendance and a retinue which were even superior to those of Prince Balthazar, the king's heir.

Don Juan, however, continued to reside at the Castle of Buenretiro, outside the walls of the city, and only rarely appeared at Court or at public festivals and entertainments. After the death of the queen and of Prince Balthazar, he came to reside at Court, and the king bestowed on him his undivided affection. Philip IV

showered on his illegitimate son every possible distinction with the exception of the title of Infante, which could not legally be conferred on an illegitimate son.

According to his biographer, Don Juan deserved the high situations to which he had been prematurely raised. He was popular in his manners and liberal in his disposition. His understanding was highly cultivated, he could paint beautifully and play skilfully on almost every musical instrument. He was of small stature but was well made and his countenance was full of vivacity and intelligence. In figure and in some features he resembled his father, although he had not the latter's thick Austrian lip, but he had inherited from his mother the brown complexion, dark eyes and the long jet hair.

During the reign of Philip IV, Spain was engaged in numerous wars, in Italy and France, in Germany and Holland, in America and in the Indies. Portugal had fallen away in 1640 and soon afterwards revolts broke out at Palermo and Naples. Discontent spread among the Catalans in consequence of misgovernment and oppression, and a fisherman of Amalfi, Masaniello, led the revolt against Spanish rule in Naples.

In 1647 Don Juan was put in command of the Spanish army and fleet in Italy. On the 1st of October the fleet anchored close to Castelnuovo, and when the young commander, only eighteen years of age, appeared on the deck of the flagship, dressed in a military cloak of scarlet embroidery with silver, he won by his pleasing countenance and graceful form the affections of the populace, who crowded out in feluccas to see him.

Anticipating an end of their miseries from the son of their king, the people sent to him a deputation, with their

general, the Prince of Massa, at its head, bearing a sumptuous regale of fruits and other refreshments. Don Juan accepted the collation, and the deputies brought back to the people a favourable report of their reception, and of the disposition in which they had found the prince. Preparations had been made in the royal palace for Don Juan's reception, but he declined to disembark until some plan of operations had been concerted. He ultimately reduced the town of Naples to obedience, and when tranquillity had at last been established, he sailed for Sicily.

Don Juan afterwards served in Portugal and in the Netherlands. He was sent as Governor to that country with a plenitude of power never granted to any of his predecessors. He determined to pass by sea into Italy, and thence by land to the Netherlands. His short voyage in the Mediterranean affords a strong proof of the decline of the naval power of Spain. A century ago, Spain had been as supreme at sea as on land. The first great Juan of Austria was attended by numerous squadrons of the Dorias and Mendozas, whereas Don Juan II, the favourite son of the Spanish monarch, put to sea with only three wretched galleys which with difficulty escaped from some Algerine corsairs and were afterwards nearly shipwrecked on the coast of Africa.¹ Don Juan's arrival at Brussels was hailed by all ranks of people in the provinces as a sure harbinger and omen of success.

In 1648 the Treaty of Westphalia put an end to the Thirty Years' War, and the independence of the Netherlands was recognized by Spain by the Peace of Munster.

¹ See Leti, *Vita di Giovanni d'Austria*.

In 1658 Turenne besieged Dunkirk and Don Juan was sent to relieve the town. He was defeated at Dunes, adjacent to the east side of Dunkirk, in a disastrous battle where the Spaniards had about 2000 killed and wounded and lost 3000 prisoners. It was the first reverse of fortune which had befallen the youthful commander. The Duke of York, afterwards James II, who served in the Spanish forces against the English troops sent by Cromwell, severely criticised and censured the tactics of the Spanish commanders, but he has done ample justice to the son of La Calderona.

"They all behaved themselves very bravely, and as for Don Juan, he remained so long on the field that he was in danger of being taken."

Soon after this disastrous battle Don Juan received orders to return to Spain without delay. He obeyed the command very reluctantly, and the Marquess of Caracena was appointed Governor of the Netherlands in his place.

Philip IV had recalled his son to Spain principally for the purpose of placing him at the head of an army destined to act against Portugal. Don Juan had concealed from the discontented and disappointed inhabitants of the Netherlands the order which he had received and had departed privately from Brussels. On his return to Madrid he found the Spanish Court firmly resolved on the subjugation of Portugal. The young commander was placed at the head of the Spanish army and ordered to penetrate to Lisbon through the province of Alentijo. He was successful in possessing himself of nearly the whole province of Alentijo, and in 1663 he took Evora, a large and ancient city of Portugal. He was, however, defeated in the vicinity of Estremos, and his despair was

so great that he appears to have been unwilling to survive his defeat. It is said that at this battle Don Juan had two horses killed under him, whereupon he rushed amid the ranks of the enemy and fought for some time on foot with a pike in his hand.

Don Juan might have been able to retrieve affairs, but unfortunately for him, Marie Anne of Austria, daughter of Emperor Ferdinand III, whom Philip had married in 1649, was not only jealous of the popularity of the commander, but as it was natural, hated the son of La Calderona. She had made up her mind to ruin this illegitimate son of her spouse, or at least to involve him in some signal disgrace, and she did not hesitate to intercept the pecuniary supplies and provisions which were destined for his troops. Don Juan wrote to the king, his father, but his reiterated complaints were of no avail. He therefore decided to repair in person to Madrid and to inform the king of the situation in which he was placed and that he had received little more than one half of the sum which had been provided for the exigencies of the army. The queen, however, had managed to influence her husband's mind, and the son of La Calderona was refused an interview. He was even punished for his late disasters and for quitting the army without leave of absence. Don Juan was ordered to retire to Consuegra, his abode as Prior of Castile.

In the meantime a calumnious report was spread by the partizans of the queen that the son of La Calderona had appropriated for his own use the funds which had been sent for the service of the army. Shortly afterwards Don Juan obtained leave to live at Ocna at a distance of about two leagues from Aranjuez, and during the spring of 1665, when the Court resided there, he was permitted

to visit his royal father, who, however, received him rather coldly. The son whom Philip had once loved so much was now clearly in disgrace. Marie Anne of Austria, whom Philip IV had married in 1649, after the death of his first wife, was always jealous of her husband's illegitimate son, especially since the birth of her own son, the weakly Charles, subsequently King Charles II.

On September 17, 1665, King Philip IV of Spain died at the age of sixty and in the forty-fifth year of his reign, and on October 8, Charles II was proclaimed king. According to the instructions contained in the testament of Philip IV, his widow, the queen-mother, was called to the Regency with a Council of the Government.

Anne of Austria, however, who was entirely devoted to the interests of the Court of Vienna, had no talent requisite for government. She immediately entrusted with the exercise of authority her confessor the Jesuit Nithard, who had accompanied her to Spain at the time of her marriage. Appointed Inquisitor-General, the Jesuit priest had ex-officio a place in the Regency, but he proved absolutely incapable of administering a country which was in a state of decadence. The people began to murmur against the administration, and the discontent was fomented by Don Juan of Austria.

The late king, yielding to the persuasions of the queen, had excluded his favourite son from all share in the administration, and while a narrow-minded monk was presiding over the destinies of Spain, Don Juan, adored by the people and esteemed by the nobles, was compelled to live in exile at Consuegra. Gradually voices were raised in favour of the son of La Calderona. The nation began to feel that Don Juan, once the

favourite son of the late monarch, could alone by his talents and skill save Spain, which seemed to be doomed to ruin.

The queen-mother was naturally averse to the recall of Don Juan, who would no doubt succeed in dismissing her protégé monk from the Council of the Regency. She, accordingly, formed a design of removing Don Juan from the kingdom on pretence of sending him to his government of the Low Countries, which had recently been overrun by the French arms. The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was not yet finally concluded, and the queen engaged that he should carry with him a large auxiliary force, and ample pecuniary supplies, to enable him to regain those important towns which had been occupied by the French. Don Juan, however, was aware that, as in the Portuguese campaign, he should be left without resources; and that, in the event of a renewal of the war, the disgrace of failure would, at Court, be attributed to him alone. He, therefore, never seriously intended to leave Spain, but he at first appeared to accept the proposal, and actually proceeded to Corunna, as if about to embark for Flanders, where his arrival was for some time daily expected. He remained a considerable time in Galicia; but, on various pretexts, he always deferred sailing, till at length being informed of the sudden death of an Aragonese gentleman called Don Joseph Malladas, who was one of his most attached and faithful followers, he immediately conceived a suspicion that he had been privately put to death by orders of the queen or her unworthy favourite.

Accordingly, on receiving this intelligence, Don Juan threw off the mask and refused to accept the appointment to the Netherlands. He did not, indeed, charge the

queen with the murder of Malladas, but he excused himself to her, and the Council of Regency, on the score of illness, while, to his friends, he complained that her Majesty had only sought to disgrace him by a nomination to the government of Flanders, as neither troops nor money had been provided to enable him to act with a vigour worthy of his rank and character. Don Juan, the son of La Calderona, however, humbly requested permission to pay his respects to the queen at the Court of Madrid, on his way back from Corunna to his former residence at Consuegra. This was refused him, and the queen issued a document, to be circulated among the chief tribunals and councils of the kingdom, wherein she accused Don Juan of a dereliction of duty in declining to embark for the government of the Netherlands. She maintained that on her part she had assembled at Corunna by her exertions a fleet and army superior to any which had been fitted out in Spain since the time of Charles V.

By the refusal, however, of Don Juan to embark, the queen, though she prohibited his appearance at Madrid, was compelled to permit him to remain in Spain, where he daily fomented the popular discontents. He threw the blame of every misfortune on the Jesuit, and, in particular, inveighed against the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, which abandoned to the French some of the most important of the Spanish possessions in the Netherlands. A design at length was formed by the adherents of Don Juan for seizing on the person of the Jesuit, and by his death delivering the kingdom from its thralldom. Whether this deed of blood was actually meditated, or whether the charge was a stratagem on the part of the queen and her party to throw odium on her

enemies, it enabled Anne of Austria to act with more vigour than formerly.

The queen confiscated all the revenues of Don Juan, and despatched the Marquis of Salinas, Captain of the Spanish Guard, with an adequate civil and military force, to arrest him at Consuegra, and to conduct him as a prisoner to the Alcazar of Toledo. The prince, however, being informed of the danger, fled, accompanied by an escort of thirty horsemen, to the valley of Aranda in Aragon, and thence to Catalonia, where he found refuge.

From this retreat Don Juan addressed a long expostulatory letter to the queen, in which he urged the necessity of the immediate departure of Nithard from the Council of the Regency. The Jesuit now became alarmed, and wished to quit Spain, but the queen reassured him, and by her directions, the Council prepared a long memorial, in which several charges were brought forward against Don Juan. The son of La Calderona was accused of high treason and a trial was ordered. Mutual written recriminations now passed between Nithard and Don Juan, in which each charged his enemy with designs of assassination. The kingdom was filled with satires and party libels, and the whole Court and capital became divided into factions, which favoured one or the other of these rivals.

Among other machinations of the Jesuit against Don Juan, he suborned persons to denounce the prince to the Inquisition as a suspected Lutheran, and an enemy to the ecclesiastical institutions of his country, particularly to the orders of Jesus. The Inquisitor-General produced a copy of a letter of Don Juan in which he said, that having consulted several eminent theologians he

had been advised by them that it would be an allowable, and even laudable action, to put the Father Nithard to death, as his removal would prove conducive to the benefit of the State. He was merely prevented from carrying this recommendation into execution from his reluctance to have any share in the future condemnation of his Reverence, who, he was fully convinced, was at this period in a state of impenitence and mortal sin.

This epistle was stigmatized by the Inquisitorial censors as scandalous, heretical and offensive to pious ears. The usual secrecy observed in the proceedings of the Inquisition was in this case violated, and some Jesuits declaimed from the pulpit on the danger to which the kingdom must be exposed under the government of an heretical prince, a bastard, who persecuted the Catholic religion in the person of its ministers.

But before the proceedings in the Inquisition could be brought to a termination, they were arrested by the further progress of political events. Aragon and Catalonia having declared in favour of Don Juan, the prince made a sort of triumphal progress through these provinces, with an escort of 300 horse, granted to him by the Duke d'Ossuna, Viceroy of Catalonia.

On his entrance into Aragon, the Duke of Terranuova, who was Governor of that kingdom, divested himself of his authority in favour of Don Juan, who now assumed the administration of affairs in that quarter. Having been joined by many of the principal inhabitants of the province, the son of La Calderona at length advanced from Saragossa with 700 resolute followers to Torrejon de Ardoz, within three leagues of Madrid.

Here he was met by the Papal Nuncio, who had been charged by the Court with the task of mediation. To

the request that he should remain four days at Torrejon to give time for satisfying his demands, Don Juan replied "that Nithard must quit the capital in two days, and the kingdom as quickly as possible." He professed, however, that as soon as the Jesuit had taken his departure, he would dismiss his followers, and if he entered Madrid, it should be but for the purpose of throwing himself at the feet of her Majesty.

The queen and her minister, though they had foreseen this insurrection, had not provided any means to quell it. The orders which they issued for placing the city in a state of defence on the near approach of Don Juan, were not obeyed. Tumults arose in every street, and the people complained that the town was about to be sacked for the sake of a foreign Jesuit. In this situation the Duke d'Infantado and the Marquis of Liche, who were among the foremost adherents of the illegitimate prince, being unable to obtain a personal interview with the queen, unceremoniously communicated to her, through one of her secretaries, the absolute necessity of consenting to the immediate departure of Nithard. The members of the Council thereupon unanimously declared that, in order to preserve the city from commotion, the obnoxious favourite must quit Madrid in the course of three hours.

This resolution was straightway communicated to the queen, and a document, which in fact was intended as a sentence of banishment from the kingdom, was presented to her Majesty for signature. Perceiving that her favourite's fate was inevitable, Anne of Austria consented, apparently with a good grace, declaring that she never had any object in view but the welfare of the State.

Nithard was informed of his dismissal and banishment by the Admiral of Castile, who took the opportunity of recalling to his recollection all the acts of misgovernment by which he had merited this disgrace.

The upstart monk was much irritated by the reprimands to which he had been little accustomed, and complained bitterly of the affront thus offered in his person to the Inquisition of Spain. He was also deeply affected by the necessity of quitting Madrid without being permitted to take leave of his royal mistress. Before his departure, the queen sent to offer him considerable sums of money, and pecuniary assistance was also tendered by different individuals; but Nithard declined all recompense, saying, "that he had come a poor monk into Spain, and as such he would leave it."

The favourite accordingly departed on that evening on which the order for his exile had been communicated to him, taking nothing with him but the habit which he wore and his breviary. He set out, attended by the Archbishop of Toledo and several officers of the Inquisition. As soon as the crowd which had been all day collecting saw the Father, they threw stones, loading him at the same time with reproaches and maledictions.

It is believed that the monk might probably have fallen a victim to the popular fury, had he not been accompanied by the Cardinal Archbishop. The unhappy exile was greatly affected by the treatment which he received from the multitude, but he endured it with patience and resignation. When he had proceeded but a short way on his journey from Madrid, the queen sent after him an order for a sum of 2000 ducats to be distributed among his domestics, and another grant to defray his expenses. From Spain Nithard went to

Rome in the character of ambassador, with which the queen invested him. Her influence some years afterwards, procured for her protégé a Cardinal's hat, but all her endeavours to obtain permission for him to return to Madrid proved ineffectual.

Having thus got rid of Father Nithard, the grandees waited on Don Juan, who now addressed a letter of thanks and congratulation to the queen on her patriotic conduct. In order to show that the dismissal of an unpopular minister had been the sole object of his advance to Madrid, the prince retired, as soon as that was accomplished, to Guadalaxara, about ten leagues distant, there to await, as he said, her Majesty's further orders.

The queen, however, was fully aware that Don Juan's chief desire was to enter the capital and seize on the authority left vacant by the absence of Nithard. Little conciliated by his show of moderation, she wrote, commanding him, on pain of rebellion, to dismiss his guards, and to retire from the place where he then was to a greater distance from Court.

Don Juan, however, was not disposed to yield much further to the queen, whom he had so severely humbled. Though he dismissed his guards, he remained at Guadalaxara, whence he opened a negotiation with her Majesty, which terminated in his obtaining all that he now required.

For himself, Don Juan only asked a recall of the decrees and sentences which had been recently pronounced against him, but he procured an ample pardon for all his friends and confederates, and also the establishment of a new Council of State, for the express purpose of devising means to diminish taxation and alleviate the

sufferings of the people. This apparent disinterestedness, and the care which he showed for the welfare of the nation, greatly increased the popularity which the royal bastard had hitherto enjoyed. As soon as the queen learned that Don Juan had dismissed his guards, and given his friends leave to depart, she began to forget many of the stipulations of the treaty. In order, however, to give some temporary satisfaction to the people, a commission appointed for the diminution of taxation and the reform of abuses was called together, and the President of the Council of Finance, along with the President of Castile and the Archbishop of Toledo, was now placed at its head. This assembly received various representations from the most intelligent persons in the kingdom. But their labours proved in a great measure futile. The provisions with regard to the reductions of salaries and the sale of offices were either altogether insignificant or were never carried into effect. The delusion thus practised on the people occasioned great murmurs and dissatisfactions.

The queen, however, instead of applying herself to obtain from the Junta a more effectual decree, or to carry that which had been promulgated, such as it was, into execution, was now wholly occupied with a project of raising a formidable body of Life Guards, to be constantly stationed in the capital. By these means she expected to repress in future any popular commotions, and to resist any renewed attempts against her authority on the part of the son of La Calderona. This regiment, when levied, the queen placed under the command of the Marquess d'Aytona, the declared enemy of Don Juan and the successor of Father Nithard in her favour and confidence.

The citizens of Madrid, who had hitherto accounted themselves the loyal guards of their king, and were accustomed to see him preceded or attended only by a few halberdiers, were much disgusted at this innovation. Their dislike to the newly raised corps was increased by its insubordination and frequent outrages. The soldiers often extended their depredations to the neighbourhood of the city, and committed violence in open day.

On one occasion a party of them sallied forth to rob the garden of a posada, or an inn, about half a league from Madrid. The host and one of his servants having attempted to prevent the pillage, were murdered by these ruffians, and the inn itself was afterwards plundered. Some officers of justice who repaired to the spot were assaulted by the comrades of the culprits, and would have been slain had it not been for the assistance of the neighbouring villagers.

Scarcely a night passed at Madrid in which there was not bloodshed, owing to the quarrels which arose between these soldiers and the inhabitants. Robbers and assassins, too, from all quarters of Spain, availing themselves of this state of disorder, flocked to Madrid, and perpetrated crimes which they knew would be universally attributed to the detested Guards.

Little inquiry being made by the Government concerning the offences of the soldiery, and no punishment being inflicted, even when the perpetrators of the most heinous crimes were discovered, a formal complaint was laid before the queen. Her Majesty was required to give orders that the regiment should either be altogether disbanded, or steps taken to preserve it in better discipline.

The Council of Castile also remonstrated on the evils resulting from the unwonted measure of maintaining a force of this description in the capital. The queen, however, turned a deaf ear to all these representations, being persuaded that it was necessary that such a corps should be constantly quartered at Madrid, in order to hold the populace in subjection, and preserve the kingdom from those disturbances so usual during the minority of princes.

The people, thus disappointed in their hopes of some relief from the burdens to which they had been so long subjected, and constantly irritated by the insolence and outrages of the soldiery, turned again to Don Juan, who still continued to reside at Guadalaxara, though under a strict prohibition from showing himself at Court. The illegitimate son of Philip IV, who, notwithstanding his assumed moderation, was most desirous to displace the Regent, or, at least, to share with her the government of the State, was only too eager to listen to the complaints of the malcontents, and menaced the queen with a civil war unless the regiment of Guards was disbanded.

The ferment began to spread from the capital to the provinces. Granada took arms in support of Don Juan. Aragon and Catalonia sent him troops and engaged to furnish as many more as he might think necessary towards the accomplishment of his plans for the regeneration of the kingdom.

The queen, who perceived that both grandees and people were waiting only for a signal from Don Juan to break into open rebellion, and who also knew that she was not in a condition to resist any general revolt, now hastened to allay the approaching tumult by some

apparent concessions. In a new treaty, negotiated by the Nuncio, she consented to share the government of the monarchy with Don Juan. The prince was consequently declared Vicar-General of the Crown, in Aragon, Catalonia, Valencia, the Balearic Isles and Sardinia. The other provinces remained under the Regency of the queen, who was now permitted, without further molestation from Don Juan, to retain her regiment of Life Guards.

Notwithstanding the sacrifice she had made, her Majesty felt much relieved by the removal of her formidable rival to such a distance, and she now used every means to accelerate his departure for the eastern provinces of Spain. Don Juan established his Court at Saragossa, where he fixed his residence in one of the quarters of the archiepiscopal palace within the city. The ancient seat of the kings of Aragon, called the Aljaferia, which was situated on the Ebro, about a mile beyond the walls of Saragossa, had been converted, since the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, into a residence for the officials of the Inquisition.

Philip IV, in his frequent visits to Saragossa, had usually taken up his abode in the archiepiscopal palace. This gigantic pile had been founded by an archbishop of Saragossa, who was nephew of King Ferdinand the Catholic; it was surrounded by delightful gardens, which the rapid Ebro skirted, and it commanded a view over the city and adjacent country, as far as the cliffs of the Pyrenees. The building was enlarged and beautified by Don Juan, and the interior was ornamented with many exquisite productions of art.

Here the son of La Calderona resided for some years in great splendour, assuming in every respect the state

and demeanour of a monarch. He ruled over Aragon with an authority superior to that which had been exercised by its ancient kings; and for this power he was in a great measure indebted to his own excellent conduct. The good of the people formed the chief object of his administration, and he found the ancient constitution of the kingdom well adapted for its promotion. By rigidly adhering himself to the laws Don Juan taught the people to obey them without murmur. But though strict in the execution of justice, Don Juan never failed, when a due opportunity offered, to temper it with mercy. By these means he soon brought the affairs of his viceroyalty into order, while confusion prevailed in every other quarter of the monarchy.

There seems no good reason for supposing that the illegitimate son of Philip IV at this time entertained any treasonable designs of seizing the crown to the prejudice of his infant brother. But there can be no doubt that, like his great namesake, the first Don Juan, he had long indulged in dreams of sovereignty.

The Duke of York, in his *Memoirs*, informs us, that the Earl of Bristol ingratiated himself with Don Juan when he was in the Netherlands, "by feeding his humour, and talking perpetually to him of crowns and sceptres." The feeble and precarious state of the young king's health disclosed to the bastard's view the most ambitious prospects. With Charles II would terminate the present dynasty; and the Spanish succession would then open either to the German branch of the house of Austria, or the family of Bourbon. But the misconduct of the queen had rendered the former odious in Spain, and it was not probable that the Powers of Europe, so zealous of the aggrandizement of Louis XIV, would permit a

prince of the house of Bourbon to ascend the Spanish throne.

In these peculiar circumstances Don Juan, notwithstanding his illegitimacy, hoped that he might step in between the claimants. But Don Juan's dreams of a throne, like those of his namesake, the son of Charles V, were never realized, for he died on September 17, 1679, twenty-one years before his brother Charles II.

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